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MAY 31, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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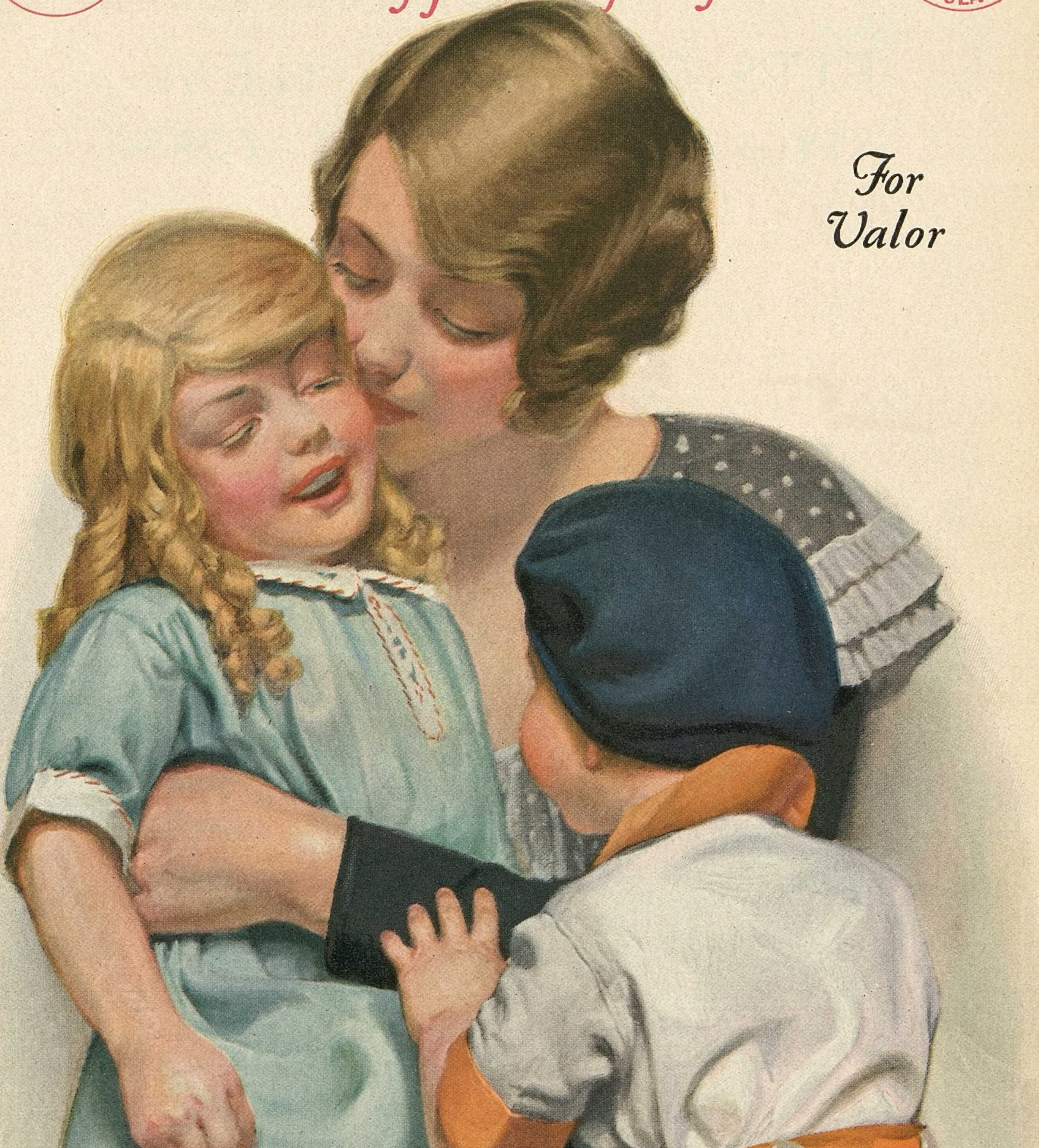

For Valor

Begin[illegible]*g* **JEANNE EAGELS** *by* **Edward Doherty**

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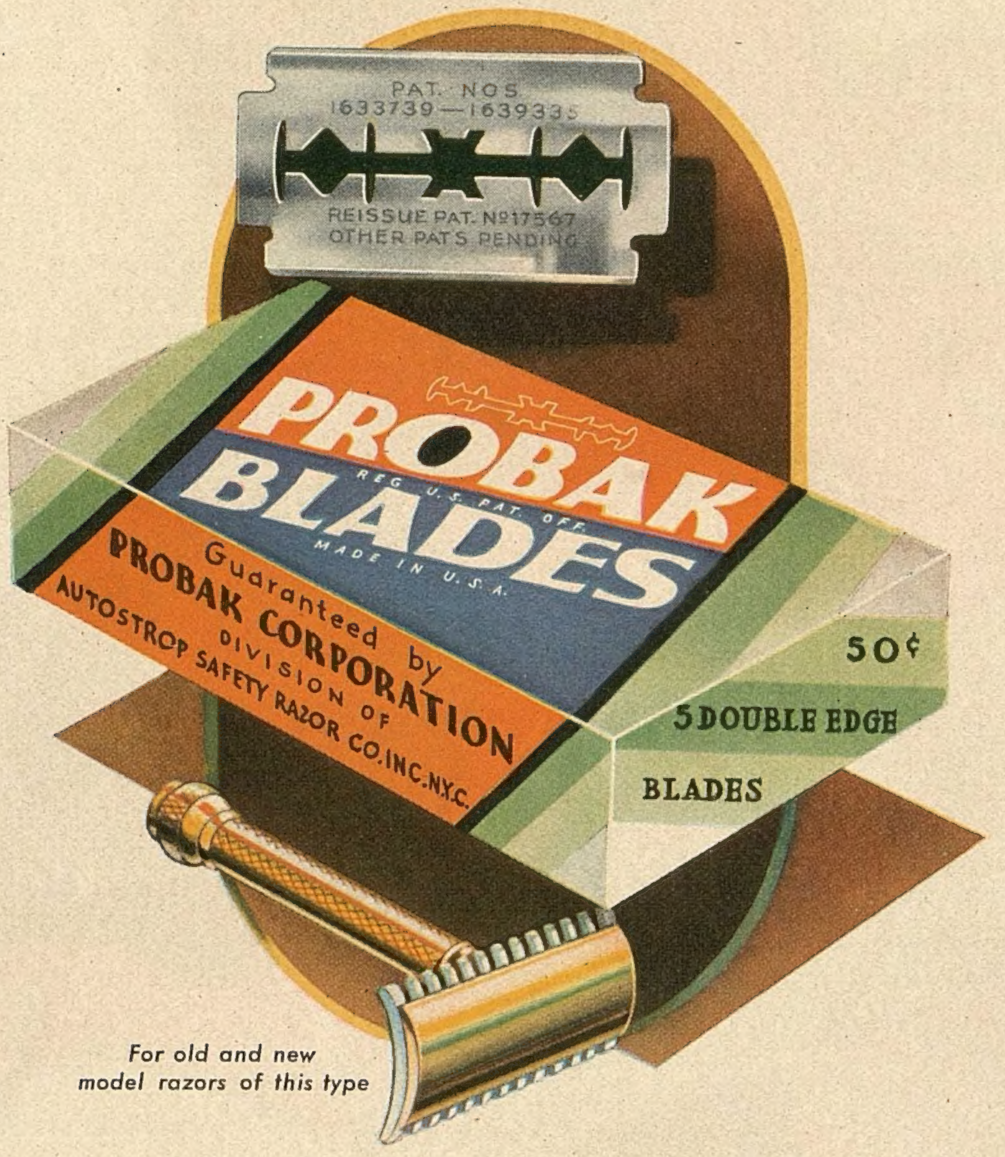

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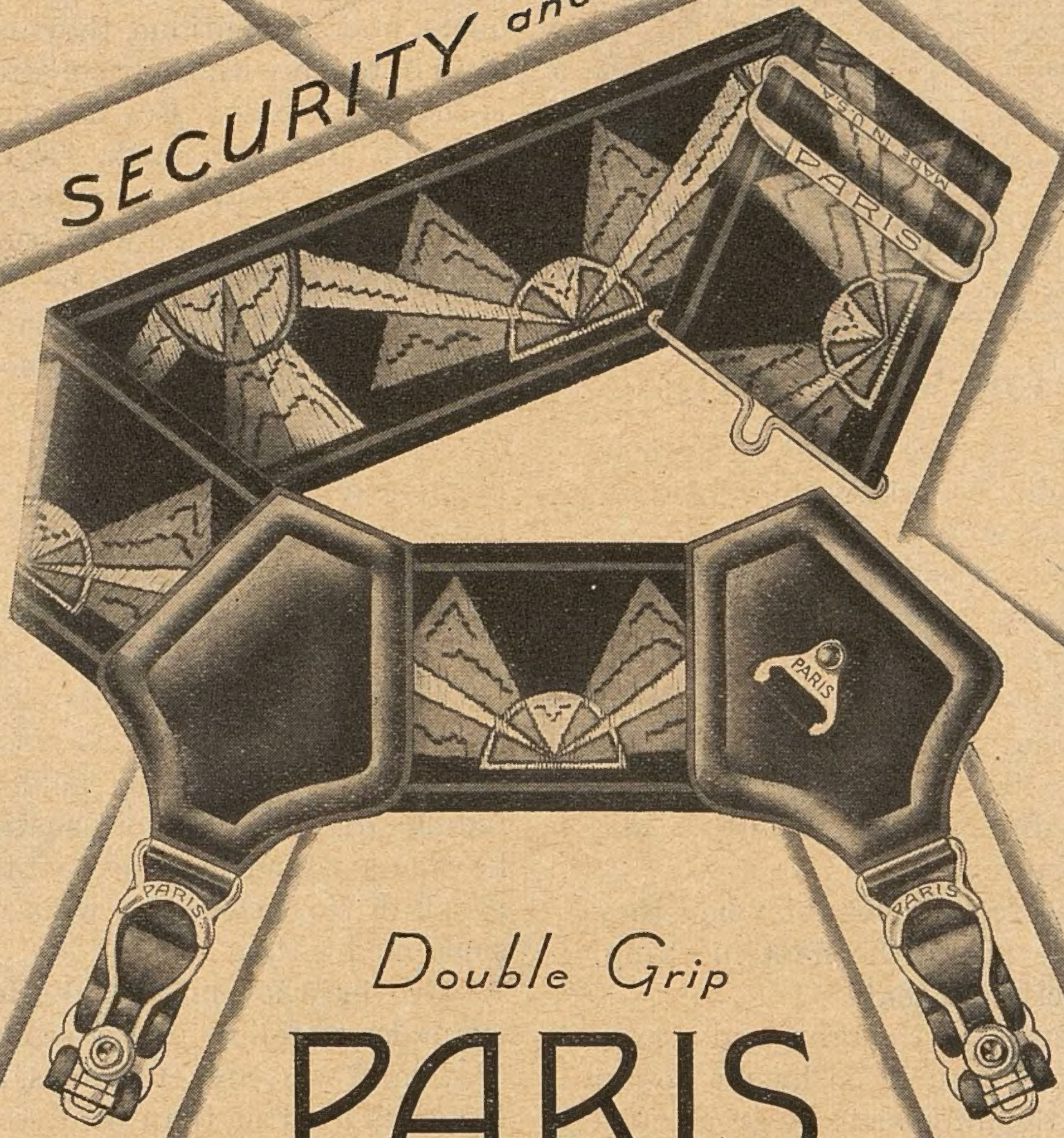

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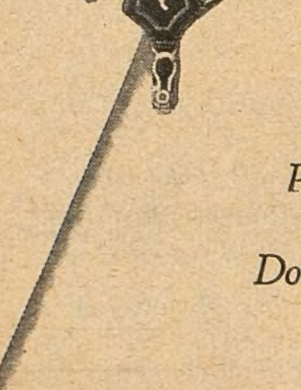

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MAY 31, 1930

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE USES OF SOLITUDE

We view with alarm the Great American Dinner Habit. It would be interesting to know what it is all about, and why.

The men we know are always giving dinners or attending them. They go in for careers of hearty food, much conversation, and many speeches. It takes them out into the hotels and clubs and restaurants, but it doesn't seem much fun.

No doubt these men like to get away from home evenings. A business dinner is a plausible reason, and doesn't need explaining.

No doubt, too, they feel important when they see their names in the paper the next morning. There is sound satisfaction in that.

Dining is a substitute for thought, and a man has got to eat, anyway, even if he hasn't got to think. And of course the impulse to be gregarious is an aspect of the matter.

But when the business man goes out at night after having had "contacts" all day long, it does seem as if all he becomes himself is a "contact." He has no time to digest thought.

In the old days, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison lived by themselves, so to speak. They had their families and their friends and their firesides, but they were not constantly rubbing elbows with casual acquaintances. They had some time to reflect and ponder; their minds acquired some depth. In our times, when Ford and Edison were inventing and starting their careers, they were too poor to be always going places. They were solitary-minded men, concentrating on things that rewarded thought. Now of course they can be as gregarious as they like.

We are not sure but that changing ways have had their effect on the kind and capacity of our politicians. Now they are "mixing" all the time. They deem it a part of their business to do so. By railway, airplane, and automobile, at dinners, banquets, and conventions, they orate and confer and keep in touch with their constituents. No doubt it is the thing to do. But in former days politicians couldn't "mix" so much. Traveling by horseback over muddy roads was something of a problem. They spent more time with books, in their studies. And some of them got to be statesmen.

Recent statistics show that the American man is getting around more and more all the time. He knows everyone well enough to speak to, and nearly everyone well enough to invite him to dinner. Or, if his acquaintance is limited, at least he enlarges it every night.

Economic law is bringing this about, but whether it is going to improve the breed of cats in the United States we venture to doubt.

Most of our great leaders came from the country. Theodore Roosevelt was an exception, but he came from a family sufficiently well-to-do to indulge itself in summer vacation trips—and when he was a young man he spent several years on a ranch in North Dakota, where he must have done some meditating.

Grover Cleveland and Herbert Hoover are examples to follow in a wise choice of recreations. Cleveland was, and Hoover is, a fisherman. There is nothing better than fishing to improve a man's philosophy. You might say that one eye sees the fish and the other the future of mankind.

It is a fact that even in a crowded city you can be alone if you want to. You don't have to mix. You can find as complete solitude in a motion picture theater, or with a book at the top of a thirty-six-story building, as you can find anywhere.

But there is something in green grass, trees, and the open air that makes a man somehow Antæus-like. Antæus, you remember, was the wrestler whose strength was renewed every time he touched the earth.

If it is not convenient for you to touch the earth frequently, try achieving a bit of solitude wherever you happen to be. You've got to have it to develop.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

The gift that keeps on giving ❖
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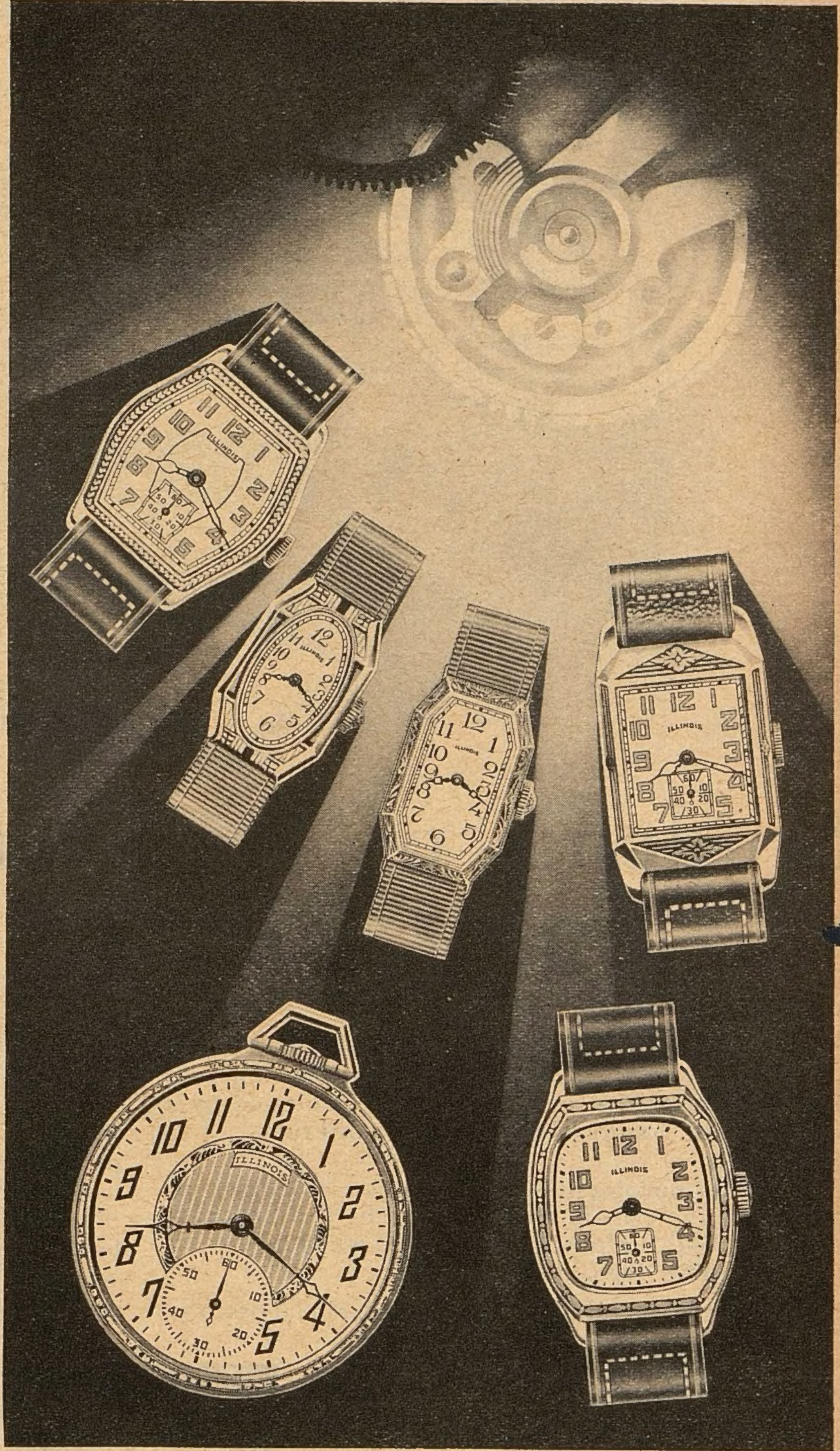

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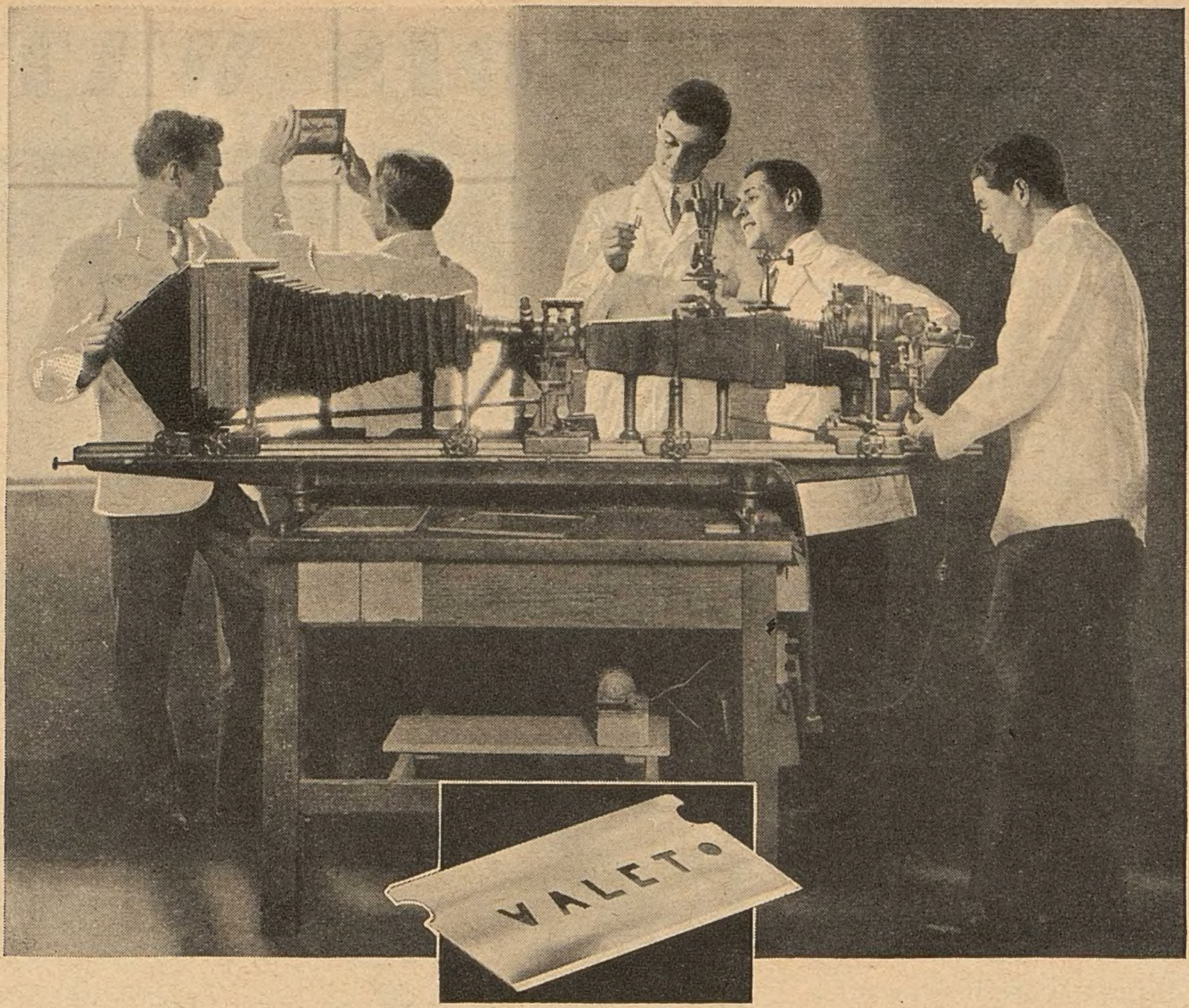

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"WE examined the new Valet blade under the microscope . . . made an actual shaving test. The findings of the microscope were confirmed by a cool, smooth, comfortable shave in record time."

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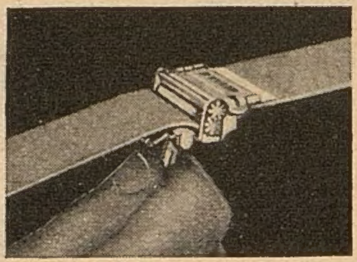

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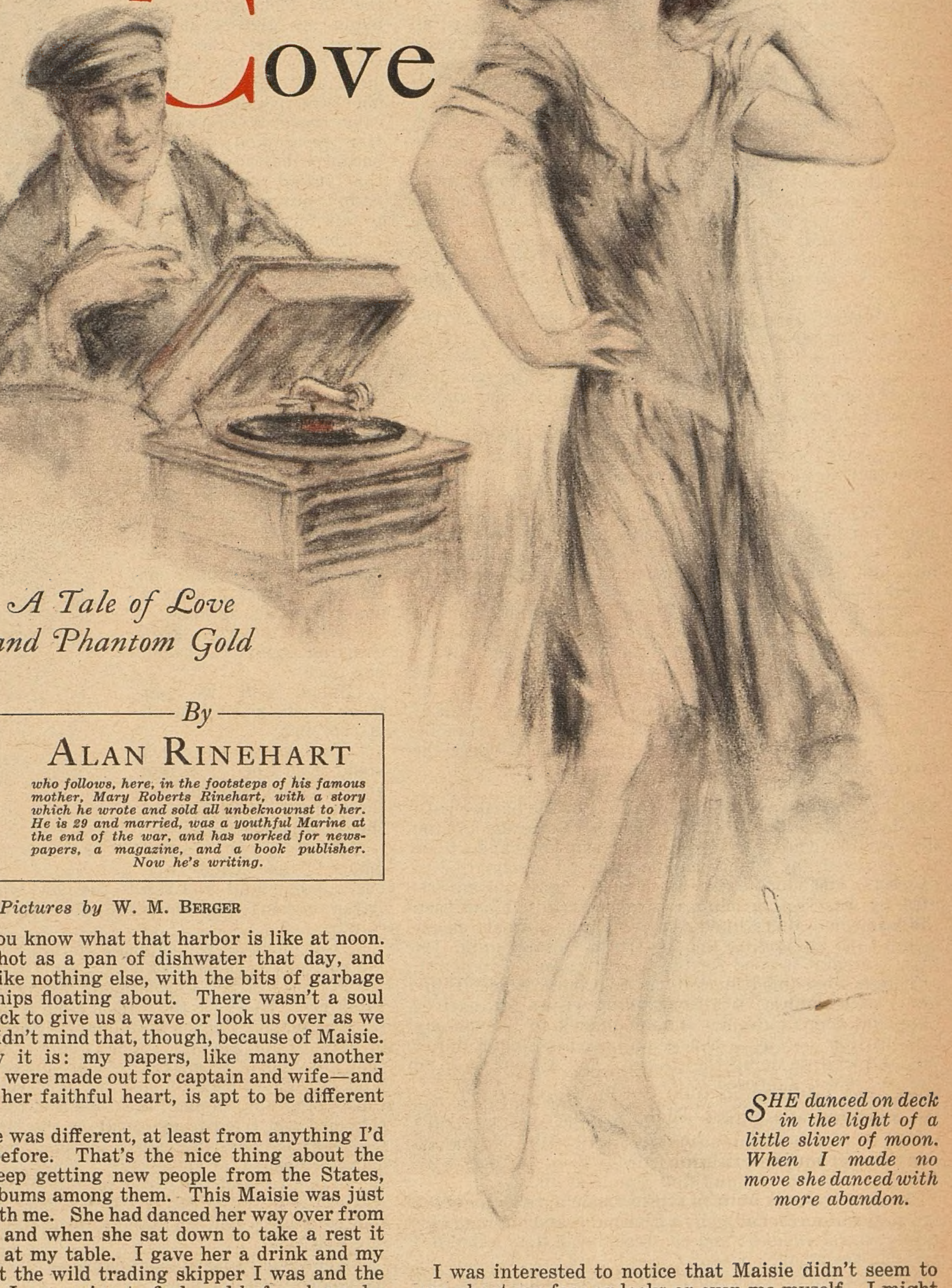
Parson's Cove



A Tale of Love and Phantom Gold

By

ALAN RINEHART

who follows, here, in the footsteps of his famous mother, Mary Roberts Rinehart, with a story which he wrote and sold all unbeknownst to her. He is 29 and married, was a youthful Marine at the end of the war, and has worked for newspapers, a magazine, and a book publisher. Now he's writing.

Pictures by W. M. BERGER

MAYBE you know what that harbor is like at noon. It was hot as a pan of dishwater that day, and looked like nothing else, with the bits of garbage from the big ships floating about. There wasn't a soul on any other deck to give us a wave or look us over as we drifted out. I didn't mind that, though, because of Maisie. You know how it is: my papers, like many another fellow's, always were made out for captain and wife—and the wife, bless her faithful heart, is apt to be different each trip.

This time she was different, at least from anything I'd ever had out before. That's the nice thing about the islands—you keep getting new people from the States, and, of course, bums among them. This Maisie was just a bum, along with me. She had danced her way over from San Francisco, and when she sat down to take a rest it happened to be at my table. I gave her a drink and my usual line about the wild trading skipper I was and the buried treasure I was going to find, and before long she got distinctly worked up. They all do; and buried treasure goes better with my particular facial architecture than anything else. Body by Fisher, maybe, since I've lived outdoors so much, but face most certainly by accident.

SHE danced on deck in the light of a little sliver of moon. When I made no move she danced with more abandon.

I was interested to notice that Maisie didn't seem to care about my face or looks or even me myself. I might have been a radio for all the attention she paid to me. It was the story I was broadcasting that got her. She kept asking questions as if I were only there for information;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PARSON'S COVE
Continued from page seven

and at last I began to put in words that would give a mule skinner receding gums. But Maisie never blinked. I imagine she knew a good deal more about life than I did. All I had ever done was try to get away from it. I took to the water because there one day glides into the next without grinding gears, and nothing seems to matter except the weather. And for one other reason you shall hear about. I don't mind saying that until I left my happy but religious home I had a hell of a time.

But I was talking about Maisie. When she heard all this line, which, by the way, was mostly true, she got quite excited. And when I suggested that she come with me after the stuff, she merely nodded seriously and said she guessed she would.

I don't mind saying that then I was a little bit startled. She was younger and prettier than most of them and she didn't need to take up with my kind. Maybe she had an adventurous spirit, or maybe she just wanted to get away from her regular life. I've known them to take a trip with me just so they could pretend to themselves that they had a husband. She gave me a sort of reason.

" I'm fed up with cabarets and stages," she said as if she were talking to herself. " I want to see something real."

" It's going to be no picnic," I told her, sitting up. " It's a damn' dangerous business all the way through. If we find anything it'll probably be mostly corpses.

" And," I continued amiably, " I'm not taking you just out of kindness to wayward girls. I suppose you understand *that* arrangement? "

She nodded. It struck me that still she didn't know I was there. I got interested and decided I might as well have another go at the treasure thing, just for the fun of it. I put her through all the questions to make sure she really was going; which she insisted she was. Then I made her kiss me across the table in that coffee-colored joint to seal the bargain. It felt like a child's kiss, although to date I have managed to sail fast enough to avoid those.

I tried just once more to break through her front. I took her by the chin and shook her head from side to side.

" If you don't shoot square with me, you little mutt," I said in conclusion, " I'll bring you back here in the parson's coffin! "

All I got for that was the pink and white equivalent of the horse laugh. But she patted me with real appreciation on the cheek before she went on to ask where the island was.

SO that was how we came to drift out of the harbor with Maisie in the bow. I hadn't seen her since she left the dive where we met, she to go to her cheap hotel and I to go to sleep with my elbows on the table. I always like to spend the last night on shore, no matter how uncomfortable. I was feeling more and more certain I had seen the last of my fluffy little dancer. I was sure she never would turn up, and, to tell the truth, I didn't mind. A little restraint is good for the finer impulses, I've heard, although what good finer impulses would do me in my line I have no idea. A bit of trading with a few natives here and there gave me enough money to live on my war pension. I was discharged a hopeless lunger, didn't die, and kept on doing the things I had set out to do in the year I was supposed to live.

The two black boys sweated about the boat. Maisie stood in the bow in a dress that looked like a bridesmaid's outfit, all pink and shimmery in the sun. She was blonde and pretty, but her hair and dress were so shot with sunlight that you couldn't find Maisie at all.

Which gives you an idea of the whole arrangement. I insisted rather casually on our bargain, and she was certainly casual enough; and the result was that I couldn't find Maisie at all.

We soon fell into the routine of sailing, the routine that suited me so well. Two meals a day, before and after the heat, with the boys and me taking turns at the wheel. There were long stretches of days and nights when the islands, big and little, rocky and green, were only hazy blues on the edge of the water. But oftener we would go out of our way to coast one of them, that being my special fun.

You know, I love to fool around the shallows and watch the queer things that live in the water. I think sometimes I'd like to be one of them.

Maisie was forever in the bow, looking ahead or using my glasses at the shore. After the first three days she quit asking questions all the time about the treasure, and became more or less silent. Her preoccupied air looked better on her anyway, and that suited me because I hadn't brought her along to talk to. Sometimes she reminded me of a child imagining things; and again I decided she had caught the buried treasure fever which makes the most talkative ones silent.

WHENEVER we put in at one of the big islands for water she seemed anxious to get back on the boat. For all the attention she paid the villages and natives, they might have been familiar sights to her. And yet I found out later she had never been far enough off the beaten track to know a shark when she saw one.

" What do you keep thinking about? " I asked her once.

" When will we get there? " she asked instead of replying.

" You know as much about it as I do. I've told you all I know—except that there isn't a prayer of there being any treasure."

"Shut your damn' mouth! " she cried furiously, jumped up, and ran to the bow, where she stayed. After an hour she came back, though, and asked quite calmly:

" How much do you suppose there is? "

I was a little exasperated.

" My dear girl! " I exclaimed. "Why not do your own thinking? Here for the eighth time is all I know about it. The schooner was a missionary. She carried a couple of parsons and a white skipper and a crew. Somewhere they got wind of treasure that was supposed to have been landed from an English ship in the Carolines. The parsons, being only human, are supposed to have found the treasure and tried to get away to the United States instead of back to British soil. Because the British Crown claims treasure, or something. They got wrecked when they tried to land for water on Pakeli, an island in the western end of the group. But nobody knows whether they ever really had the treasure, or even if they really got wrecked."

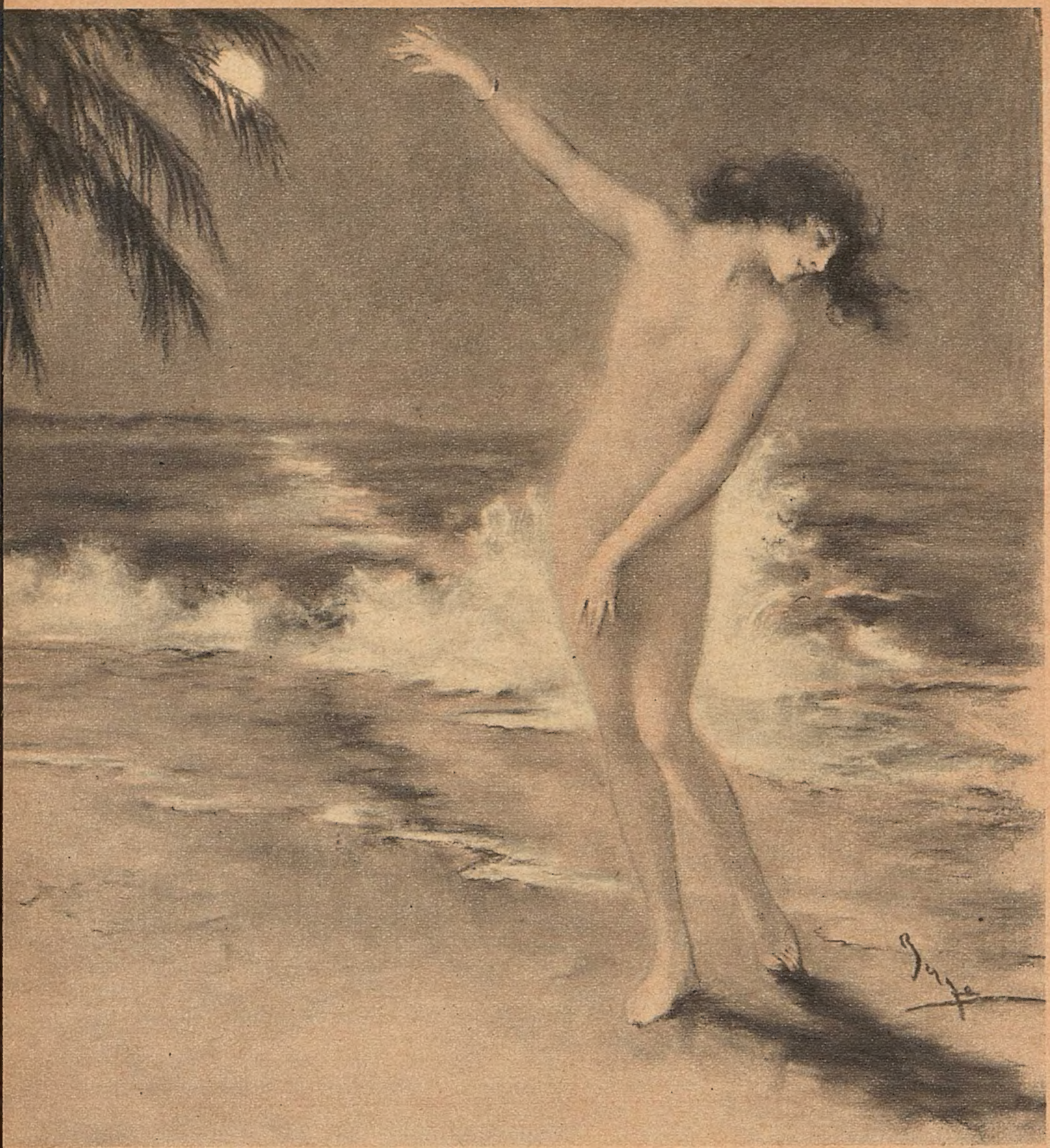
" Then what makes you believe in the treasure? " she demanded with set face.

" Because there is no water on Pakeli," I replied.

There was a silence. Maisie stared intently at me. In a few minutes her tense expression softened into a child's wondering stare.

" Then you mean," she whispered, " that the story may

Maizie



ing softly in the moonlight, watching her ghostly shadow on the sand.

have been wrong and they may have gone to another island for water?"

"Hell, yes! Your reasoning power scares me."

"How do you know which one?" she demanded unheeding.

"Because I've searched all the likely ones but one."

She came over unexpectedly and kissed me. I had the uncomfortable feeling that it was the first time she knew I was on board.

"I wonder what's in it," said this odd number.

FROM then on I tried to make it a sort of game. Three days from our little island I came on deck with my pistol and belt. I gave up shaving occasionally for shaving not at all; but that was mostly superstition on my part. Maisie looked me over.

"My God!" she said with her old cabaret simper, "you look like more of a horse thief than ever."

"Why don't you get out of your harem clothes?" I asked.

So thereafter she wore a much reduced suit of my whites while I stuck to khaki. Some women are made so bountifully feminine that men's clothes are terrible in their exaggeration of them. But for all Maisie's wiles, unconscious and acquired both, I forgot almost at once that she was a girl.

She changed back in the evening — to be cool, I suppose—but oddly enough my own attitude didn't. I was feeling a little down in the mouth, anyhow. I get that way. So because I merely loafed on deck and paid no special attention to her, she tried in her funny way to charm me.

I guess that where she came from a man present must be a man hooked, during business hours at least.

She got the victrola and danced to it on deck in the light of a little sliver of moon. When I made no move she danced with more abandon than before. I sent the boys below at that, and pretty soon Maisie danced most of her clothes off before she dropped down beside me to recover her wind.

"You're mad, are you?" she asked contritely.

I WAS not mad. Only sailing to the western islands always makes me think. I had a brother who died out that way, and he hated the guts out of me.

So I kissed Maisie and sent her to bed alone. When I get one of my lonely fits I don't want any little girls to bother me. And for some reason I wanted to stay in the thin light with the sort of unreal effect her dancing gave me. If she wanted to stick with me on deck she could put on her ducks. When she came up in her nightdress I told her so.

She caught the idea and kissed me good night. Then she stretched her arms up into the cool light. I sat there all night thinking of those poor damn' fools of missionaries. I hoped almost that we wouldn't find them.

In the morning we spotted our island just after sunrise, sticking up out of the water to the west. It looked like a clump of bushes, and I was glad to see that it was not one of those rocks that are nothing but guano piles. When the sun got really up it settled back into the water like any decent island and looked bigger. We headed for a cove that was supposed to be in the south shore.

It was hotter than the tiles of hell when we got in the lee. As the sun squared off I could see the black boys set their feet in the shadow of the sail. Not a breath of the trade apparently ever got into that excuse for a harbor. I was too hot to smoke, but Maisie never was. As we idled in, she lay at full length in the bow and watched the colors of the bottom.

"Turn her over to your left," she called suddenly.

We went off sluggishly and drifted toward the western beach. There was some shade under the scrawny brush there.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PARSON'S COVE
Continued from page nine

"Water is at the other end," said one of the boys who had been scanning the island.

"You can go get it today," I assured him.

When we were two hundred yards from shore Maisie cried out: "There's not enough water here." I hauled her round with the boys helping on the sail.

"There used to be, some years back," I said. "At least they told me so at the port."

"Maybe island rise," remarked one of the boys. "Happen all the time."

Maisie came back as the anchor struck. She was very confidential.

"That was a sunk boat I steered you away from!" she whispered. "It's right there in the glare of the sun. I'll bet that's it!"

Why didn't you sing out?" I demanded.

"I don't trust anybody, you yap," she replied. "Least of all these black boys."

She might have been right. Anyway, I decided to let her have it. I told the blacks to load a couple of days' food and things into the dinghy, to leave us here while they made the round of the island, got water, and kept their eyes open generally. They took an hour to get the stuff and us ashore.

It was sand right up to the trees. We found some shade and dropped the load. The boys swam off to the boat while I kicked around curiously in the brush. My heart kept pounding because I knew we had found the place; and yet somehow I hoped we might be wrong.

That island was just hot silence. From inside the bush I could hear the boys talking on the schooner; there was the bang of an oar and then the creak of a block as they raised sail. Something moved back in the trees and I jumped a foot. A bird, I suppose. But I came out of there to the clear beach feeling like a fellow who has escaped suffocation. The water looked cool and inviting.

"See any sharks?" I called as they swung off.

"None here," one of them replied. I don't know how they tell, but they do.

I watched them go, and somehow I didn't like the sight. They were just a couple of beach boys, and here we were high and dry for another ten years if they decided not to come back.

"How long have the missionaries been here?" asked Maisie from the edge of the water.

"Oh, ten years. But there won't be a sign of them. I think the hurricane must have been so bad they couldn't make shore, so I guess we'll find their bones in the hull of the wreck—if we find them at all!"

"Well, let's go!" she said as the boat disappeared. "I want a diamond bracelet."

A LITTLE later we rowed out in the dinghy, I doing the oars while Maisie lay over the bow. "There it is!" she cried.

I pulled in.

The wreck lay on her keel. Certainly some elevation of the island must have brought her near the top since she had gone down, because the hull lay no more than six feet under, with masts broken off a few feet above the rotted deck. She was a schooner rig of about seventy feet, stained and discolored as if she were built of some gummy native wood. The deck was gone in several places, but nowhere large enough to get through. I could see down the companion into a green shadow.

"That doesn't hold treasure," I told Maisie. "It's too damn' flimsy. I wouldn't take a nigger girl out in that!"

"I'm sure it's the boat!" she said irritably.

Meanwhile I was taking my shoes off. I felt the water and told her to look out for sharks. Then I dropped over the side, touched the soft deck, and came to the surface again. The water was warm—its only sensation was that it was different from the air—but the sunken deck seemed cold. I have the imagination of a sea cow, but I didn't like it at first. The thing seemed clammy.

However, I went down, holding on to the stump of the mast, and took a few steps into the companion. It must have been ten degrees colder in that green shaded water, so I went down with determination and all the air I could get into my good lung. A little light came through the deck holes—just enough to show me most of a skeleton with a collar on. It gave me a turn. Some more bones lay in the corner.

"It's a skeleton with a collar on," I grunted at Maisie when I came up to spout. "It's turned backwards, so it must be one of the parsons."

"Celluloid," said Maisie tensely. "I knew they would be there."

To tell the truth, I was a little sick, and glad to have to paddle back to shore to get the ax.

Much ruckus under water came next. You can imagine how it was. The fool ax moved about one mile an hour in the water and had no sense of direction. I could see Maisie laughing at me above whenever I came up for air.

"Come down here and chop, damn it!" I suggested peevishly. I didn't like it down there. So for some reason she started to come over. I sent her back to watch for sharks, while I pried most of the deck off the cabin. It took hours because I had to wrap myself around anything handy in order to get a leverage. Sometimes I pried myself into the barnacles, although there weren't many of them on that slimy native wood.

IT was late afternoon and I wanted a drink badly when I came up with a tin dispatch box which had lain near the bones in the gruesome collar. It was getting dark under water, and I had had almost enough.

"Open this!" I said, while I hung on to the gunnel. If it was anything at all I was willing to call it a day and come back for the rest. But I had to find something, on account of Maisie.

She trembled a little as she worked at it with the edge of the ax. It popped finally and revealed some paper soup with here and there a glitter. She poured off the water and stirred the mess with her finger. Some rings and trinkets appeared. I climbed aboard.

"There must be more," she said. So I smoked a cigarette and went down again. There was more. I found a couple of small trunks I couldn't lift. I was afraid they would come apart and spill any plunder down the cracks. I got a kick out of pulling at them, I must say, and I went down a dozen times; but nothing gave except the trunks. Somewhere I laid on to a bottle of rum and heaved that into the boat.

"There's more doubloons down there," I told Maisie when I got my breath. "But I can't get them out without a rope and sling."

Oddly enough that satisfied her completely.

"Come on; get in," she said happily. "We can come out again tomorrow."

She went back to pulling trinkets out of the box. I made one dive for another bottle, but when I came up she was shrieking as if she expected me to hear her six feet below.

"Sharks!" she was yelling. I managed to dump half the ocean into the dinghy, getting aboard in time to see some poor, libeled fish about three feet long heading frantically for the great Pacific. We rowed ashore.

"What's the loot so far?" I asked. She was rooting round in the box again.

"Here are some awfully good-looking earrings," said she and held them up. "Aren't they pretty?"

"What else?"

"Rings, bracelets, junk—nothing special." I was amazed at her calmness. Women aren't like that. I know damn' well.

When we hit the shore I took the box from her and found she was about right.

"We're the only successful treasure hunters I've ever heard of," I told her, to cheer her up if she needed it. But she didn't seem to listen. She was just happy and dreamy.

After we had cooked a meal we lay on the beach and watched the sun go down over the arm of the cove. Flames came up the sky to the east as if there were volcanic clouds over the main islands. That light faded and it grew dark and somewhat cooler. That sunset with

Maisie beside me was the most peaceful thing I can remember. When it got quite dark I rolled over and felt for the rum.

"We'll celebrate," I told her. But that wasn't all that was in my mind. I'm not ashamed to admit it now, but night on the island there, with the parsons sleeping by, didn't appeal to me. You know, I'm not religious, nor even very superstitious, but there are some things you can't put a finger on. And we had swiped their treasure, too.

She would only take a drop, but that wasn't my system. By the time the sliver of moon came up I was feeling better, and the light helped. It made a thin path over the dark water and turned the beach into faintest silver.

Dead men's rum has a potency all its own. I cracked a few dumb jokes for a while and then gave that up. There was something special in the night that I hadn't any jokes for. So we tried the victrola—and more rum.

I must have dozed then, for when I wakened Maisie was dancing softly in the moonlight, watching her ghostly shadow on the sand. She made long weaving motions that were curiously graceful, a sort of slow dance like the long roll of the ocean—without effort and without time. She moved in absolute silence, and I didn't dare to raise my head. There was only the thin occasional wash of ripples on the beach.

I watched her for quite a while. The fire of the rum had burned down by that time and I felt a little drugged. There was something sad, too, in the dance, although Maisie may not have known it. At least it was sad to me. She moved so softly, so intently, in a way I've seen children do when they thought no one was watching. It had a curious effect on me.

Suddenly it struck me that she had nothing on at all. And in the same instant I thought that I had never seen anything so pure as Maisie and that dance. I knew swiftly that as long as she lived, no matter what she did, Maisie would never be anything but virginal.

I suppose that was what made me sad. You see, I was a pretty lousy specimen in those days.

I know I shouldn't have looked; yet in a way I knew the dance was meant for me, although she thought I was asleep. She kept on, now with her arms twined above her head, pointing at the moon. And suddenly she froze into stillness.

She stood for a moment and then sank on to her knees. Her arms came down and she bent forward to peer over the water. There was a quality so intense, so watchful in her attitude that I knew something was wrong. I jumped up, found I was dizzy, and sat down hard. I couldn't see very well until the two moons merged into one; and then out on the water of the cove I saw a shadow. It was a boat with no sail. I saw the mast glide slowly past a star. It stood over the spot where we had looted the wreck.

I DON'T quite know what I did. I know I shouted or bellowed or yelled something and followed it with a string of curses. Then I grabbed my gun from the pile of blankets and ripped out three shots in the air.

Not a sound from the boat. We couldn't see her nor hear her, yet we knew something was there. I remember wondering that the island and the moon hadn't disappeared, so terrific were those three explosions in the silence. It seemed as if the whole picture should have collapsed. But it didn't. We waited. I found I was shaking.

"It's the parsons," I managed to say. I wondered if I could hold my hand steady enough to plug one in the spine.

I felt Maisie's hand on my arm. We waited ten minutes. At the end of that time I still had the shakes.

"It isn't the parsons," whispered Maisie. "And, anyway, they wouldn't mind. We haven't done anything to them!"

"Except commit every sin in the list," I grunted, "and take their treasure."

"But ministers are nice fellows, usually," she said. "I've known several who were sweet. They wouldn't bother us."

It sounds funny now. But we were dead serious and pretty well scared. I had a reason, too, as you will agree.

"Some of them are different," I told Maisie. "I know, because one of those chaps out there has been on my neck all my life. Every time I did anything wrong I dreamt about him—blast his soul!"

"What do you mean?" she demanded in a whisper.

"One of those parsons was a brother of mine," I confessed. "He was my oldest brother. He hated me, too. He told me hell was going to get me. When he swiped the treasure and disappeared I came out to look for him."

I got that out with difficulty. The shadow or whatever it was waited on the water. I couldn't figure how to explain to Maisie how people usually felt about older brothers, or how it works on you to find they hate you and can't see you for the vengeance of God. But she knew something of it, for she pressed my arm.

I was getting saner, although the ghostly feeling still hovered on the air. I made an effort to see straight and braced myself to hail.

"You out there!" I bellowed at the top of my lungs. "If you're alive, answer or I'll shoot!"

A second passed, with no answer.

"If that's you, Harry, damn you, come ashore!"

Still no sound. I shook Maisie off my arm and raised the gun.

"One!" I cried.

A thin hail answered. Relief rushed over me in a wave. The black boys, hiding below decks in my own schooner, were having the terror of their lives.

They had come in quietly, I found out later, dropping their sail outside the cove so as not to wake us. Then they heard my screech and thought the parsons had got us. And then they heard the shots.

FOR a long time after that Maisie and I sat there on the beach. She got a blanket and wrapped it round herself, then came back to me. Somewhere in the sunken hull my brother Harry slept quietly. I hoped we had not disturbed him.

And Maisie knew. She made me lie down beside her with my head on her lap. The moon shone overhead. I made her kiss me, and it was like the kiss of a child.

"Don't be unhappy," she said softly. "He doesn't hate you any more."

"It isn't that," I replied, and I don't know why the tears ran down my face. "It's you."

"Why me?" she asked dreamily. "I'll go with you anywhere you want, and stay as long as you like."

"I love you," said I. "And I want to marry you."

She made no sound for a moment. Then:

"Poor old boy," she whispered. "Poor old boy. I know. I love you too. . . . I'm sorry I'm what I am."

I have never heard a voice so humble. Yet she was not ashamed. I tried to get up, for a man can't argue on his back; but she held me still.

"It's the other way," I tried to tell her. She put her hand over my mouth.

"There's no need to marry me," she said softly. "You know that. And tonight you need me more than any parson's book." She paused a moment before adding: "I'll love you, though, all my life."

I could feel her hair on my face. I struggled free with an idea buzzing in my head.

"Harry's out there," I said shortly. "He brought us the treasure. Let's do this for him. We can find the regular missionary boat tomorrow. Will you do it for his sake—and maybe mine?"

I might have known. She put her nose against my shoulder and shook her head and sobbed. Then she calmed down and nodded her head once—and sobbed harder. And later still she looked at me shyly, smiled, and said:

"And then we'll come back for his wedding present, won't we?"

I tried to break it gently.

"I think," I said at last, "those trunks are full of Bibles."

She only smiled some more. I still don't understand the girl. She went to sleep soon after that, while the thin moon danced on the bay.

THE END

Jeanne Eagels

Genius and Drunkard—Artist and Hellion—Poet and Devil She Battled to the Stars!

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

who is the author of The Diamond Eye and The Murders on the Roof, recent serials in Liberty. Long experience as a reporter and editor on New York and Chicago newspapers has given him an intimate knowledge of the world of the theater.

PART ONE

A WEEK or two before the end, Jeanne Eagels put aside the book she had been reading and, looking out at river and mountains and trees, took up the unwritten book of her life, and read what was, and what was yet to be.

She saw herself as a girl playing with a doll, as a cash girl in a department store, as a child actress, as a chorus girl, as a leading lady in a tent show, as a one-night-stand trouper who knew most every dollar-a-day hotel in the country, as a star on Broadway, as a rebel banned from the stage by the Actors' Equity Association, as a star in the talking-picture studios, as a tired and middle-aged and pain-racked woman, hated and hating.

She saw again the men she had loved, the men who had loved her—Maurice Dubinsky, Thomas Chadbourne, Ted Coy, Whitney Warren, Jr., Barry O'Neill, and a score of others. Love? Figures in a dream.

And she saw herself going back again to Broadway. Jeanne Eagels in a great new play. Jeanne Eagels, the amazement of New York. Jeanne Eagels recognized by all the world as the greatest actress in the world. She was ill. She was worn out. Her quick mind had become slow. At times it frightened her, lied to her. At times it failed her a little. If she did go back—if she did get a play to suit her—would she not be a dismal failure? Might she not die before rehearsals were half over? Wouldn't she have to fight everyone in the theater to get her own way—only to go down in helplessness and tears, to the laughing scorn of all her enemies?

But her will was alive, her will that made her laugh and sing and dance when pain and sickness tortured her. Her will was alive and unimpaired, and dominant as ever. And presently she reached out and found a pencil and an envelope and wrote:

"When I am dead from dying then I shall cease to be—
But while I am still living I shall never be *dead*."

She would go back. She would triumph. And Equity—there was a laugh—Equity would have to acknowledge her its most defiant and its most illustrious member.

Only a week or so ago, that was. Tonight she lies in an ornate funeral room on Broadway—not the Broadway of the million lights, but the less known Broadway of "uptown."

She is shut in a bronze and silver casket. She is dressed in a peach-colored evening gown of velvet, a dress she bought a day or two ago. She is dead from dying—and dead from living too.

Her restless hands are quiet on her breast. Her music voice, the finest voice on the stage or the talking-picture screen, is hushed. Her dancing feet are still. Only her hair is alive, sunny fine hair, so fine it never could hold combs or pins, so bright it looks like a halo in the flickering light of the candles.

There is a smile on her face. She looks like a girl of seventeen. She looks like one who never had to fight her

Jeanne Eagels with Fredric March in her last picture, Jealousy.

White Studio photos

As Sadie Thompson in Rain, the rôle in which she made her great success.

A portrait photograph of Jeanne Eagels early in her stage career.

way through life. For the first time in more than thirty years she feels no pain.

The room is wide and long and high, and the light is dim; and there are so few present it seems bare and cold. She may have been what she claimed, " the greatest actress in the world," but she has lost all power to draw a crowd on Broadway.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO lay in this house of death some years ago, surrounded by flowers and by friends, awaiting the chanting of priests, and the funeral train, and the grave in Hollywood. And Valentino, dead, was still the greatest name on the street.

Thousands and thousands stood outside waiting their turns to pass before the bier. It was a cold, unseasonable day. It rained all day. And all day, and far into the night, great crowds stood in line, or wherever else they could, and pushed, and surged, and fought to get in. They carried a mounted policeman with them through a plate-glass window. They knocked down men and women and children, and stepped over their bodies into the funeral parlor, that they might say a last farewell to " the Sheik."

Nobody breaks windows to see Jeanne Eagels. There are but a few close friends, a few curiosity seekers, a few who come that their names may appear in tomorrow morning's papers.

" Gin " Eagels, Broadway called her—the unruly, the turbulent, the drinker, " the hop-head "; the outcast of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page thirteen

Equity; the actress no man could completely manage; the woman who loved many men—and none; the tough little Kansas City chorus girl who fought her way up to the stars without help from anyone, and who ruined herself with arrogance, and with liquor, and with drugs.

There are but a few who knew and understood her—and she was content with that. And to these few she was not only the greatest actress, but also the most courageous spirit and the finest woman.

She took some of her philosophy from Byron's lines:

> —And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep.

She was explosive, mercurial, neurotic, sweet as an angel one moment—berserk as a fiend the next, contrite and ashamed when anger cooled, but timid of making amends.

She hid her temperament, as she hid her pain, with a laugh and a smile. She talked fast. She gestured with her eloquent hands. She danced up to people, humming a song, and she danced away from them. She was always a sham, except with those she loved.

She was always the actress, the poseur, the mimic, the comedienne. Few guessed that she was also the earnest student, the thinking mind, the driving ambition, the slave of drama, the lonesome, sick, tormented woman.

Perhaps she wasn't the greatest actress in the world. Who can say? But certainly she was a fascinating and extraordinary soul, as many-faceted as a diamond.

As the hoofer says in the play Broadway, she was "the artiste first, and the human being second."

She was devoted to her mother, and to her family. She made millions of dollars, and spent them or gave them away. She died broke, but her mother will never want for anything. Many women have known as dire poverty as she. Few have known such luxury. Fewer still have been so poor, and have cared so little for luxury when it came. She never hoarded money. She despised those who did. She spent days eluding her creditors. Yet she paid the rent for many a needy friend.

"IF I have thirty cents when I die," she once declared, "it is thirty cents too much."

She had courage to meet defeat and conquer it; but she could not overcome success.

She never made a speech. She never would be honored with a banquet. She hated parties, but always went to them. If she wasn't invited she was angry. And if she wasn't the life of the party she went home angry. She was fond of asking guests to her home; but frequently she would chase them out.

She had many lovers, but no great loves. There was no passion in her. There was a spirituelle, an unphysical quality, in the love she felt for any man.

Jeanne Eagels at twelve, in Kansas City.

There was something of the wood dryad in her, something of Puck, something consistently inconsistent.

She drank, but neither to be sociable nor for the sake of drink. Sometimes she drank until she fell to the floor. Sometimes she went for months without taking a drop. She took drugs, but they were administered by a physician to dull her pain, or to wake her from a dangerous lethargy.

She was lonely all her life, and hungry for friends. But she could not afford them.

"You make me sick," she told a friend. "You're a Newfoundland puppy—up on everybody's lap. You want people to like you. Why? It's fatal. When they like you, they think they have the right to tell you how to say your lines, how to dress, how to fix your hair. 'Dearie, I think you're marvelous, but as your best friend I must say, for your own good, that you are a trifle fumble-footed, and your make-up is atrocious, and you stutter badly. Let me show you how you ought to play that scene.'

"If you hate people they will let you alone, give you your own way. And you must have your own way, or you are only one of the mob. You can't imitate anybody and be anybody.

"Hate makes the world go round, not love. You hate poverty, and overcome it. You hate ignorance and stupidity, and rise above it. You hate people, and stay yourself. You are original. You stand out."

SHE ignored the other members of her troupes—except the humblest, who did not presume to criticize. She hated most directors, most managers, most producers.

She hated lies and liars, and though most of her life she lived a lie, yet it was seldom that she told one.

"Yes, I was late. What of it? Yes, I was drunk last night. What of it?"

She lived a lie? All people of the theater live lies, for they dramatize themselves on and off the stage. Their imagination makes them, to themselves, different from all other people. They do not live, really; they dream.

"Never deny, never explain," was Jeanne's motto. "Never rush into print. Say nothing—and become a legend."

And she was the stuff of legends.

She hated interviews, yet she encouraged stories about her "fits of temperament." She believed that good publicity. When she did grant an interview to a newspaper man it was because she had something to say.

"To what do you attribute your success on the stage?" asked Samuel Hoffenstein, writing in the New York Times of May 29, 1927.

"To my ability to act, and the astuteness of managers in noticing it," she replied. "Superb actors do not grow on every bush, if I may quote Homer."

"Do you enjoy acting?"

"Nobody enjoys anything all the time. Sometimes I like it absolutely, sometimes I like it relatively. That is to say, there are times I dislike it less than anything else I can think of. Sometimes—usually, perhaps—I have no feeling about it whatever. I do not find acting difficult. If I did, I should find something easier to do, and do it much better. Those who find any difficulty should quit it at once if they can. They will never do it well."

Death came to her suddenly last night. She died in a doctor's office, among strangers. One physician said she died of "alcoholism." The surgeon who performed the autopsy denied this. She died of an overdose of chloral hydrate, he said. Jeanne's closest friends declare that the drug was the usual dose, but that her heart had been weakened to the point where the dose was fatal.

With her mother, to whom she was devoted, at the Paramount Long Island movie studio.

She died about the time she was usually most aglow with life, just before the hour set for the curtain to rise.

The curtain has gone up now in every theater in New York. In the theater across the street from Campbell's, a packed house is watching Jeanne Eagels in her last picture, Jealousy—with the peacock feathers and the guttering candles decorating its "title page."

Jeanne lies dead in her bronze and silver coffin. Yet she walks and talks, laughs, loves, stirs emotions in women and in men.

"Isn't she wonderful?" women ask. "Isn't she lovely? It isn't possible she is dead." And girls look at each other, stage-struck girls, and say, "What wouldn't I give to be like her! If I only had her chances!"

Jeanne hated the movies and the movie people. Yet if she achieve immortality, it must be through the screen.

THE curtains fall. The orchestras put away their instruments. The lights die out in theater marquees. Actors and actresses rub the grease paint from their faces, smoke, laugh, sing, dress, and hurry away.

But few hurry to the bier of Jeanne Eagels.

Helen Eagels is there—Jeanne's younger sister—and Sam Harris, the producer. He was in Boston attending the funeral of his father-in-law when he heard that Jeanne was dead. He left at once, to do whatever he could. Clifton and Mabel Webb arrive, and Libby Holman, and Monta Bell, and Mme. Frances who used to supply Jeanne with gowns, and Kitty Sullivan who used to dress her hair, and Maria and Nelly Savage, and G. B. Outhwaite, and Jimmy Auditore, and a few more. Francine Larrimore comes with Barry O'Neill, the last of all Jeanne's lovers, now Miss Larrimore's leading man in Let Us Be Gay!

Larrimore and Eagels had not been friends, for Eagels had walked out of the principal rôle in the play Chicago in fury and disgust; and Francine had walked into it.

Francine looks on the dead face, the sunny hair, the high smooth forehead, the high cheek bones, the soft cheeks, the saucy uptilted nose, the wide mouth, the firm chin, the eyes that are closed—eyes that changed with her moods, eyes that were black, or yellow, or gray, or green, or blue as the skies.

She stares, expressionless, not moving. The little group of Jeanne's friends watch, wondering. What does Larrimore see? What does she remember? Suddenly they see tears fall from Larrimore's face to Eagels'. It is one of the greatest tributes Jeanne Eagels ever won.

II

JEANNE EAGELS knew, weeks ago, that she had not long to live. She had a presentiment: more than that —an omen.

She knew it when the bird flew in through the window of her apartment in Park Avenue.

Christina Larson, her secretary-companion, had thrown up the window that Jeanne might have some air. And while Jeanne stood at the window, the bird flew in, and flapped his golden wings against her golden hair.

"'Stina!" Jeanne cried. "'Stina, I'm going to die!"

'Stina laughed, but she too knew of the superstition.

"But this is a golden bird," she said. "That doesn't mean death. It means fortune. Good luck! Love! Gold! Something nice!"

She took the bird into her hands and stroked its feathers.

"No." Jeanne backed away. "It means death."

'Stina let the bird lie in the palm of her hand; then, with a quick gesture, tossed it into the night.

"And love flies out the window," Jeanne said. "And life flies with it. Love and life. What does it matter?"

"No, Miss Eagels. I simply put a bird out of the window. A gold bird. Not a blue bird."

"It's all right," Jeanne answered. "Birds mean death, 'Stina. I know I'm doomed. I hope it's a spectacular death. I hope it's on the stage, after the last act."

This was but a few days before she wrote the note on the envelope.

She gave Monta Bell a tiny ivory elephant.

"It will bring you good luck," she said.

The day she died, Bell took it off his desk and put it in a drawer. When he looked for it again it had vanished.

Julian Eltinge rented his home to Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet; and, to make room for a cupboard of theirs, he took down eight pictures and put them in a closet.

Months later, when the Neilans had moved out, Eltinge went back to his home and got the pictures out.

"Queer," he thought. "Seven of these people have died since I left. The only ones to die of all my friends who were alive when I went away. I'm glad Jeanne Eagels is still living. I must tell her about this. She'll love it."

The next morning he read that Jeanne had died.

The little group in Campbell's undertaking rooms talk of the golden bird and the ivory elephant, and Jeanne's plans for her new house. "The house is divine, and if I live I will have trees and flowers. If I live. I will have you all out—if I live."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifteen

They talk of her life. They speak of her wit, her mind that was like a searchlight, probing, stabbing, questioning; of her dancing feet, her fluttering hands, her voice that might have taken her into grand opera; of her loves and her hates and her tricks.

"I was in my dressing room last night," says Barry O'Neill, "ready to go on, when I heard she had died. I had talked to her only that morning, and she said, 'Barry, I love you, really I do.' You know how we quarreled. I loved her, but I couldn't stand much of her. No man could. She was too dynamic, too full of energy.

"I was humming, because I was happy. I thought I would see her after the show. And—and then I heard that she was dead. And while I was trying to understand, I heard my cue. I went singing on to the stage, singing that thing, If Love Be All—you know? I went on singing. And I felt myself breaking. I couldn't stand it. Then I heard a voice saying to me, 'Jeanne wouldn't break. Jeanne would go through with it.'"

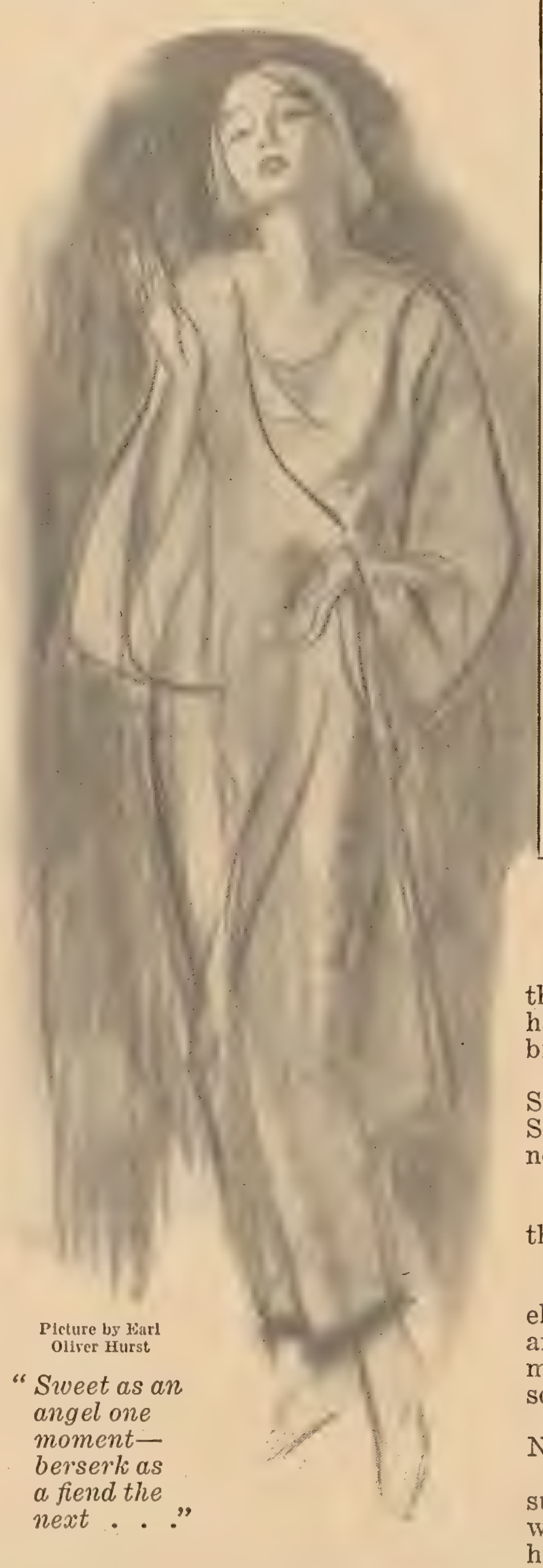
The Webbs remember how Jeanne used to visit Clifton's dressing room just before the first-act curtain. They remember too how she loved to watch Clifton and Libby Holman in their Moanin' Low number in The Little Show and how fond she was of Libby. "If I'd only known Libby and people like her a long time ago," she used to say, "how different my life might have been."

KITTY and Mabel smooth the soft fine hair. Maria Savage, Jeanne's French teacher whom she called "Mama Froggy," puts an orchid on the peach velvet breast.

'Stina Larson tells how she placed Jeanne's rosary and her picture at the base of a little altar in the Ossining home, and how she let three little girls come in to pray for Jeanne, kneeling in front of the altar.

The altar was a glass-incased mosaic of the Madonna and Child that Jeanne had kept in her room for years.

Jeanne was born and reared a Catholic, but she seldom went to any church once she had made her first communion. The rosary was one her mother sent her, and which she carried on to the stage every night for five years in the pocket of Sadie Thompson's coat.

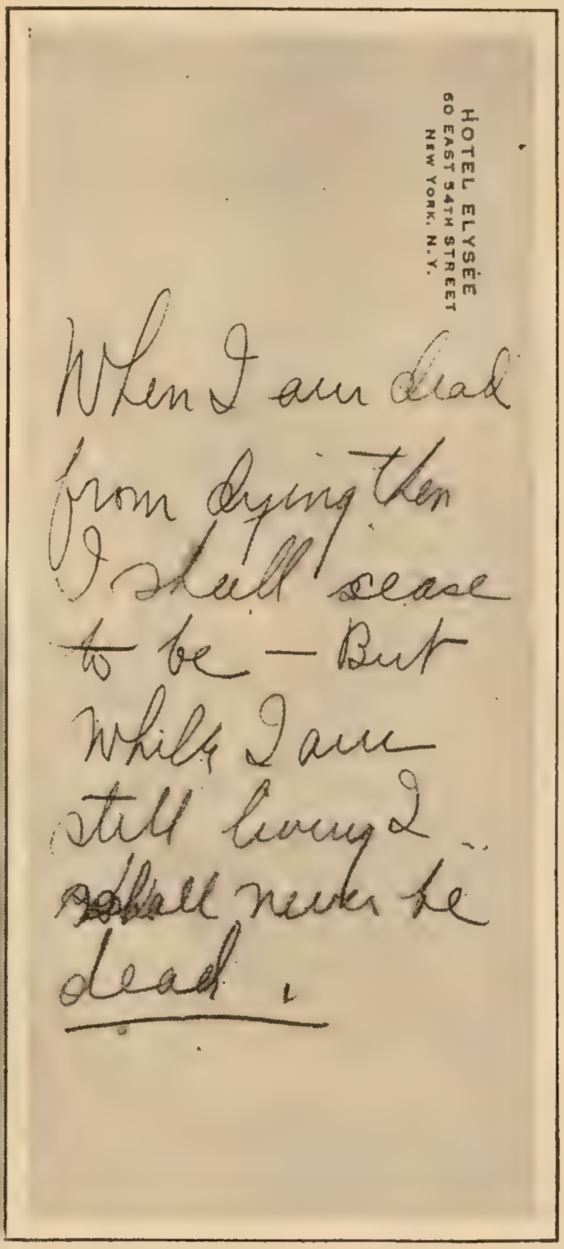


Picture by Earl Oliver Hurst

"Sweet as an angel one moment—berserk as a fiend the next . . ."

She misplaced it on the first night Rain played in New York, and held the curtain fifteen minutes until she found it.

Sam Harris, who made Jeanne a star, paces the floor, angry and anguished.



HOTEL ELYSÉE
60 EAST 54TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

When I am dead
from dying then
I shall cease
to be — But
While I am
still living I
shall never be
dead.

The characteristic resolve that Jeanne scribbled on an envelope a few days before her death.

"There lies the greatest actress in the world," he says. "And the greatest comedienne. And where is the crowd of actresses not good enough to kiss the hem of her skirt? There are people she's been feeding and clothing who aren't here, who haven't sent flowers or even telegrams of sympathy. Do they hate her? Are they afraid of Equity? Would Equity be offended at their grief?"

HE makes a note of people who are not there. Some of them will come to him and beg for parts some day.

Dawn comes. The candles are snuffed. Preparations are made for the funeral services in the chapel, and for the train to Kansas City, "that slow little town" she hated—and visited most every summer: the city of her birth.

They are playing Massenet's *Élégie,* Jeanne's favorite. She was always playing it, always humming or singing it. She played it badly and sang it atrociously. The high notes sob, and women sob with them.

"Where are your flowers?" Helen Eagels asks Harris.

"There," he says. White roses. Helen takes one and thrusts it into her sister's bosom.

"She would have wanted it so," she explains.

And now the sound of the L trains has drowned out the elegy; and the street cars' clang, clang, clang is heard, and the honking of automobiles, the whistle of the policeman on the corner, the cry of the newsboy, the rumbling sounds made by the wheels of heavy trucks.

The song of mourning gives way to the jazz note of New York that has crept into all the songs of Broadway.

A girl who came "out of the sticks" to make a great success on Broadway is going home. And as her coffin is wheeled through the streets to the depot, it will pass a hundred other girls who have come from "out of the sticks" to take her place.

In a few days she will lie in state not far from the little shack where she once lived. People who loved her and reverenced her, and people who never heard of her before, will pass by her bier, thousands of them, without crowding, without haste, without excitement.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Liberty Readers TRAVEL

TO the sea, to the mountains, to the north woods and the lovely inland lakes, Liberty's readers are answering the lure of recreation . . . We know, because the demand for Liberty is again rising to an eager chorus at the nation's favorite vacation spots . . . By virtue of its 99% newsdealer sale Liberty keeps pace with its traveling readers. There are no left-at-home, unread copies to break advertising continuity. Liberty's mobile circulation assures full year attention from its alert, active group of more than 2,400,000 buyers!

Liberty's Circulation in Leading Summer Resorts

City	*Seasonal Circulation*	*Residential Circulation*	*Per Cent Increase*
Bar Harbor, Me.	100	38	163.16
Concord, N. H.	718	660	8.79
Bennington, Vt.	75	21	257.14
Burlington, Vt.	1248	835	49.46
Gloucester, Mass.	425	350	21.43
Provincetown, Mass.	135	39	246.15
Newport, R. I.	1300	880	47.73
Westerley, R. I.	300	180	66.67
Nantucket, Mass.	100	35	185.71
Hyannis, Mass.	305	135	125.93
Schroon Lake, N. Y.	105	17	517.65
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	500	300	66.67
Catskill, N. Y.	113	65	73.85
Alexandria Bay, N. Y.	115	30	283.33
Port Jervis, N. Y.	1473	707	108.35
Atlantic City, N. J.	8632	4237	103.73
Cape May, N. J.	114	63	80.95
Asbury Park, N. J.	4754	1775	167.83
Ocean City, N. J.	1300	..	..
Benton Harbor, Mich.	848	786	7.89
Hot Springs, Ark.	1818	913	99.12
Michigan City, Ind.	1435	896	60.16
South Haven, Mich.	275	150	83.33
Petoskey, Mich.	325	125	160.00
Charlevoix, Mich.	160	55	190.91
Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich.	550	327	68.20
Saugatuck, Mich.	175	20	775.00
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.	200	48	316.67
Delavan, Wis.	200	115	73.91
Lake Geneva, Wis.	208	118	76.27
Williams Bay, Wis.	100	14	614.29
Eagle River, Wis.	170	66	157.58
Brainerd, Minn.	525	420	25.00
Bemidji, Minn.	310	230	34.78
Colorado Springs, Colo.	1954	1155	69.18
Yellowstone Nat'l Park	115	..	..
Pueblo, Colo.	1593	1225	30.04

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

BIGGEST NEWSDEALER SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixteen

Old friends of the Eagels family will carry the heavy coffin to the grave, eight pallbearers straining every muscle, staggering, fearing—each one of them—that he will falter any moment.

A priest will talk of the long dusty road that is the life of a man or a woman, and the impossibility of anyone's walking down that road without gathering some dust upon him. And presently Jeanne will sleep on a hill, between her father and her brother, in the shade of pine trees.

Her mother, her two sisters, her two brothers, and her brother-in-law will remain a little while on their knees, praying for her soul, and looking at the floral piece sent by Barry O'Neill with its message:

"God bless you, Jeanne, I love you."

Jeanne with "Mama Froggy," as she called Maria Savage, her French teacher.

III

JEANNE EAGELS was not born in Boston. She was not born in 1894. She was not of Spanish and Irish blood. Nor was her father an artist or a gambler. For that matter, her name was not Jeanne Eagels. The family name was spelled Eagles, and she was baptized Amelia Jean.

She was born at Thirtieth and McGee streets, in Kansas City, and the undertaker who buried her is the son of Mrs. Mellody, who bathed and dressed her when she was born.

Jeanne was fond of telling new friends that her father's name was Aguilar, that he was a Spaniard, and that he looked exactly like Antonio Moreno.

"The first time my mother saw Antonio Moreno on the screen," she said, "she almost screamed. She thought he was my father's ghost."

Her father was Edward Eagles, the son of William Eagles, the last of a long line of Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. His mother was Emily Haley, born in Kentucky of Irish parents. Edward Eagles was a carpenter.

Jeanne's mother, Julia, was one of the many daughters of Eugene Sullivan, who came out of the County Cork to Boston in 1845 when he was nineteen years old. He married his childhood sweetheart, Hanorah O'Neill, of the Munster O'Neills, and "Julie" was born in Boston. They moved to Leavenworth County, Kansas, when Julie was a child.

Jeanne was the second child born to Edward and Julia Eagles. Edna was the first. Helen followed Jeanne. The boys came later, Leo, and George, and Paul. Jeanne was born on June 26, 1890. She was the idol of Gran'pa Sullivan and the pride of his last years, not only because she was named after him but because she was such a spitfire, such a cunning child, and such a beauty.

Gene Sullivan—he didn't care to be called Eugene—was a strong heavy-fisted man. He worked hard all his life, and played hard. His only recreations were writing pieces for Irish-American newspapers and playing with his children and his grandchildren.

When he went to the post office to mail his articles to the paper, he would take Jeanne and her rag doll, "Judy Punch," with him. And he would regale those he met with tales of his granddaughter.

His favorite story concerned the time he gave Edna and Jeanne each a penny. Edna bought candy. But Jeanne bought gum; and when gran'pa asked her why she said, "Because! Gum's savin'er!"

He bragged about her generosity, and the wily way she helped Edna without sacrificing any interest of her own. When Edna was given candy or cookies she split with Jeanne. When Jeanne received anything she said, "Edna wants some too."

Gran'pa Sullivan died when Jeanne was three years old. But Jeanne never forgot him. She was as proud of the old man as he had been of her; and she would sometimes draw herself up and stand before her mother and say, "I am a Sullivan." Leo, her favorite brother, was sometimes but not always admitted to the Sullivan clan. But nobody else in the family except her mother was ever deemed worthy of being a Sullivan. And mother, by the way, was always "Julie" to Jeanne.

On the morning of Jeanne's funeral in Kansas City, Mrs. Eagles dreamed that her father was in the house, and that he had got up early and put on his best black suit and brushed his best black hat and shined his shoes.

Mrs. Eagles was surprised to see him up so early. He had been one to sleep late in the morning.

"Why are you up and around so early, pa?" she asked. "And dressed in your best clothes?"

"I'm going to Jeanne's mass," he said.

The dream was so real even after she wakened that Mrs. Eagles began to get breakfast for her father.

Mrs. Eagles was in Los Angeles with George and Paul when Jeanne died. Helen was in New York.

THE telephone rang, and George went to answer it. It was New York calling.

"It's Jeanne," Mrs. Eagles said. She turned to a visitor, beaming. "Jeanne calls me twice a week. I get so I know exactly when to expect a call from her."

"It isn't Jeanne," George announced; "it's Helen."

"Helen? What's happened to Jeanne?"

"Helen says, did you get a telegram—a telegram about Jeanne?"

"No! No! What about Jeanne?"

"What about Jeanne?" George asked Helen. "Dead? I don't believe it. Dead!"

Mrs. Eagles took the phone from him, and Helen must tell her again and again before she would believe.

Jeanne as a child was frail but mischievous. She was a tomboy. And there wasn't a boy on the block that wasn't afraid of her. She swung from the limbs of trees. She walked fences and skipped from rafter to rafter in the attics of houses building in the neighborhood.

She was six or seven when she fell from a fence she and Edna were walking. She broke her right arm, and ran home to her mother. A doctor was called, but he wasn't the best in the world. He set the arm, but it pained all the rest of her life, especially when it was wet. And it was wet every night and every matinée for five years when Jeanne played in Rain.

The broken arm went into the legend of Jeanne's life. She put it there.

She was a circus girl when it was broken, she said; riding around the ring on a big white horse.

You were to imagine the crowds, the clowns, the aërialists, the tight-rope walkers, the elephants, the boys selling peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum and candy, pink lemonade and pop, the ringmaster, and Jeanne, a mite of a girl in spangles and tights, perched on the back of a milk-white steed. The horse takes fright. It rears. And Jeanne is thrown to the sawdust, a pitiful little bundle of spangles, her arm broken.

You are to imagine her next in the dressing room back of the big tent, being very, very brave while the doctor—he was only one of the clowns, but he had studied medicine—put the arm in splints. She grits her teeth to keep from crying, and shuts her eyes, and listens hard to the music of the calliope playing under the big top, so that she will not think of the pain, will not realize she will never, never ride the big white horse again.

Jeanne used to dramatize herself before she ever heard of drama, and she played the part of Cinderella at a church benefit when she was a little over five. That was the first time Ruby Stapp saw Jeanne, and Ruby was overcome. She had recently moved into the neighborhood, and when she learned that Jeanne lived just across McCoy Alley—now McCoy Avenue—she was elated. Maybe if she went with Jeanne all the time Jeanne would show her how to be an actress.

Ruby's father owned a grocery store, and the two girls when they weren't playing with dolls would play around the candy counter. Sometimes when both the elder Stapps were out Ruby and Jeanne would mind the store and wait on customers.

Ruby used to get very tired of Jeanne, and of Edna too, and order them home. Edna would go, and would not return for days. But Jeanne would become scornful and defiant. "I won't go," she'd say. "I have as much right here as you have. Try and chase me out." In a minute the children would be friends again, and Jeanne would be mimicking Ruby or Edna, and Ruby would be all admiration once more.

RUBY was more than a playmate and an audience to Jeanne. She was sometimes an inspiration. She had frequent headaches, and Jeanne was glad, for it gave her a chance to play doctor. She would rub Ruby's head and neck exactly as she had seen a neighborhood charlatan treat a patient. And presently, whether Jeanne's fingers had anything to do with it or not, the headache would be gone. Years later Ruby went to a moving-picture show and saw Jeanne play the part of a healer. She rubbed out a headache just as she had done when she was a child.

Jeanne's greatest thrill came with Ruby's first toothache. The tooth not only hurt but it was loose, and Jeanne gave her advice as a professional dentist that it should be pulled. Ruby agreed — but made a stipulation. Jeanne could be the dentist, but the patient must be sound asleep first.

Jeanne obtained her mother's permission to stay at Ruby's house overnight, and she and Ruby went to bed early. Jeanne tied a string on the tooth. Ruby was frightened.

"Remember, you got to wait until I'm sound asleep."

"Of course."

"Well, how will you know I'm sound asleep?"

"Do you snore?"

"No."

"Well, go to sleep, anyway. I'll know—and if you're awake you can stop me."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

2 Nights on a Train,
and a half-sick system

GOOD as Sal Hepatica is to dull and logy stay-at-homes, it's even better for men and women who travel.

Upset by a change in diet, restless on a strange bed, they arise with an upset system, headachy, half-sick—dull.

With the aid of the porter, a glass of cool water appears! Into the water a spoonful of Sal Hepatica bubbles and fizzes. Drink the sparkling mixture down! You're already on the road to feeling better!

Sal Hepatica works promptly, thoroughly, yet gently. Women drink its splendid combination because they find it unsurpassed as a complexion clarifier. Men prefer it for its restoring and bracing effect.

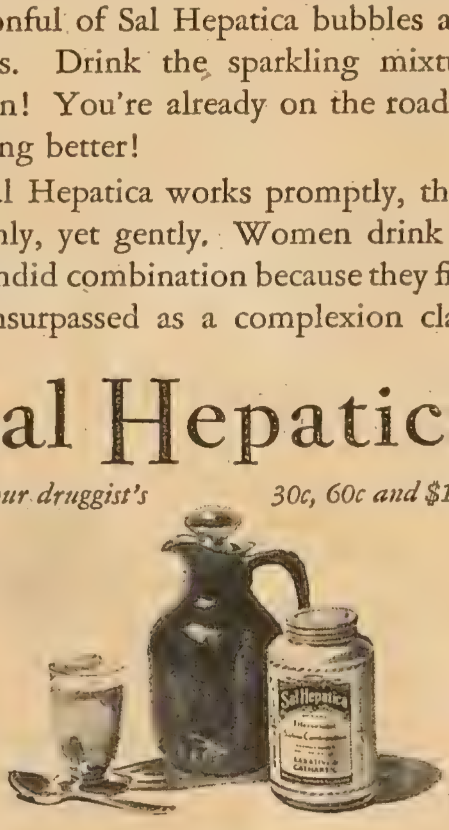
Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism—all the familiar digestive disorders are banished by Sal Hepatica! It fights acidity, it cleans the bloodstream, it sweeps the system of toxic wastes.

Among wealthy people the custom of visiting the spas of Europe is annually followed—for physicians, here and abroad, recognize the great advantages of taking the saline cure. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these Continental health-springs.

Ask your doctor about the saline method, with Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle from your druggist. At home or when you're traveling, let it keep you fresh and in trim!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c and $1.20*



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VITAPHONE VARIETIES

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[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page nineteen]

It was hours before Ruby fell asleep—hours of excitement to Jeanne, leading up to the great third-act climax.

A dozen times Jeanne raised herself on her elbow and felt for the string. A dozen times Ruby pushed her away and said, "Not yet. Not yet." Jeanne gave it up.

She went to sleep herself, to wake with a start. It was morning. Ruby was asleep. The string was still about her tooth. Cautiously, quietly, gently, Jeanne took hold of it, not daring to breathe. She got a firm hold and gave a sudden sharp jerk. The tooth came out.

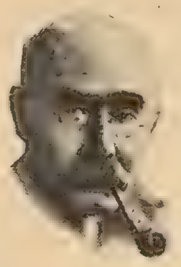
When she was a great actress Jeanne used to tell her friends how she had lost a tooth when she was a girl. A friend had pulled it out, and she, Jeanne, had found the vacant space a great boon.

"I was only a child, of course, but I was an actress even then, playing all over the middle west. I could make up as a witch or a hag, thanks to that missing tooth. I could paint my other teeth black—and there was the ugly gap right in the center. It was quite effective."

NEXT WEEK

A New Dog Story

(His first since 1909)



By

Rudyard Kipling

Jeanne was not much troubled by puppy love, though she and Ruby both liked a certain boy in the neighborhood. They didn't fight over him. Even then Jeanne didn't think men or boys worth fighting for. They giggled about him, told secrets about him, made plans for bridal ceremonies in which the boy figured as the bridegroom of two pig-tailed girls, and occasionally made him mind their dolls while they played "ladies' card party."

THERE was a big yellow rosebush in back of Jeanne's home, and sometimes she and Ruby would hide behind it and listen to Cousin Kate Callary talking to some of her beaus. This was the best fun of all.

Cousin Kate was a beautiful girl but consumptive. She left her beaus one day, kissed her mother, said good-by to Jeanne and Ruby, and went "out west." She never returned. Her death made such an impression on the family that for many years all the young girls believed they were tubercular, and that they too must go out west.

Edna subsequently did go west, fearing tuberculosis. She got as far as Needles, California; and stayed there because she loved the climate.

She met Bill Ackerley, then a brakeman on the Santa Fe Railroad, and when she returned to Kansas City he followed. They were married and returned to Needles. They still live there, the parents of six children. And if there was ever any tubercular condition in Edna's lungs it has long since disappeared.

Jeanne held the fear of consumption for many years. And she was not alone in the belief that she had it. She looked so thin, so wraithlike, that many advised her to go west. A physician in New York told her she might build up her resistance by drinking a little champagne every day. For a long time that was all Jeanne Eagels drank. And two or three sips would make her dizzy.

NEWSPAPER biographers of Jeanne invariably say that she was seven years old when she made her first appearance on the stage as Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream. She was actually eleven.

Georgia Brown, mother of Evelyn Vaughn, Bert Lytell's first wife, was the one who cast Jeanne for the part. She had come to Kansas City to open a school of drama. She decided the best way to announce her intention was to give a play, and she advertised for little girls.

Jeanne hurried to Miss Brown with the paper in her hand. And Miss Brown accepted her at once.

Tessie Marshall, Jeanne Eagels, and Helen Levenson were each given the rôle of Puck, to play on successive nights. They rehearsed for months before their teacher believed the cast were perfect in their rôles; and the play was staged at the Auditorium.

Miss Levenson and Miss Marshall received the praise of all the critics, but no paper mentioned Jeanne Eagels. Either no reviewer saw her in the part, or else they all thought it more charitable to leave her out.

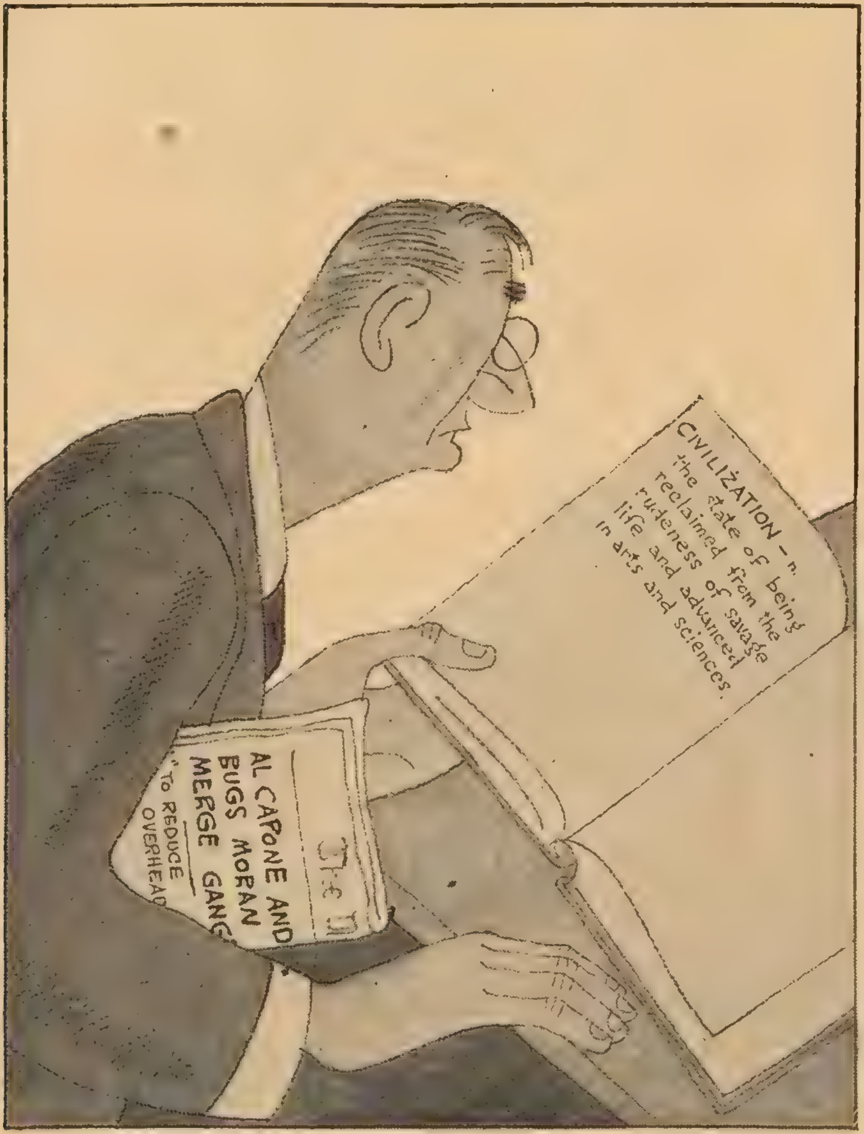
It was not the last time she was to be slighted. No doubt she was hurt. But she contented herself with the knowledge that she was the greatest actress in the world and that some day the world would recognize that fact.

How the very youthful Jeanne scraped up, by might and main, a little dramatic schooling and stock company experience, and how at fifteen she literally fought for a chance as leading lady, and won it, will appear in next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's story of her life.

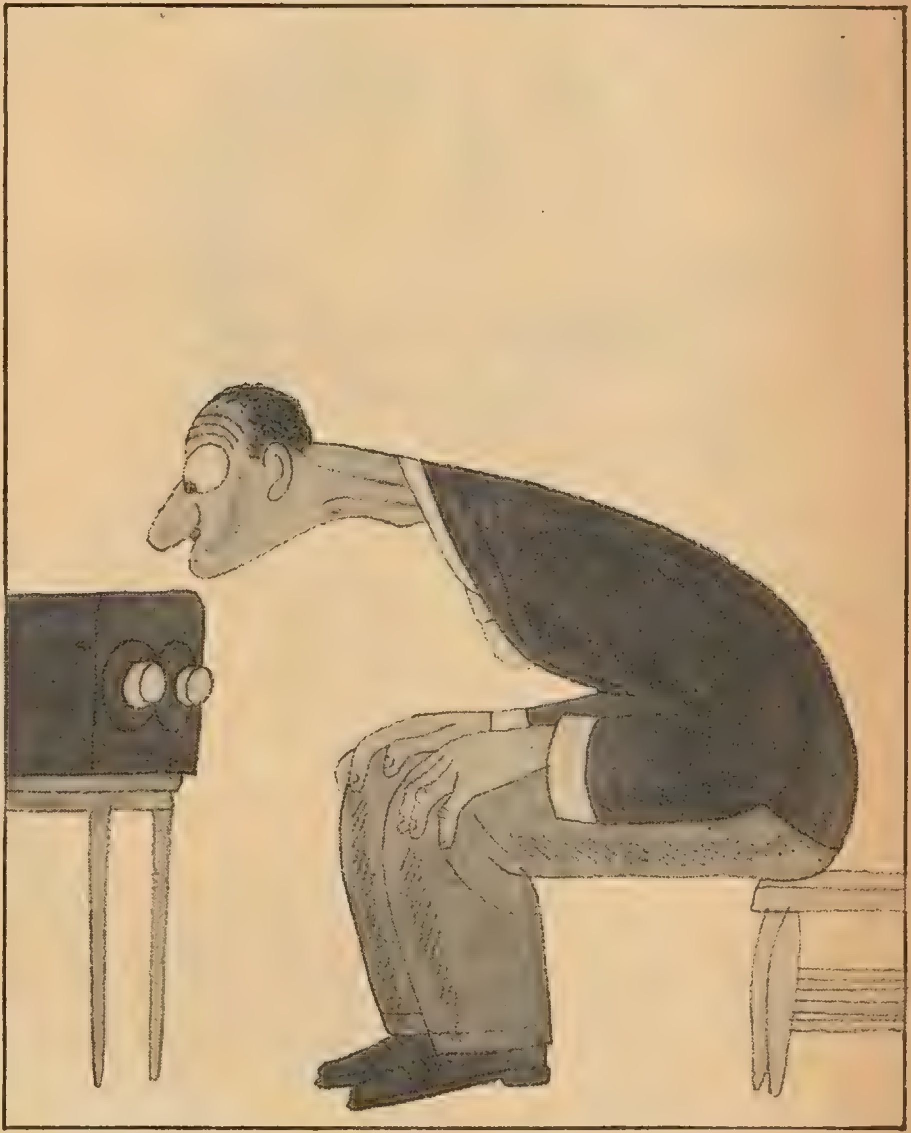
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

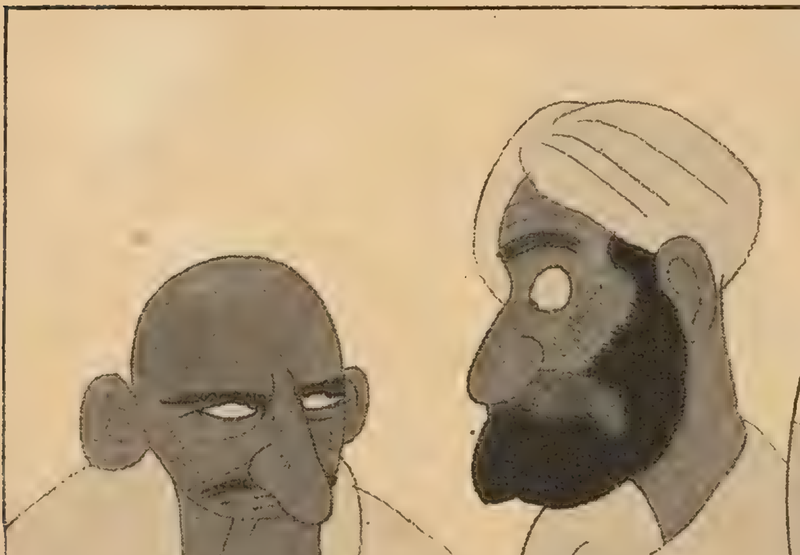
By RALPH BARTON


CIVILIZATION — n. the state of being reclaimed from the rudeness of savage life and advanced in arts and sciences.
AL CAPONE AND BUGS MORAN MERGE GANGS TO REDUCE OVERHEAD

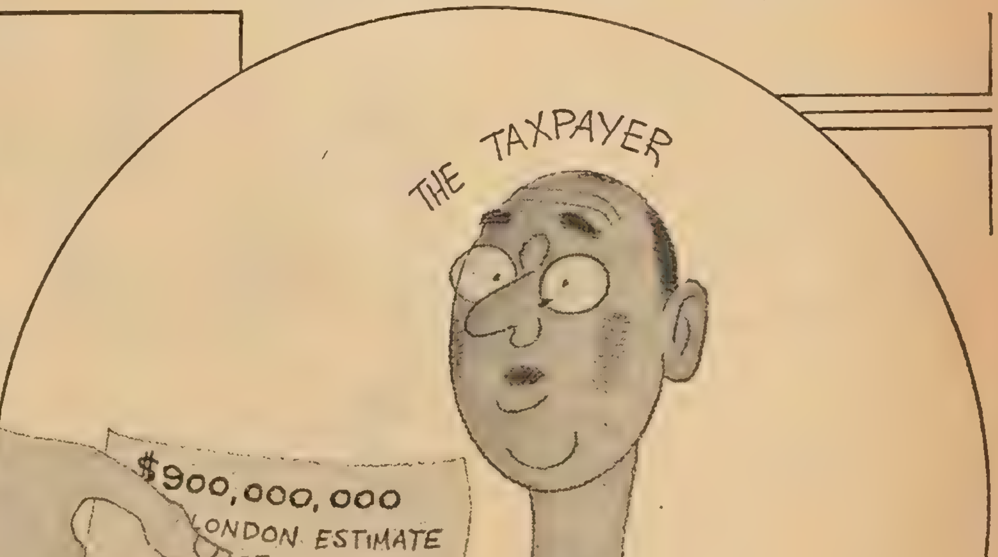
AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, in A. D. 1930, looks up a word in the dictionary.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN who would rather die than be out of things, straining every fiber to fall under the spell of Amos 'n' Andy.



MAHATMA GANDHI dispatches an envoy to the United States to collect a few facts on how Civil Disobedience is practiced in the country in which it was invented.


THE TAXPAYER
$900,000,000
LONDON ESTIMATE OF COST TO UNITED STATES OF NAVAL DISARMAMENT PACT
RALPH BARTON

HOWEVER IT COMES OUT, the bill will be sent to the usual place.

Stars at Play

The Best Revue Yet, a Singing Keaton, and Some Others

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

A famous film pair's latest picture: Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in High Society Blues.

Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner in Hold Everything.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ PARAMOUNT ON PARADE

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE is the best of the revues I've seen. There is no thread of story running through it and it doesn't need one to hold the interest. All the Paramount stars are featured. They do more than bow and say a few self-conscious words, as in some of the other revues. Theirs is the burden of the entertainment and they make it a light and amusing one by the whole-heartedness with which they all seem to enter into it.

The brightest spots in the revue, for me, were those in which Maurice Chevalier held the center of the stage. He is inimitable, although little Mitzi Green, the clever child, does her best to imitate him. Chevalier has three good song numbers which he puts over with spirit. Clara Bow, in her sailors' song, is very attractive and lively.

Ruth Chatterton gives a touching impersonation of a French girl pining for her American doughboy lover. Nancy Carroll sings and dances effectively a jazzy spiritual. Buddy Rogers and Lillian Roth sing Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love together as though they meant it. George Bancroft has a funny sketch. William Powell, Clive Brook, Eugene Palette, and Warner Oland kid their famous mystery story rôles for us in a clever sketch designed for all of them. Helen Kane gives a history lesson to a group of children in her best boop-a-dooping style.

There are some beautiful Technicolor effects. Leon Errol, Skeets Gallagher, and Jack Oakie are the masters of ceremony.

No wonder it's a good show; it took the combined efforts of eleven of Paramount's directors to form this parade.

★ ★ ★ FREE AND EASY

Buster Keaton loses none of his ability to make you laugh by being heard as well as seen. In Free and Easy he not only talks but he sings and his voice is good. Paul Dickey made a clever adaptation of a story by Richard Schayer, written especially for Keaton, and it was ably directed by Edward Sedgwick, who must have enjoyed himself immensely, as he not only had the fun of directing Buster Keaton and Trixie Friganza, but four or five of his colleagues as well. Directors Fred Niblo, Lionel Barrymore, David Burton, Cecil De Mille, and George Fitzmaurice all have acting parts in this picture.

The reason for all these directors in the cast is that the story is about the adventures in Hollywood of a beauty contest winner of Gopher City, Kansas. The beauty is played by Anita Page, and Keaton, as Elmer Butts, is her manager. There are laughs from one end of the picture to the other. There are some good song numbers in it, too.

★ ★ ★ HIGH SOCIETY BLUES

I hate to think that this might be the last of a good combination. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have teamed it so well together that one wonders how each will get on alone in pictures. High Society Blues is a variation of an old story that we have heard and seen played so often, but an old story can still be enchanting when it is charmingly presented to us. And that is what director David Butler has done with this simple but amusing story. He and his pair of stars have given it charm.

This is how Lillian Roth and Buddy Rogers look while giving you a song in Paramount on Parade.

Farrell is particularly good in the rôle of the ukulele-playing kid from Iowa who moves east with his socially ambitious family and falls in love with the girl next door, only to learn that she is engaged to marry a French count. Janet is lovely as Eleanor. There is a great deal of comedy throughout the story.

★ ★ ★ Hold Everything

Warner Brothers selected their production of Hold Everything with Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Georges Carpentier, and Sally O'Neil in the leading rôles as the opening feature of their new Hollywood Theater on Broadway, New York. It is taken from the musical comedy of the same name, which was a success on the stage last year.

It is entirely in Technicolor and retains the popular musical score of the original production with two or three new songs added. There are a great many laughs in it and both Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown work hard for them. Brown is a comic fighter and in the ring scenes he is a scream. Sally O'Neil and Georges Carpentier furnish the love interest, but that isn't all Carpentier does, as he comes through with some of the stuff that made him famous. He and Tony Stabenau stage a thrilling and realistic battle for the light-heavyweight championship.

Joseph Schildkraut and Myrna Loy in Cock o' the Walk.

★ ★ Cock o' the Walk

World-Wide Pictures presents Joseph Schildkraut in Cock o' the Walk, an absurd story about a gigolo. I suspect the censors have interfered somewhat with it, as one part of it is vague. James Cruze supervised the direction of R. William Neil. Schildkraut is an ingratiating comedian and he does what he can for the character of Carlos. But, in spite of his efforts and Myrna Loy's charm, the film is disappointing.

Do you know that—

The Lonsdale play, The High Road, is to be called The Lady of Scandal when it is filmed by Metro?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Journey's End, One Romantic Night.

★★★—The Divorcee, Ladies of Leisure, The Man from Blankley's, Show Girl in Hollywood, Mammy.

Free and Easy isn't a solemn film, due largely to Buster Keaton's and Anita Page's successful efforts to make you laugh.

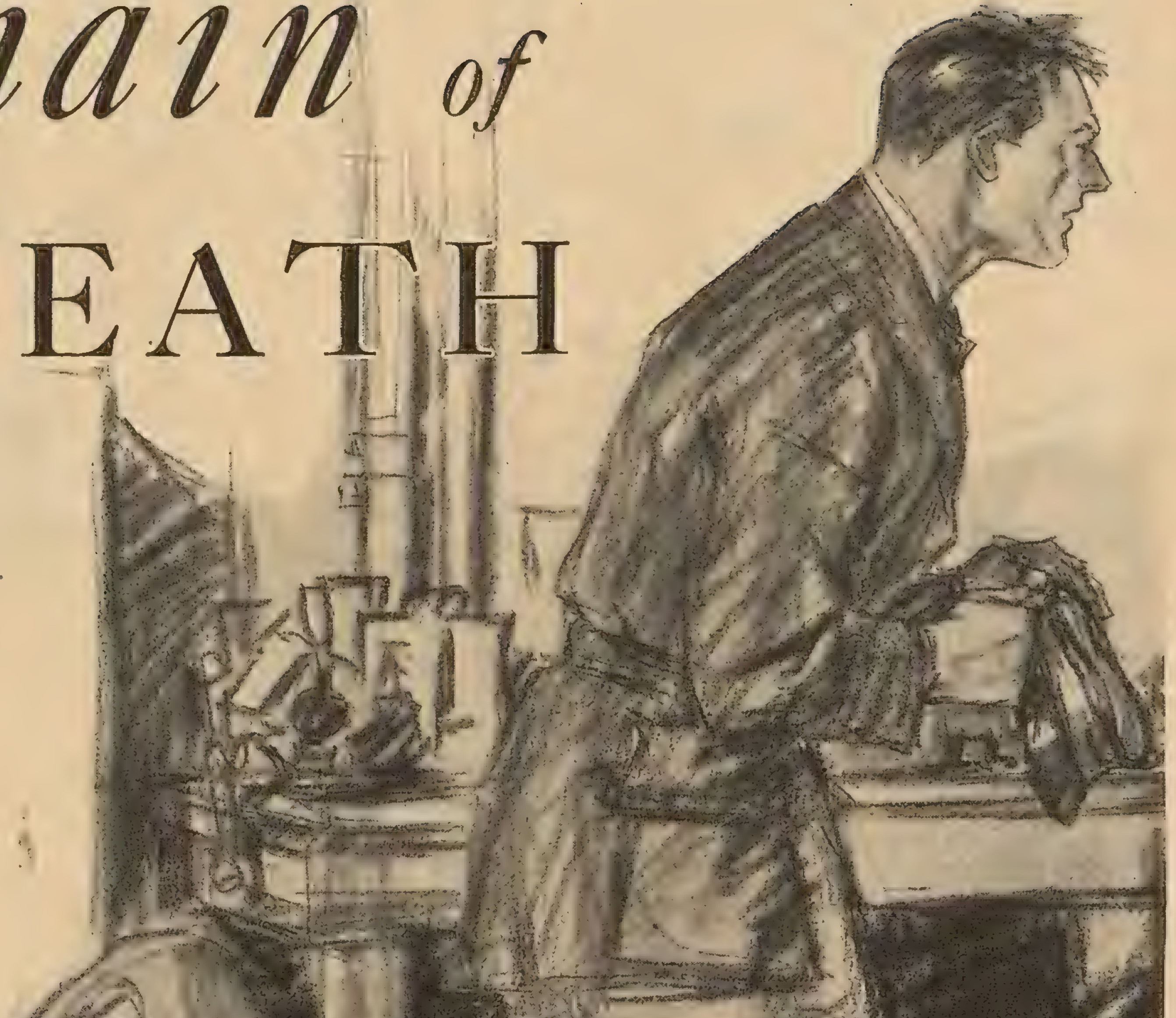
The Chain of DEATH

The Story of a House of Mystery

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY



" Mr.—Clement! " It was Stevens, haggard and breathless. " I've been up to the house, sir—looking for you. . . . I wanted to see you first. . . ."

What Has Gone Before:

GILBERT EMERY was shot dead in his own dining room. Jack Barrow, his secretary, found the body. Several members of the family had heard the shot, shortly after midnight. Valuable silver was missing.

Barrow stated that he had seen a strange man escaping, and Captain Marcus Snow, a relative of Mrs. Emery's, said that he, also, had seen this man in the grounds of the Emery country place. Clearly, a burglarious assault, the police decided.

Lydia, Emery's widow, accepted the theory, but Lois Emery, Lydia's stepdaughter, did not believe in the burglar. She made her New York Uncle " Barty " an unheralded call. Clement his name was—" Old Portland " his friends nicknamed him. She told him two astonishing facts: first, that she had heard her father go downstairs half an hour before the shot was fired, and, second, that when she went into the dining room after the murder she saw a silver bowl there, which later disappeared.

She had a horrible conviction that the murderer was still in the house. She asked for help, and that night Clement drove her home.

It was a strange drive, with a haunted Lois. They were to pick up Duncan Sommerfield, her fiancé, at Moorewood Station. He was not there.

But half a mile on they did pick up Jack Barrow, and,

later, almost ran into Stevens, the Emery chauffeur, who was to have met Barrow, but had had tire trouble—so he said.

Once in the house, Lois retired, as did Lydia, leaving Captain Snow and Clement alone.

Mentally, Old Portland traced sinister threads all through this pattern. On the chauffeur's mouth he had seen an unexplained trickle of blood. Barrow, he had learned from Lois, was in love with Lydia. Lois had seen Sommerfield—dissipated, wealthy, and newly divorced—holding the hand of Agnes, the housemaid, and this just after the murder!

Lydia had seemed appalled by the news that Sommerfield was expected—and Captain Snow was saying: "I hope he's broken his neck." Now go on with the story.

PART TWO

DEATH STRIKES AGAIN

THERE was a brief silence.

"You don't like Sommerfield, eh?" said Old Portland.

"No," said Snow, in the same amiable tone; "I don't."

Old Portland had had a wide and varied experience in dealing with men. He had quarreled with his father at an early age and had gone to sea. He had been captain of a cargo steamer when his father had died, leaving him a considerable fortune, and he had given up the sea then, and had walked into his late father's office one morning and taken charge of the business. And though he had known nothing of that business then, he had done remarkably well because of the other things he knew. He was cautious and not disposed to be overtrustful of his fellow creatures; but he could, when he liked, give an excellent impression of bluff outspokenness.

"I met him for a few moments in New York, you know," he said. "And I didn't like him myself."

That seemed to encourage Snow.

"It's a damned shame to see a girl like Lois interested in a swine like that," he said. "I'm glad you've come down here. Perhaps you can get rid of him."

"Oh, well!" said Old Portland. "The thing will probably blow itself out. She's young. In the course of time she'll lose interest in him, I dare say."

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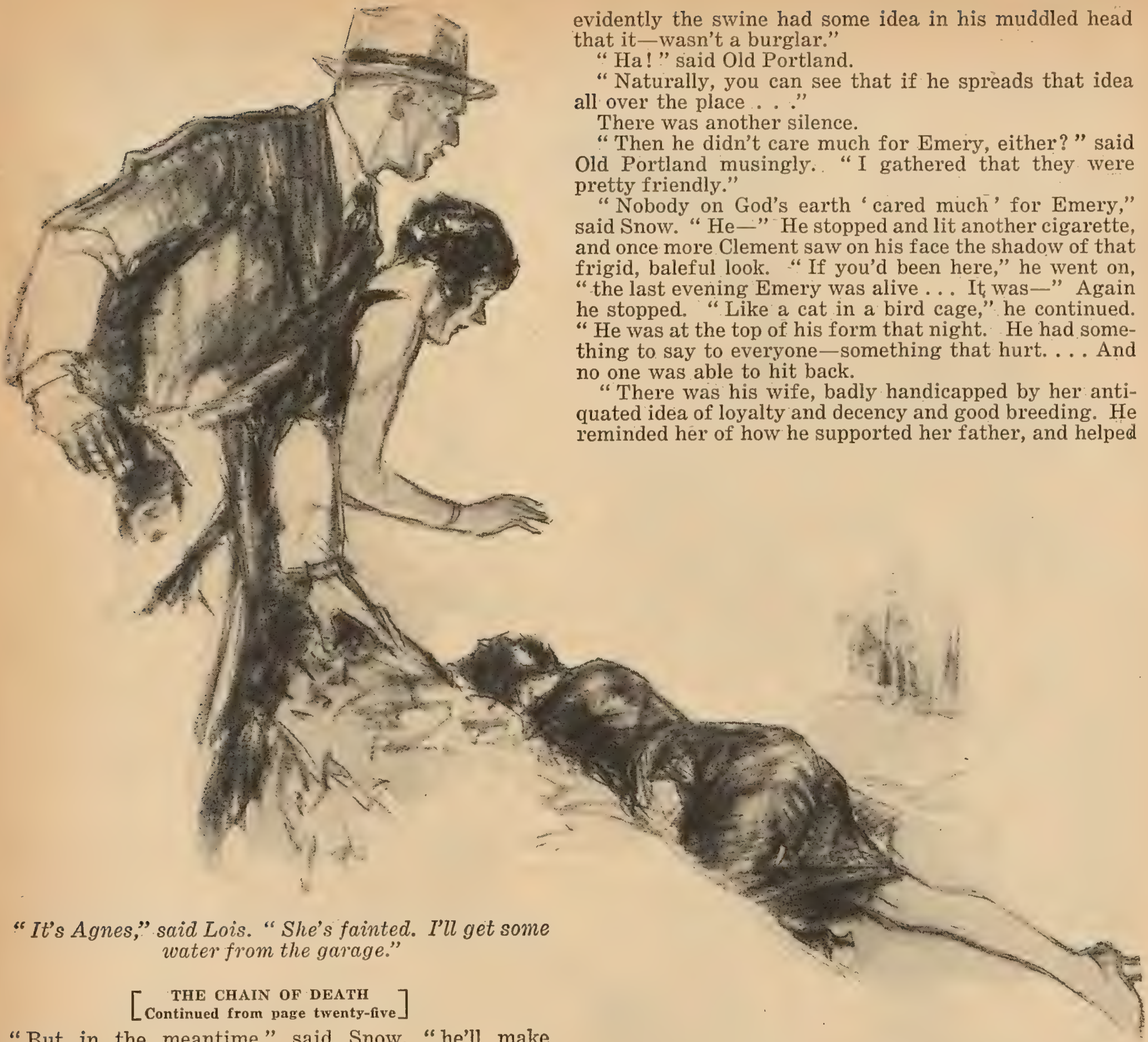

"It's Agnes," said Lois. "She's fainted. I'll get some water from the garage."

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page twenty-five

"But in the meantime," said Snow, "he'll make trouble."

"What trouble could he make?"

Snow thought for a while before he answered.

"I mean . . ." he said, "that he'll cause a lot of—idle gossip. . . ."

"Oh, well!" said Old Portland again. "That doesn't amount to much."

But, though he spoke with an air of good-humored carelessness, he was very much on the alert. He had been aware for some time that Snow had some purpose in mind; he was also aware that Snow was no more outspoken than he was. He needed handling, this fellow.

"THE trouble is," said Snow, "that Sommerfield might make a great deal of unpleasantness. Perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story."

"Good!" said Old Portland.

"Of course we had the police in here, asking questions and rooting around. Not very pleasant for anyone—and worst of all for Lydia. And when they'd gone Sommerfield put on his little show. Began talking about what fools the police were: 'That's one burglar they'll never catch!' I tried to shut him up; he'd been drinking. 'Well,' he said, 'as long as they don't try to pin it on some poor devil of a crook they've got a down on, I'll hold *my* tongue. I'm not losing any sleep over Emery's timely departure!'"

"And what did he mean by that, d'you suppose?" asked Old Portland.

Snow glanced at him sidelong; then, with an effort:

"I'd better tell you, in case you hear of it from someone else. Otherwise it wouldn't be worth repeating. But—evidently the swine had some idea in his muddled head that it—wasn't a burglar."

"Ha!" said Old Portland.

"Naturally, you can see that if he spreads that idea all over the place . . ."

There was another silence.

"Then he didn't care much for Emery, either?" said Old Portland musingly. "I gathered that they were pretty friendly."

"Nobody on God's earth 'cared much' for Emery," said Snow. "He—" He stopped and lit another cigarette, and once more Clement saw on his face the shadow of that frigid, baleful look. "If you'd been here," he went on, "the last evening Emery was alive . . . It was—" Again he stopped. "Like a cat in a bird cage," he continued. "He was at the top of his form that night. He had something to say to everyone—something that hurt. . . . And no one was able to hit back.

"There was his wife, badly handicapped by her antiquated idea of loyalty and decency and good breeding. He reminded her of how he supported her father, and helped him out of a pretty nasty jam. Then he touched up young Barrow—who'd drawn his salary six months in advance. Then he had a few little remarks for Elsie Evans."

"Who is she, anyhow?"

Snow drew on his cigarette for a moment.

"She's a girl," he said, "a kid, a poor young devil, full of crazy ideas—or ideals. I saw her once, ten years ago, when she was a kid of nine or ten—funny little kid with long yellow hair, dressed like a charity child. Her mother was a cousin of Emery's—one of those thick-skinned social climbers. When she died, Emery volunteered to pay for the girl's education. That sounds kind, but it's—otherwise. He was simply buying another victim.

"The girl's mad to study medicine. She has this idea of 'serving humanity,' and she thought she had to put up with anything and everything so that she could go on studying. She cried that night, though. And Sommerfield got flicked on the raw, and slammed out of the house. And Barrow took refuge in the whisky. And Lydia just sat there. . . . Sort of evening you don't forget in a hurry."

"And you were there, too?" said Clement. "Were you enjoying yourself, too?"

"I?" said Snow pleasantly. "I was just sitting there, thinking."

Old Portland, too, sat thinking for a time.

"And you believe that Sommerfield's likely to make trouble . . ." he said, as if musing.

"You can see for yourself that an idea like that . . . And it seems to me . . . Emery's gone. Nothing can bring him back. Best thing is to—let matters alone."

"Hardly ethical—" murmured Old Portland.

"I'm not concerned with ethics," said Snow briefly.

"But—" said Old Portland, glancing up suddenly, "if you and Barrow both saw the burglar escaping? I don't see what grounds Sommerfield has for his tale."

"We only saw a man. It was too dark to recognize him."

"And Sommerfield was out at the time of the shooting?"

"Yes."

"I wonder where."

"God knows," said Snow.

"Didn't the police ask him any questions?"

"They got a good account from Stevens—the chauffeur, you know. He swore that Sommerfield was in the garage, talking to him, from eleven o'clock until they heard the shot and ran over to the house. And that satisfied the police and the coroner's jury. Sommerfield's a rich man—well known, good social position. He was apparently on good terms with Emery. No reason for suspecting him of any sort of complicity."

"But you do?" said Old Portland, so suddenly that Snow started nervously.

"No," he answered curtly. "I don't suspect anyone. I don't give a damn who did it, anyhow. The only thing that interests me is to see that—the people who are left aren't dragged into a shameful scandal." He rose. "Perhaps, after you've thought it over, you'll see my point of view—and do what you can to keep Sommerfield quiet. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be getting to bed. . . . By the way, can't I show you your room?"

"I know the way, thanks. I stayed here the night of the funeral. Good night!"

"Good night!" said Snow.

As he looked after him, Clement noticed that he walked with a limp.

"A mettlesome lad!" he observed to himself. "And capable of making a good deal of trouble on his own account, I should think. Well, we'll see. . . ."

It was nearly two o'clock now, but he felt no desire to go to bed just yet. The silence of the house pleased him. He roamed about the room, glanced at the books, and then went over to the window to take a look at the weather.

The trees were tossing and creaking in the high wind; the rain dashed against the panes. But he saw, shining steadily through the turmoil, a bright light from a window.

He looked at it; then he spun round on his heel, crossed the room noiselessly, glanced up at the dark stairs, and went along the hall to the hatrack. He put on his overcoat and hat, and silently unlocked and unchained the front door, and slipped off the catch, so that he could get in again.

It was black as the pit outside, and the rain blew in his face. Nevertheless he set off without hesitation. He was sure he had the location of the garage well fixed in his mind, and self-distrust was not one of his weaknesses. It was his way to make up his mind suddenly and vigorously, and he had been right so often that he had now the utmost confidence in his own decisions. He went on head down against the wind. He stopped only once, to hit the flashlight he carried against a tree, hard enough to break the bulb.

He was right this time, too, for in a few moments he saw again the light that shone from an upper window of the garage.

He knew what he meant to do here. He was not concerned with the problem of Emery's death, but he was very much interested in Sommerfield. He had listened to Snow with alert attention, and two points had particularly interested him. One was that Sommerfield's only alibi was furnished by this chauffeur; the other was that Sommerfield had boasted that the "burglar" would never be discovered.

Evidently Snow believed that Sommerfield knew who had committed the crime and was in great dread of his telling what he knew. But Old Portland was not so sure; he had heard too much boasting with nothing behind it.

"Now, if Sommerfield actually was in the garage with

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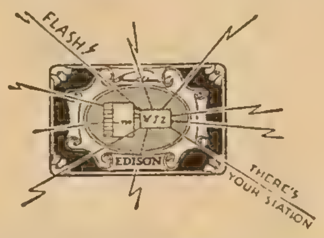

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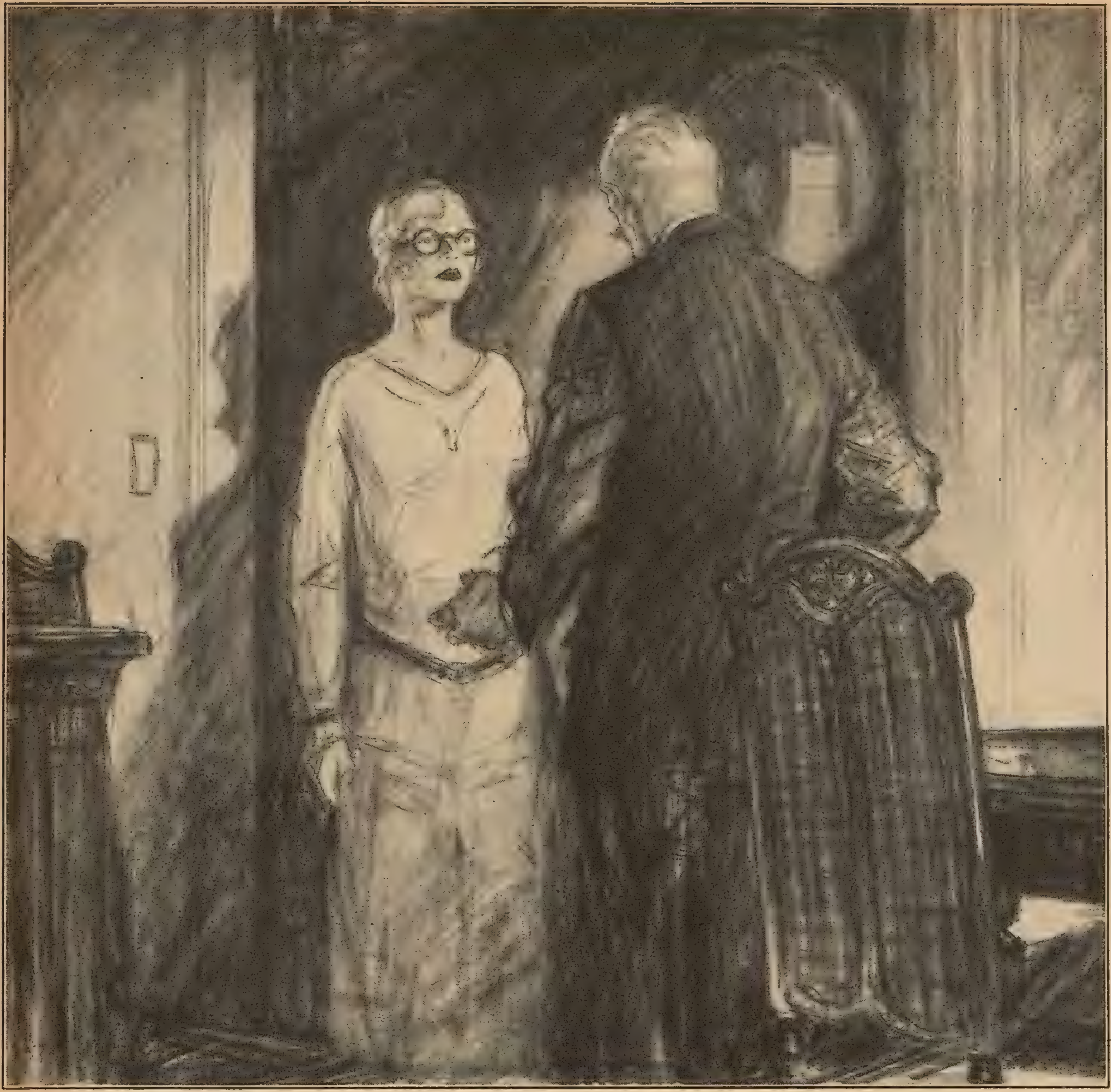

She kept on looking steadily at him. "Do you mind telling me who you are?" she asked.

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page twenty-seven

the chauffeur when it happened, he can't *know* who did it. He's only guessing. In that case, I'll call his bluff and make it hot for him. But if he wasn't there—if the chauffeur was lying—then I'll make it still hotter for him."

For what he wanted was to discredit Sommerfield in the eyes of Lois. The other aspects of this case were, he thought, better let alone. Emery was small loss to the world; he was gone, the deed was irreparable; better let it alone and think only of getting rid of Sommerfield.

He knocked briskly on the door of the garage; for it was no part of his policy to seem at all furtive. But he was surprised by the result. Instantly the light upstairs went out. He knocked again. No answer; no sound but the rush of the wind and the drumming of the rain. He waited; then he banged on the door with his torch.

"Who's there?" asked a voice, so close that he started.

"I'm from the house. Miss Emery's uncle."

The door slid back at once, and revealed the garage, flooded with light now, and the chauffeur standing before him in pyjamas.

"I saw a light here," said Clement. "I've smashed my torch and I couldn't find my way back to the house. Have you got a spare light?"

"Yes, sir," said Stevens. "If you'll step in—"

Old Portland did step in, and Stevens ran up the stairs at the back of the garage. He was barefooted, and still barefooted when he ran down again with a flashlight. He was pale, too, and his mouth was swollen on one side and his sandy hair all on end.

"My idea was," said Clement, in a confidential tone, "to take a look at the grounds and so on while everyone else was asleep and out of the way. I'd like to get a notion of how this burglar came and went and so on. It's a queer case. . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Stevens. His teeth had begun to chatter—and no wonder, standing barefoot on the cement floor.

"It interests me," Old Portland went on. "The police say the burglar got in through the dining-room window, and in that case . . . But see here! I'd like to have a few moments' chat with you. Can't we go upstairs to your quarters, Stevens? It's pretty cold down here."

Then he discovered something new.

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Stevens, in his soft drawl.

"I'm sorry, but—I've got a friend of mine up there, and—I reckon he wouldn't like to be disturbed."

"Well, you know," said Old Portland, with a laugh, "that looks bad, Stevens! Might think you were sheltering this burglar, eh?"

Stevens' swollen lip twitched in a faint smile.

"Never thought of it that way, sir," he said. "I hope you won't feel you have to mention this up at the house, sir. My friend's been drinking, and I brought him here to sleep it off. He'd get in trouble—and so would I—"

"I don't think I'll find it necessary to say anything," said Old Portland kindly. "Good night, Stevens. Thanks for the light." He moved toward the door; then, as if by an afterthought, he stopped and looked back. "By the way, you and Sommerfield did not see or hear anything that night?"

"No, sir; not until we heard the shot."

"You were upstairs?"

"No, down here."

"Now, that's a queer thing," mused Old Portland aloud. "Sommerfield seems to know . . ."

"Know *what?*"

Clement glanced at him, and the chauffeur seemed aware that his manner had been unseemly, for he smiled —a strained and apologetic smile.

"I MEAN, sir," he said, "that if he claims he heard or saw anything while he was here, it makes me look like a fool—or a liar."

"Well, of course—anything he says has to be looked into."

"I'd—I'd like to hear what he said."

Old Portland appeared surprised and a little shocked; but in his heart he felt an unholy thrill of excitement at how well he was drawing the other.

"The proper authorities—" he said. "Well, you'd better go to bed now, Stevens. Toothache?"

"Yes, sir," said Stevens. "I—yes. . . . I—I'd be very much obliged to you, sir, if you'd tell me what—Mr. Sommerfield's been saying."

"It can't affect you, Stevens," said Old Portland, looking still more surprised and shocked. "You gave evidence that Sommerfield was here with you from eleven o'clock until you heard the shot. If he's expressed any—suspicions, they'll be thoroughly investigated by the proper authorities."

"If he's expressed any suspicions," said Stevens gently, "he was a hound, and a damned liar."

Old Portland looked steadily at him. Stevens looked back at him, with his swollen lip twitching and his blue eyes very brilliant.

"If Sommerfield's tried to pin this on someone else—" he said.

"If he suspects anyone, it's manifestly his duty—"

"All right. Then it might be *my* duty to do a little talking, too."

"Stevens!" said Old Portland severely. "You're implying that you've withheld—"

"You're Miss Lois' uncle," Stevens interrupted. "You'd better try to get this investigation stopped—on her account."

"Not at all. It's her wish, naturally, to learn the truth."

"She's engaged to Sommerfield," said Stevens. And he was not speaking like a chauffeur now; he was not respectful.

"Sommerfield happens to be the one person—except yourself—who has an alibi—"

"If it comes to a show-down—"

"I can assure you," said Old Portland, "that it will. That's what I'm here for. I'm going, personally, to see that Sommerfield's statement is thoroughly investigated."

"Well, then," said the other, "I reckon I'll land in jail."

"The police will give you all the attention you want," said Old Portland briefly. But he knew he was to learn more, and an odd excitement filled him.

"The police had better be kept out," said Stevens. "They're satisfied. They're busy looking for the burglar—"

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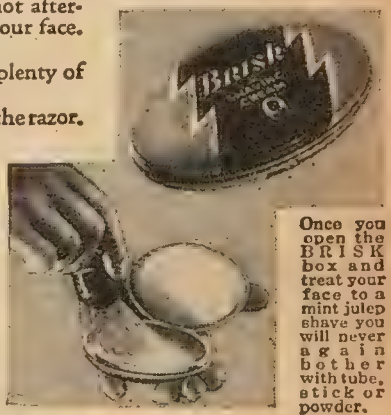

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"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

Zest — Smooth — Trim — Stip

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page twenty-nine

"*I'm* not satisfied, though. After what Sommerfield said—"

"He's just a doggone hound and liar!" said Stevens. "And I reckon I'll do a little talking myself now. That alibi of his isn't so good."

"You mean he wasn't here?"

"I mean *I* wasn't," said Stevens.

There was a moment's silence.

"First I saw of him that night," said Stevens, "was after the shot. I was standing out in the road, talking to a fellow I know. I started running up to the house, to see what was up, and I met Sommerfield coming away from the house. He stopped me, and told me to say he'd been in the garage with me."

"Why did you consent?"

"He paid me," said Stevens. "And I fixed it up with the friend I'd been talking to."

"Well," said Old Portland, in an easy, amiable tone, "you'd better get to bed, Stevens. Worst thing in the world for a toothache—standing around barefooted. Good night!"

He was well aware that he left the chauffeur bewildered and desperately uneasy by this sudden retreat, but that caused him no remorse.

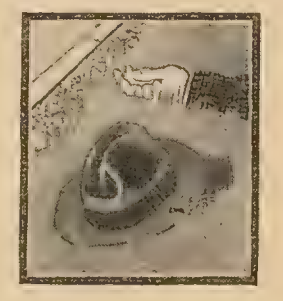
"So he's trying to saddle Sommerfield with it," he said to himself. "We'll see. . . ."

Although Old Portland was so late getting to bed, he waked early the next morning. And he had no impulse to turn over and go to sleep again. An odd restlessness possessed him—an uneasy sense of haste and urgency.

"All nonsense!" he said to himself. "I've done what I wanted to do. I've found out that this fellow Sommerfield was lying. Now I can talk to him. I'll tell him that if he doesn't disappear I'll make it hot for him. As for the rest of this little mystery, it doesn't concern me. I don't know, and I don't care, who killed Emery. It's Lois I'm interested in."

He was a little surprised at this interest. Now, in the light of a bright spring morning, the whole thing seemed far more fantastic than it had on a rainy night. He had never before felt this unreasonable anxiety about any human creature. He had been fond of his sister, genuinely sorry for her in her wretched marriage; he had been a faithful friend to her, but always a little aloof. She had never confided in him, and never appealed to him for help or advice, as this young niece had. And he had never worried over his sister, that gentle, old-fashioned woman, as he did now over the cool, cocksure Lois.

HE got up, bathed and dressed, thinking with the same uneasiness of this thoroughly unpleasant situation in which he found himself.



Now, he had one weakness, and he knew it—he chose to call it not crossing bridges until he came to them; but it was something more than that: it was a refusal to admit the existence of any bridges. He would not consider the possibility of danger and difficulty until they leaped out at him.

He tried this morning not to see the fatal flaw in his plan; he would have continued to deny it if it had not been for this new affection that had come to him. For Lois' sake, he sat down and looked at a very ugly possibility.

Suppose that, when he had the interview he intended to have with Sommerfield, he should hear—what he did not want to hear? Suppose that when he threatened Sommerfield to expose his perjury, his false alibi, Sommerfield should confess—or, more than confess, should boast—that he had killed Emery? Then what?

"Damn it all!" he thought. "If he does that—then I'll be—what do they call it?—an accessory after the fact. I'd be simply saving the neck of a scoundrel. . . ."

Well, then, suppose he delivered the scoundrel up to justice?

If Sommerfield were tried, the fact of his engagement to Lois must be made public; all sorts of things would come to light.

"And what's more," he thought, "if the fellow was arrested Lois would stand by him. She's a young idiot. She'd call that playing the game. She'd refuse to believe he was guilty. . . . Well, perhaps he isn't. I hope to heaven he isn't!"

Nothing could have pleased him better now than to believe Sommerfield innocent of anything worse than perjury.

"And I'll have to find out first," he thought, with a sigh. "I can't threaten the fellow, or try to get rid of him, until I know more about this. It may be that he only witnessed the crime—"

Then why did he keep quiet about it? Whom had he seen?

"Snow was right," he thought. "This thing's better let alone."

And why was Snow so anxious for Sommerfield to be discredited, not listened to, his story not believed? What did Snow know?

Lois had said she felt sure something was going to happen. . . .

"What's the matter with me?" thought Old Portland angrily. "Getting to be a regular old woman!"

He opened his door and went out into the corridor. Very quiet there; all the other doors closed.

So he too was very quiet—went down the stairs without a sound. It occurred to him that he would like to take a look at the dining room undisturbed, and he went in there.

IT had that dismalness peculiar to dining rooms, which are somehow almost always the least cheerful rooms. It faced west, and there was no sun; there was a huge polished walnut table, austere carved walnut chairs, a monstrous sideboard. . . .

"Are you from the police?" asked a voice behind him.

He turned, considerably startled, and saw in the doorway a tall, broad-shouldered girl, straight as a ramrod, with flaxen hair, and wearing horn-rimmed spectacles; a handsome girl, but with a sternness about her thin, fine face and a curtness in her voice that did not please him.

"I am not," he said. "Why should I be?"

"I've never seen you here before," said she.

"My loss," said Old Portland dryly.

She kept on looking steadily at him.

"Do you mind telling me who you are?" she asked.

"My name's Clement. I'm Lois' uncle. And you're Miss Elsie Evans."

"How do you know that?" she demanded, surprised.

"Because you couldn't be anyone else," he thought, "and you fit Snow's description. What did he say?—'full of crazy ideas—or ideals.'"

But he preferred to remain mysterious, and merely smiled faintly.

"Are you expecting a visit from the police?" he asked.

"They'll have to come back," she said frigidly. "They can't just drop a thing like this."

"Suppose they catch the burglar? May have caught him already."

He saw the color rise in her thin cheeks.

"They probably will," she said. "They'll find some poor, wretched, hunted creature who's never had a chance in his life, and they'll use him as a scapegoat for their own inefficiency."

"Have they been inefficient?"

"Does it seem to you that the police and the judges and the lawmakers have ever been anything else?" she demanded. "For thousands of years the privileged classes have had exactly the same problem of so-called crime to deal with, and have they ever made one single step of progress? They don't want to. There's nothing they want less than justice. What they want—all they want—is to hunt and torment and crush the unprivileged."

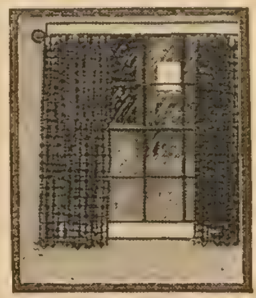
Suddenly Old Portland felt very sorry for this girl. He remembered what Snow had said about her mother—"one of those thick-skinned social climbers"—remembered that Snow had seen her "dressed like a charity child," remembered that she longed for education, so that she could "serve humanity," and that Emery had made her cry. He thought to himself that a good deal of suffering had been required to make her what she was now.

"I think we're getting on a bit," he said, almost gently. "The under dogs are coming up—"

"They're not!" she cried. "You simply don't know. Your life has been protected from knowing and seeing the real conditions."

He thought of his twenty years on cargo steamers, but did not mention this.

"It's just the same now," she went on. "It'll be the same in this case. The police will arrest *someone*. And it will be someone poor. That's the great crime. Cousin Gilbert was a rich man. Someone poor will have to suffer for his death."



"But it's not likely that anyone who wasn't poor would steal the silver."

"If it ever was stolen."

He concealed his alert interest.

"Must have been," he said. "The police came. No doubt they searched the house—"

"They searched the servants' rooms," said she. "Naturally. And they asked *them* plenty of questions, and investigated their records. If they'd known how poor *I* was, they'd have asked me more questions."

"Oh, well," he said soothingly. "Anyhow, of course you told 'em all you knew."

"I don't know anything."

HE took out his cigarette case and held it out to her.

"No, thanks!" she said curtly.

He lit a cigarette for himself.

"Lois was talking to me—" he began carefully.

"Lois!" she said, and her fine face was transfigured with a bitter contempt. "Do you know Lois' idea of justice? She thinks it's an injustice if she can't have everything she wants. You can't even talk to her about ideas. The moment anyone shows the least sympathy for misery and poverty, she simply says, 'Bolshevik.' That's her notion of argument. She's an arrant snob."

He recalled Lois' effortless friendliness toward the young man in the drug store, and toward Stevens—the queer, half-cynical tolerance of her judgments upon her fellow creatures.

He thought that anyone in trouble would receive more mercy and generosity from the worldly-wise Lois than from this young servant of humanity.

But he could also imagine that Lois, without ever knowing it, might a thousand times have hurt and humiliated the oversensitive Elsie.

"Don't you get on very well with Lois?" he asked mildly.

"I DON'T ever try to 'get on' with anyone in this house," said Elsie. "They all look down on me and I have nothing but contempt for all of them. I have to stay. Cousin Lydia said she'd 'be obliged' if I'd stay a week. And as I depend on her now for every penny, I've got to do it. I tried working my way through college—and I ended in the hospital. If I want my education, I've got to suffer for it. I've got to—cringe."

"Lydia didn't impress me as domineering."

"She's not. She hasn't any spirit, any pride, really."

"She seems—"

"Oh, I know how she 'seems'! The perfect ideal of the lady."

The girl was well started now; nothing could stem the tide of her bitterness.

"I've sometimes wondered," she went on, with a short laugh, "if blackmailing would really be much more dishonorable than this—cringing for every penny."

"It's certainly more risky," said Old Portland.

"I'm not afraid of risks. I . . . Think what it is, to stay here, and see Lydia treated like a heroine, when *I know* . . ."

"The only things one really knows," said he curtly, "are what one has actually seen or heard. The other—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

30 FAMOUS MOVIE CRITICS* ADVISE YOU TO SEE —

"Ladies of Leisure merits your attendance."
"Most Entertaining."
"A picture not to be missed."
"You will be repaid."
"This is a Nifty!"
"A Superb Picture."
"Better than the Play."
"It is a pleasure to recommend it."
"Uniformly absorbing."
"Wins highest rating."
"Strangely beautiful and moving."
"A Four-star screen feature."
*NAMES ON REQUEST

"Ladies of Leisure"

THE OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURE OF THE YEAR ...
Ask your theatre manager when he will show it!

Adapted from the David Belasco Stage Play by MILTON HERBERT GROPPER
with
BARBARA STANWYCK
LOWELL SHERMAN
RALPH GRAVES
MARIE PREVOST
A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

COLUMBIA PICTURES *for* BETTER ENTERTAINMENT

JIM HENRY'S GUARANTEE:
2 MORE good shaves per blade

No matter what model of what razor you use, I guarantee you 2 more shaves (of course, I mean *good* ones) from every blade! Money back if I'm wrong. Check me up. Take a new razor, and count up the shaves. Better shaves? Why they'd have to be. When Mennen gives you 2 more per blade, they *must* be better.

Remember, too, that Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream ...Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable Mennen shave. Both build up a fine, quick lather in any water. Mennen Without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are typically Mennen . . . that's the main point . . . and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

And if you don't want to buy a tube of Mennen, shoot in the coupon and I'll send you a free trial tube. Jim Henry

Mennen Salesman

Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show . . . absorbs facial oils that come out during the day. Great after a bath, too.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
2 KINDS
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. L-6, NEWARK, N. J.
Jim Henry: I've got a new blade all ready. Send me a free trial tube and I'll take the count.

Name..........

Address.......... City..........

☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced*
☐ *Send me Mennen without Menthol*

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page thirty-one

"I have seen," she said. "I have heard."

"What have you seen and heard?"

"Why should I tell *you?*"

"There's no reason," he said. "Unless you'd like to."

"You'd only take *her* side."

"Are you sure of that?"

She looked at him, with a faint frown.

"Well, wouldn't you?" she demanded. "You'd stand by Lydia, wouldn't you, no matter what she'd done?"

"Very likely," said he.

"Even if you knew she'd deceived her husband?"

A great disgust overwhelmed him; he had wanted to learn everything he could about Emery's death, but he did not want to hear *this.* He remembered that Lois had told him Jack Barrow was in love with Lydia, but, as Lois had put it, there had been nothing sordid or base in it.

"I don't know it," he said curtly.

"And you don't want to, either," said Elsie. "Well, do you think I like to know it, either?"

Something in her voice arrested him; he glanced at her, and was surprised to see tears in her eyes.

"For years—" she said, "I thought it was—a beautiful thing. . . . I was only fourteen when I first found out. . . . I was here, visiting with mother. . . . I wasn't an attractive child, and she liked me to keep out of the way. . . . I was wandering around in the garden, and when I came by the library window I heard them. It didn't seem to be a bit wrong to look and listen. It was—like a beautiful play. . . . She was sending him away; they were saying good-by. He kept saying, 'I'm so sorry, Lydia; I'm so sorry . . .' And she was crying. 'God bless you, darling,' she said."

The girl was crying herself; she took off her blurred spectacles, and Old Portland was startled by the change that made in her; her face looked worn and pitifully young.

"I REMEMBERED it—all these years," she went on. "I thought—it was so beautiful. I thought—they were—so honorable. And then, when I came back two weeks ago, *he* was here again. They hadn't—really parted. I suppose they've been seeing each other all this time."

He looked at her with compassion but also with a sort of curiosity. Were these tears, this pain, only for a lost illusion, a lost faith in human nature? Or was there something else, of which perhaps even she herself was unconscious?

He thought of Barrow, a good-looking young fellow, no doubt romantic in the eyes of the girl.

Then he thought of Lydia.

He had seen her only half a dozen times. After his sister's death he had expected to see no more of Emery; but now and then an invitation had come, and it had seemed to him decent to accept. And Lydia had always been just what she was now, a gentle, courteous, obviously unhappy lady.

Considering what her husband was, it was by no means impossible that she might have found young Barrow's devotion balm to her hurt pride. But as for carrying on a love affair with him—

"No," he thought. "She's not that sort. And Lois said so, too."

He then addressed the unhappy girl before him.

"Look here!" he said. "I dare say you'll call me a plutocrat, or an aristocrat, or a grinder of the faces of the poor—whatever it is you call the people who are able to make a good living—but I believe you're altogether wrong about this. There may be some—sentimental attachment—"

"If you could see the way they look at each other!" she cried. "In that—way—"

"Good Lord! Didn't you ever look at a man 'that way'?"

"No," she said. "Never."

THERE was something stern and somber in her answer. She was, he thought, the sort of girl who would love in a desperate, tragic, never-smiling fashion, and he felt even more sorry for her.

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill, my dear girl," he said.

To his surprise, she caught his hand, held it in a convulsive grip. And there flashed through his head a great wonder at the confidence these two young creatures, Lois and Elsie, showed in him.

He was not sympathetic; he belonged steadfastly to another generation. Yet that did not in the least discourage them.

"I wish I were!" she cried. "He was so kind to me when I was a little girl. . . . He was kind to me—when nobody else was. He's so changed now. . . ."

But, thought Old Portland, puzzled, Barrow couldn't be much older than she herself. When she had been a little girl he must have been no more than a boy, and boys are not usually kind to small girls.

"Now, see here!" he said. "I think you're altogether wrong. And, in any case, it's not your business. Lydia's being very kind to you. It's not for you to judge her, or to pry into her private affairs. Forget all about it. You're going to be a doctor, aren't you? That's enough to keep anyone interested. I always wished I'd known more about it. Once, on the Valparaiso run, I had to cut off a poor devil's finger. Never forgot it."

Her grasp on his hand tightened.

"But don't you see . . ." she said, very low, "that when he was so kind to me—long ago—and now to see him—ruined—dragged into this horrible thing—by *her* . . ."

"What horrible thing?"

She looked at him, and did not answer for a moment.

"It's not his fault," she said. "If you could have seen him that evening. . . . Cousin Gilbert was—dreadful to Lydia. And he—couldn't stand it."

"Yes," he thought. "Poor young devil! She's certainly in love with Barrow."

"He couldn't stand it," she repeated. "And when he got up to go out of the room, I heard her say in that helpless, hateful way of hers, 'Please don't mind, Marcus—'"

"*Marcus!*"

"That's Captain Snow's first name."

"Captain Snow?"

"Why, yes," she answered, with a frown. "Of course. There's the housemaid . . . I don't want her to see my eyes."

She hastened out of the room, and Old Portland stood where he was with something new to think about now.

He went out into the garden, to smoke a pipe over the new idea. So Elsie Evans believed that Snow was in love with Lydia. . . .

"If that's true," he thought, "it's a bad job."

For Barrow was no more than a reckless, hot-headed boy, but Snow was something very different. He recalled that cold and baleful look of Snow's. No, Snow was a man, and a level-headed, purposeful man. Whatever he did would be properly planned and executed.

The fatally weak point in any case against Sommerfield had been the lack of a known motive. If Elsie Evans was to be believed, Snow had a motive. He had sat there that evening listening to Emery tormenting his wife with his brutal talk. Probably he had heard that sort of thing before. And if he loved her . . .

There was also another, still more unpleasant aspect of the case. By her husband's death Lydia inherited a nice little fortune. Suppose she cared for Snow, and he was simply an adventurer who would take advantage of her love and marry her for her money?

An adventurer of that type might well want Emery out of the way.

"I'll have to find out more about Snow," he thought

HE discovered that he did not want to find out anything more about anyone here. He saw, in every direction, nothing but distressing complications. If Snow had done this thing, and it should be proved, and Lydia did care for him, it would mean more agony for a woman who had already suffered cruelly.

But could he stand by and see the fellow marry Lydia?

"No," he thought; "I've got to know more about him. Now, whom can I ask?"

As if in answer to his question, a shout reached his ears:

"Hello, Uncle Barty!"

And, turning, he saw Lois coming out of the house. She wore a dark dress, sleeveless and very short, which seemed to him singularly like a bathing suit.

She was the perfect embodiment of that new sort of girl he had often thought deplorable. But this morning it occurred to him that these girls were considerably easier to deal with than their more gracious and dignified predecessors.

He could at once begin to ask Lois questions without even trying to be tactful.

"Hello!" he called back, and waited while she ran toward him across the wet grass.

"You'll take cold, coming out like that," he said.

"Never do," said she.

"See here!" he said. "What do you know about this Captain Snow?"

"Well . . ." she answered. "It's rather pathetic. . . . But why? Are you sleuthing?"

"I want to know."

"Well, you see, he gets sort of attacks—of being loony," she said seriously.

"Loony?"

"I mean, something happened to him in the war, and every once in a while he goes off his nut."

"In what way?"

"Oh, awful rages. He went for father once—started to choke him; only luckily Stevens heard the row and dashed in. Father was very decent about it. He said nobody ought to hold it against Marcus. I like him. But lots of people won't have anything to do with him."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Come, seniors, come and fill your pipes
Your richest incense raise;
Let's take a smoke, a parting smoke
For good old by-gone days! — *H. P. Peck*

The Q.E.D. to that everlasting pipe problem!

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Once and for all (and that's a big claim, too) Granger Rough Cut can settle any man's "fussiness" about pipes.

Here's why: it's cut to smoke *cool.* The flakes — "rough cut" — are big and shaggy. No "flash." They burn clean, slow, and flavor-ful.

And by the "Wellman Method," the best features of good old Kentucky Burley are *brought out* and *kept.* Think that over. Or better still, *smoke* it over.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE

The Singing Shave

©A. S. R. C., 1930 Posed by Will Mahoney

makes mornings melodious

You sing "Goodbye, forever" to shaving discords when the Ever-Ready slides over your cheeks. Keener—it makes the toughest beard depart meekly. More durable—it gives many more shaves than the blade you are using. Join the chorus of Singing Shavers—buy Ever-Ready Blades.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready BLADES

Ever-Ready
Safety Razor
BLADES
Guaranteed

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page thirty-three

"Any other instances?"

"I've heard plenty, but I don't pay much attention. You're sleuthing on the wrong track, Uncle Barty, if you think he did—that. It's not a bit like him. I mean, I suppose he might do a thing like that, but he'd never cover up his tracks and lie out of it."

"Ha!" said Old Portland, musing. "And he's one of the people who say they saw the burglar escaping. . . . Ha! . . ."

"Let's eat," said Lois. "I'm hungry. I've been trying to get Duncan on the telephone, and they say in his hotel that he's not in. That means he never came in last night. He'd *never* be up and out at eight o'clock." She paused a moment. "It worries me," she went on. "He's capable of doing —pretty silly things."

Old Portland silently hoped that Sommerfield had done the most rash and foolish deed possible. But aloud he said:

"When you first spoke of this affair, you said that practically everyone had a motive. Yet, whenever I mention a name, you always say not that one—*he* couldn't *possibly* have done it."

"Well, that's how I feel," she admitted. "It doesn't seem possible—and still it happened."

"And you want to find out what's happened—no matter who's hurt?"

"It's not that. I told you. It's simply that I don't want—anything else to happen. You see, no one's gone away. Everyone who was here that night is here now. So—whoever did that is here now. I—get thinking of that at night sometimes . . ."

There was a moment's silence.

"Lois," said Old Portland curtly, "I'm due for a holiday. Want to come with me? We'll go to France for May. Ever seen Paris in May? Then we'll go up through the Black Forest. Norway in July."

HE was, in his heart, a little nervous. He could not imagine how she would receive his proposal.

"I'd—love it," she said a little unsteadily, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Only we've got to settle all this first. Now, come on! Let's eat."

As they turned toward the house, a sound arrested them.

"Was that a cat?" asked Lois. "Or a fellow creature?"

"Don't know," said Old Portland, frowning, while in his ears there echoed still that thin, wailing cry. "Wait! Is that someone running?"

"From the garage," said Lois.

She ran across the lawn, and he followed her to the hedge that lined a gravel path. He caught sight of a girl in a black uniform flying along. She turned her head; he saw her eyes dilate with terror, and she collapsed suddenly, lay in a heap on the path.

It was a sturdy hedge; no getting through it. They had to follow it down to the garage before they could reach the path.

"It's Agnes," said Lois in a matter-of-fact tone. "She's fainted. Don't look so worried, Uncle Barty. Fainting isn't serious. I'll get some water from the garage."

She was off, and Clement was left alone with the unconscious girl.

Perhaps fainting was not serious—but it looked serious. The girl at his feet was horribly white, a very pretty young creature with an innocent softness in her face. Agnes. This was the girl who interested the unspeakable Sommerfield.

Well, it didn't follow that he interested her. In her straight black dress this girl had the look of a little strayed nun affrighted in the outside world. Such a neat, young little thing. He felt very sorry for her, and very uneasy.

"Never understood this fainting business," he thought. "I suppose it startled her to see us looking over the hedge."

THEN he heard Lois' step on the gravel, and with profound relief saw her coming along the path carrying a tin dipper with great care.

He had begun to smile at her, when he noticed the look on her face.

"Lois!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

Without answering she came on steadily and set the dipper down on the path beside the unconscious figure of the girl.

Then she looked at him, straight in the face. She spoke without a tremor, but her mouth had an odd tenseness.

"Duncan's there, in the car," she said. "I'll look after Agnes if you'll go and see . . ."

Her quietness was more effective than a scream. He knew at once that something was terribly amiss. Without a word, he went toward the garage.

The door was open, and in the cool gloom he saw the big car. He crossed to it, and he saw, propped up stiffly on the seat, a figure wrapped in a rug, a chalk-white face with closed eyes.

He got up on the running board and, opening the door, leaned forward and touched the man's forehead. It was cold as stone.

He stepped down on the floor again, and, still with his eyes upon that still figure, felt in his pocket for his cigarette case. For that was his profound instinct—to collect himself, to realize a situation, never for an instant to let go.

His first clear thought was of Lois. He went to the door. But the path was empty; both girls were gone. For an instant he stood there, remembering how she had come from the garage after seeing—that; had come steadily, not so much as spilling a drop of water.

"By heaven!" he said to himself. "She's a thoroughbred!"

Now he must act. He had turned back to the car, when a panting voice spoke behind him:

"Mr.—Clement!"

It was Stevens, haggard and breathless.

"I've been up to the house, sir—looking for you. . . . I wanted to see you first. . . ."

Old Portland lit a cigarette. "Well?" he asked.

"I found him this morning—beside the boulevard—"

"Begin at the beginning," said Clement briefly.

"All right," said Stevens, growing cooler and cooler himself. "The cook telephoned over from the house about half an hour ago, asked me to run down to the village and get another bottle of cream. So I took the car. . . . It was early. The boulevard was pretty empty. I wasn't hurrying. . . . Then I saw a man's hat near the roadside. I slowed up a little. I thought I saw an arm. I got out. And I found him. He'd been run over. So I brought him back, and I tried to find you. . . . I didn't want to frighten any of the women. . . ."

"You shouldn't have touched him. Didn't you know that?"

"My God! I couldn't have left him there like a dawg."

"You shouldn't have touched him until the police had seen him."

"He was soaked through. Must have been lying there in the rain all night. . . . I couldn't leave him there that way."

"Telephone to the police at once," said Clement. "I'm going up to the house."

"Hold on a minute!" said Stevens, who had once again lost his respectful manner. "Help me to carry him upstairs and put him on the bed."

"You let him alone. Notify the police first."

"No!" said Stevens. "I wouldn't treat a dawg like that."

"You're a blamed fool," said Old Portland. "The man's dead. It doesn't matter to him any more—"

"Down in Texas where I come from," said Stevens, in his soft drawl, "we wouldn't treat a dawg like that. I'm going to lay him out decent. I reckon they won't hang me for *that*."

Old Portland frowned, surprised by this superb sentimentality in a young man he had not imagined so constituted.

"I'll notify the police myself," he said. "Where's your telephone?"

Stevens pointed it out, and Clement took down the receiver.

"Police station!" he said. And as he said it a great weight seemed to descend upon him—a great dread and dismay.

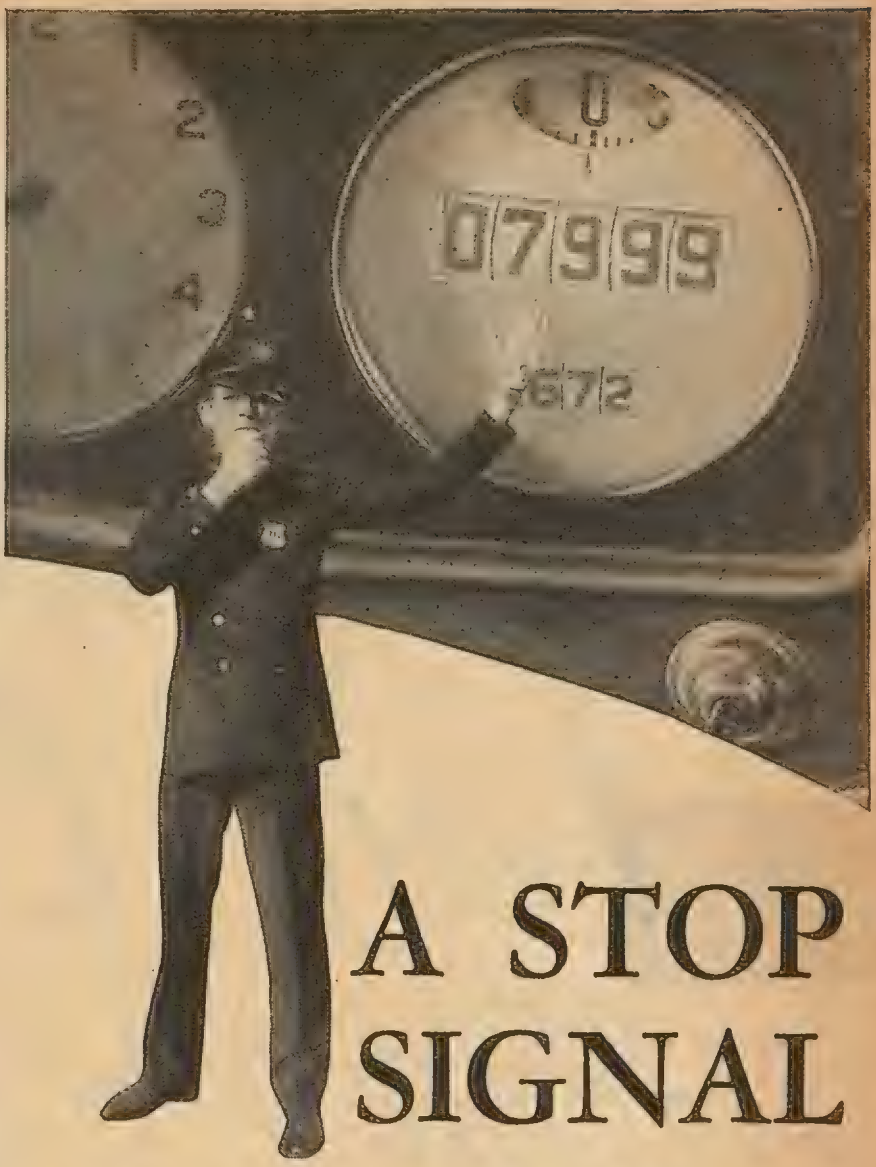
A killer loose in the Emery house. That's the situation in next week's installment of this story. You'll see Lois and Old Portland full of fear as they search for clews.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Who is called a queen mother?
2—What is a proselyte?
3—What is a valedictory?
4—What is a monolith?
5—What flag was called the Stars and Bars?
6—At what two points do all of the meridians of longitude converge?
7—What war included the siege of Ladysmith?
8—What is the common name for the patella?
9—What is a mosque?
10—What is pedicure?
11—What is the capital of Uruguay?
12—What is a recidivist?
13—What is legal tender?
14—Who wrote Pendennis?
15—What is a ship's galley?
16—What is the freezing point in the centigrade system of heat measurement?
17—What were the family names of Romeo and Juliet?
18—What is buncombe?
19—What United States coin is called an eagle?
20—What is a seismograph?

(Answers will be found on page forty-six)



A STOP SIGNAL

on your own dashboard

Here are the most important figures your speedometer will ever register

8000 miles on your speedometer is a danger signal . . . a warning that you should not overlook *if you want to avoid costly repair bills.*

Grit, sand, metal particles and hard carbon are constantly working their way into the lubricating system of your car. If this harmful matter is allowed to circulate it turns even the best grade motor oil into a harsh abrasive that scores cylinders, wears out bearings, pistons and gears.

The Purolator filters every drop of crankcase oil. It catches and holds all foreign substances . . . prevents them from reaching and damaging the moving motor parts.

And here is why 8000 miles on your speedometer is so important.

The Purolator Oil Filter works faithfully and efficiently for 8000 miles. At that distance, however, it is so full of the dirt and sludge it has kept out of your engine that it can hold no more . . . *the old Purolator cartridge must be replaced with a new one.*

This is a simple, inexpensive operation that takes but a few minutes. Simply drive to your nearest garage or service station and ask the service man to re-cartridge your Purolator.

He will remove the old housing and replace it with a new Purolator cartridge that provides your motor with clean, filtered lubricating oil for another 8000 miles of driving.

Your garage man will probably ask if you have re-cartridged your Purolator, for he, too, realizes the importance of replacing the cartridge. But don't depend on his reminding you. At 8000 miles, you remind him. Then drive off knowing that clean oil is keeping your motor purring sweetly. Motor Improvements, Inc., 353 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

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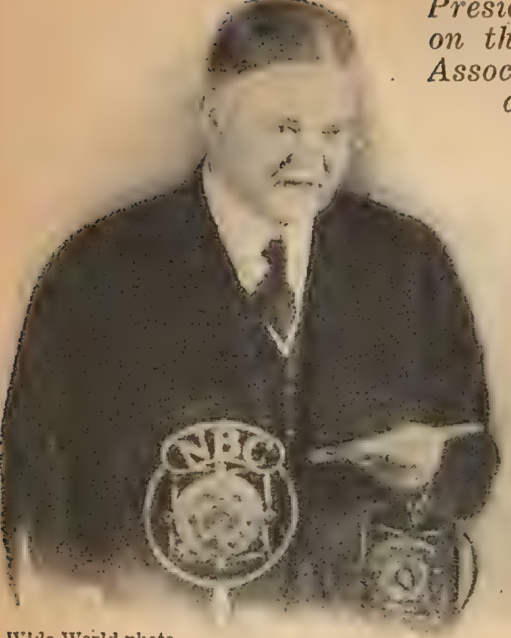


President Hoover on the air at an Associated Press dinner.

Wide World photo

King George V at the mike, opening the Naval Arms Conference.

P. & A. photo

Walter Damrosch, conductor—radio popularizer of the best music.

Hello Everybody!

Who's Who On the Air, and What It's All About

By

LARRY RUE

who has lately hunted news around the Mediterranean in a plane that he himself piloted and navigated. His newspaper experience includes years of adventurous assignments in the Near East.

"HELLO, everybody!

"This is station G-O-O-F speaking, folks. We are now beginning the Blah hour which comes to you through the courtesy of the Refined Gas House Company, those formidable pioneers in the development of Blah.

"As you know, folks, a bit of Blah with your meals every day will make you healthy, wealthy, and wise. Our extensive research laboratories have developed a new type of Blah, different in shape, color, and taste from anything you have ever seen or heard of before. You use it as a dishrag, feed it to the cattle—it adds the life-giving property of vitamin X to the milk. Blah is wrapped up in convenient packages and makes a tidy birthday gift. For young and old, for colds or hardening of the arteries, use Blah. Eat it with your food, drink it with your evening toddy, sniff it with your favorite perfume. Ask your grocer for a trial package. . . .

"The internationally renowned Blah galaxy of artists will now render in their inimitable way a typically Blah program."

How many times have you heard that squawk! You don't care about being told life is futile without Blah, but you listen to the advertisement because you want to hear your pet squawker tickle the mike.

It's the old medicine show all over again. With each bottle of liniment you get a song, Dreams Come True. Just a simple combination of stomach trouble and romance.

During one night in America, a yearful of earful comes out of the loud-speaker. And that earful costs in salaries to entertainers alone, 75,000,000 smackers a year. And that doesn't count those who do their stuff for nothing, the amateurs: President Hoover addressing the Boy Scouts, Ruth Hanna McCormick telling about the influence of women on American cooking, the King of England opening a disarmament conference. . . .

The microphone is to sound what the microscope is to bacteria. Sound is now put out in mass production. A million-dollar broadcasting station makes a fire whistle out of the chirp of a cricket.

The tiniest voices have hired themselves chariots—electrical impulses that go vibrating through space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. They ride in waves and are as thick as electrons. Every second a hundred programs go vibrating through your body. They're so thick and so omnipresent that in Vienna, with a silver candlestick no bigger than your hand for an antenna, I tune in on Schenectady, thousands of miles away.

And what are the wild waves saying? Well, thank goodness, at last we can answer *that* question.

There are croon songs for spooning couples, and moon songs for the other stages of love in all intensities and tenses, past, present, and pluperfect. There are jolly songs for jovial people; nut songs for sophisticates who are too hard-hearted for puppy love and too soft-headed for grand opera. There are bedtime stories for children and two-time stories for adults. There are programs for babies, flappers, college students, mothers, and fathers.

THERE is a program for every mood, age, sex, sect, emotion, cult. There are the bedtime croons, Rock-a-Bye, Baby, and Another Rock for Baby.

All this and more has set the whole ether vibrating, without respect to location, geography, property rights, or personality. The broadcasting company puts on the motor and the ether in your very gizzard starts shaking.

The world today is a big auditorium. In America this auditorium is owned by the fellow who got his wave lengths registered first. In Europe the governments own the broadcasting stations. In America radio is supported by sales talks. In Europe it is supported by governments which want to keep their subjects at a high pitch of patriotism.

In America the radio is a magazine that won't let you open up into the reading matter until you've read all the advertisements.

And the technique is exactly the same as that of the traveling man. He used to depend upon a new line of stories to sell an old line of goods. Mr. Retailer always demanded a good laugh under the waistline before he signed on the dotted line.

Now Blah & Company pay you nightly visits with their entire troupe of acrobats and, between ticklings of your eardrums with some snappy entertainment, bring to you

International photo

Amos 'n' Andy off the air—that is, Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll.

Raymond Knight, known to radio fans as Ambrose J. Weems of the Cuckoos.

Graham McNamee, noted for the enthusiasm and warmth he puts into announcing.

And here is a rival of Rudy Vallée, at least as to fan mail—Floyd Gibbons, who broadcasts news and adventures.

the glad tidings that whatever your trouble, be it illness, unhappiness, or an inferiority complex, a package of Blah will make a new person of you.

You can't think of radio without getting up into higher mathematics. Because, in the radio magazine, time is space—and that's pretty near to the Einstein theory. You pay for so much time on the radio in the same way as you pay for so much space in the newspaper. And as there are preferred positions in newspapers and magazines, there are preferred hours on the radio. The idea is to catch you at your meals, or after theater. And if you don't think that it costs plenty to rent fifteen minutes a day on a national hook-up of twenty-nine stations, here's the moment to let you know that a national magazine is offering to pay the sum of $900,000 for 300 nights, and even at that it looks as if the time can't be obtained. There are too many buyers already.

So much for the wherefore and what. Now let's look inside the broadcasting studios.

There are several, but the largest in New York are the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia. Both of these keep a couple of wave lengths constantly on the job carrying sound to attentive loud-speakers.

There are eight studios in the National Broadcasting building, although there are only two programs being broadcast simultaneously on different wave lengths. As soon as one program is finished the contact is switched over to another studio where the next program starts. The studios vary in size from an ordinary office to a small sized theater. Except for the orchestra programs from hotels, all the script is looked over by a production manager, who will time the rate of speaking so closely that even a half hour's talk will end within five seconds of the time allotted. That's figuring it down pretty fine, but I've seen Floyd Gibbons time and again, on his Headline Hunter series, which ran a half hour, or on the fifteen-minute Literary Digest poll, end his talk on the second, without cutting out a word from the script. Sometimes, however, material is cut a bit to make this possible. His speed averages 180 words a minute.

KENNETH MACGREGOR is the production manager when Gibbons broadcasts. He sits beside the speaker and has each page of script marked to the second. If Mr. Gibbons is either ahead or behind on a page, he speeds or slows him up with a motion of the hand.

Visitors are allowed to watch the broadcast through a soundproof glass curtain. You can see the act go on and hear it through a loud-speaker. The National Broadcasting Company has opened a big studio in Times Square where a few hundred people can be seated. The stage here is cut off from the auditorium also by a soundproof glass curtain.

The business of a production manager, besides timing, is to balance the program. Balance means to regulate the noises so they hit the mike in proper proportion. For instance, for an orchestra the fiddles are put close to the microphone and the drums way back. Crooners like Rudy Vallée put their mouths way up into the mike. Bass singers go way back. An operator watches a little needle which registers the volume of sound, and turns a dial to keep the volume below a certain point.

The most interesting sight in the broadcasting bureau, however, is to see the Cuckoos do their stuff. Raymond Knight is the wizard who imitates every sound from a dog's tail wagging against the floor to the howl of a fox chased by baying hounds. He is usually assisted by two charming women who at different moments are little children making bright remarks on bedtime stories, school-teachers, hounds, chickens clucking, or geese cackling. Then there is an Englishman who talks every brogue known to Ireland, or sometimes he is a Scotchman, when he is broadcasting. Raymond Knight plays up before that loud-speaker like a man doing his act on the stage. To see his grimaces and gestures in a studio barren of illusion is ludicrous. A troupe of four imitate all the attendant noises of a fox hunt: horses galloping—he does this by the old trick of hitting his lap with his hands—the neighing of horses, the yapping of the hounds; so it sounds like a fox hunt although it doesn't look like one.

"THIS is Ambrose J. Weems thinking only of you . . ." You've heard it. Well, that's Raymond Knight—who can imitate the noise of anything from a man being run over by a street car to the *yahoo!* of a camel driver.

Amos and Andy—they're Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll in real life—also have ways of making strange noises. But they keep their technique a secret. No one can watch them broadcast. They probably don't want anyone to try and steal their stuff.

There's Graham McNamee who has made a name for himself just as an announcer. He sounds sincere, natural, and enthusiastic. He is distinguished from most announcers by the intimate way he talks, by a modesty that makes you realize he's just one of the home folks. The fault of most announcers is a smirking self-complacency.

In every magazine or newspaper the printer fills up loose space with slugs. That is, if the column is a bit slack he puts slugs in. If too tight, he takes them out. Well, the slug in radio programs is music. Every broadcasting company has a couple of orchestras always ready to play to fill out programs. The orchestras sit back in the studio, away from the microphone.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

As far as the programs are concerned, radio is still in its swaddling clothes. For, you know, although the advertiser may pay a big price, there is no way that the broadcasting companies can guarantee him circulation. A magazine or newspaper comes right out and promises to place his advertisement in so many thousands of homes, but the broadcasting companies can only guarantee to shoot his stuff out into the air, and if you listen in there is no way they can find it out, unless you tell them.

The circulation of your advertisement on the radio always depends upon the popularity of your broadcast—and that depends upon a lot.

Fan mail is the great test. Fan mail reacts in two ways: first, directly on the broadcasting company and the advertiser; and second, through the radio columns or criticism of the newspapers and magazines.

Programs are made out with two objects. Some programs are designed in accordance with what the company thinks you like. Other programs—these are usually educational or cultural—consist of things that you ought to like if you had any brains or good taste. As, for example, the symphony orchestra. Even Walter Damrosch comes out and begs you not to tune out. If you hear a piece of classical music often enough, he explains, you will begin to like it. And when you begin to like it, you are on your way to becoming a lover of real music—i. e., you are acquiring culture.

In all broadcasting companies psychologists and would-be psychologists and program committees are studying fan mail and radio comments in the press. From these they learn what you like to hear, and that is the basis of their efforts in putting on a program.

Although fan mail alone may indicate popularity, it is through the columns of the newspapers and magazines that this popularity becomes concrete. The newspaper ballyhoo is as necessary to keep alive an interest in programs and popular radio speakers as newspaper comment is to keep alive any topic of the day. The written word is still the last and lasting word in radio broadcasting.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Numerous great personalities of today have been created over the air—and I'm not speaking about Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Admiral Byrd.

AND this brings us to the subject of radio personalities. I asked Kenneth MacGregor what constituted a radio personality. Was it just the intonation of the voice, the line of talk, or what? Well, Kenneth MacGregor said it was that and something indefinable too. He figured out that the microphone just grabs a lot of little magnetic sparkle from the personalities themselves and shoots it to you through the loud-speaker. Radio personality is the It of radio broadcasting.

Floyd Gibbons is one of the radio sensations of the day. He always was a great story-teller. His voice is deep, resonant. He can tell a story of his adventures in the war, under the title, Headline Hunting. He is swamped with fan mail. He can tell a story under the title Adventures in Science, which is nothing more than explaining what is happening in the General Electric laboratories in Schenectady. That too proves popular. He starts broadcasting the Literary Digest nation-wide poll on prohibition and gives a few flashes on the day's news—and he knocks them dead. What's the secret? Radio It.

There are certain analyses we can all make. You notice when he talks the very timbre of his voice is sufficient to indicate whether he's telling something funny, or sad, or exciting. He's got the natural gift of unconsciously adapting his voice to his subject matter. When he tells of Taft's funeral his voice becomes reverent; when he talks in the same broadcast about his school days his voice becomes reminiscent; and when he tells a secret his voice becomes very, very confidential.

Rudy Vallée is another creation of the radio. He has also that timbre of voice which makes him sound as if he were really pouring out his heart because he wanted his love to come back to him. That direct method of insinuating that you are the only "listener in" to a bursting heart, or a funny story. Well, that's got something to do with It.

RADIO has come to stay. Just think what it means to people in the country to listen in on great personalities or musical programs or on news broadcasts! That's the blessing of radio—its speed and universality; its establishment of a direct contact between the folks who do things and the folks at home. Its disadvantages are also apparent. Each program is a matter of appointment, and the time is not always convenient. Another disadvantage in America is the fact that you must listen to a lot of advertising of products that don't interest you. You pay in annoyance for something worth listening to.

But broadcasting companies have noticed people's resentment of this annoyance. So they urge their clients to hurry their announcement and get on with the program so as not to risk losing their audience.

The wisest advertisers over the radio are beginning merely to announce that the programs are given by them and depending on their newspaper and magazine advertisements to tell the public about the merits of their products.

The legal aspects of radio are also in their infancy. There is no doubt that a radio broadcast passes over and through the property of every individual in the world. Can you, on your own property, legally tune in on any program and then charge an audience to listen to it? That is a moot question. Hotels in New York have radios in which you put in a quarter and listen in for half an hour. If hotels can get by with that, why can't theater owners do the same thing? And when a theater owner does it he obliterates the advertisement that goes along with the program. And don't forget that the advertisement is the *raison d'être* of the program.

The ownership of wave lengths itself is a delicate problem. Can one company through eternity own the best wave lengths just because it was first in the field? These things will all have to be thrashed out.

In the meanwhile, radio will continue to give you a cross section of life, the good, bad, and indifferent. Dollars by the thousand will continue to be spent to put over ten-cent programs—along with those you wouldn't miss for anything. So far, anyone will agree that the majority of radio programs are not worth listening to.

Yet, regardless of what Thomas Edison thinks, the radio has added to the pleasures of the ear.

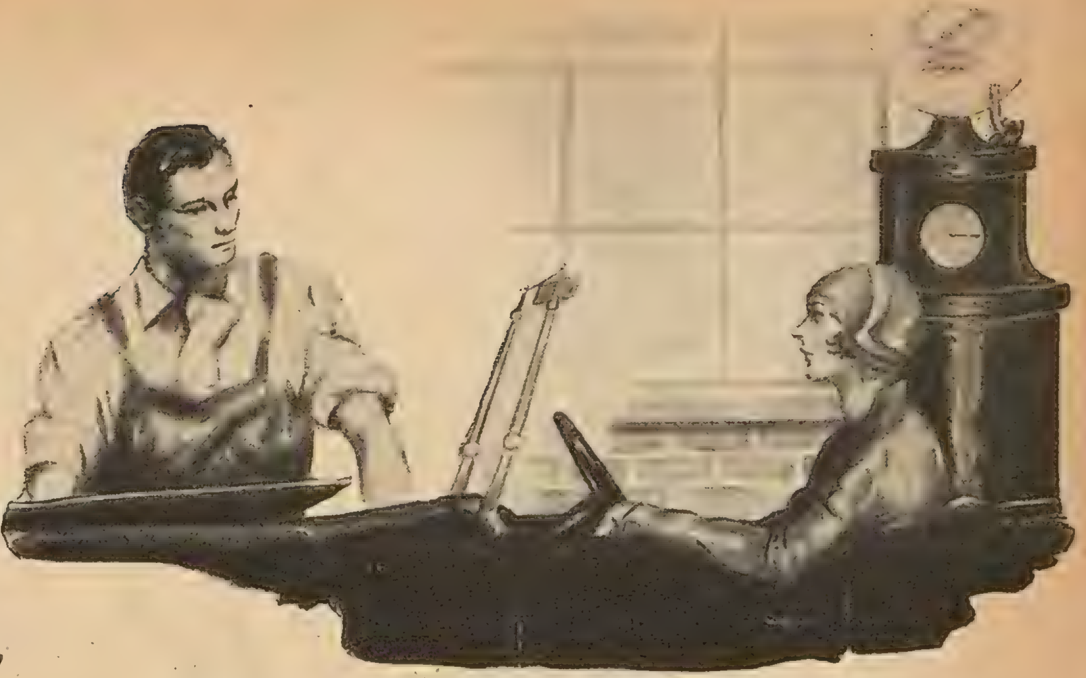
You know when someone condoled with Edison on his deafness, he replied:

"Well, being deaf has its advantages. Just think of the millions of things not worth hearing that I've been spared."

THE END

The Night Shift

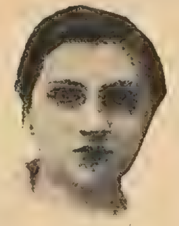
A Short Short Story



"But look here!" he went on. "I wouldn't take that ride tonight."

By

ADÈLE AND CATEAU DE LEEUW



sisters who collaborate on stories occasionally. The former writes and travels—she has just returned to New Jersey from the Dutch East Indies. The latter is a portrait painter just beginning a year's work in Paris.

Picture by CHARLES E. PARKER

IT was only 8:30, but it was a dark night, and the lights of the filling station seemed cheerful and warming as Eva drove her little two-seater smartly up to the tank. She said grimly, "Ten gallons, Joe!"

The lean, dark young man in faded overalls smiled as he came forward with the hose.

"Going for a ride?"

Eva's eyes snapped. "A ride? I am! I'm riding all the way home to my mother. I'm—I'm leaving!"

Joe looked up with startled eyes. "Leaving? Leaving! But—why—what's happened?"

"Nothing new," she replied with bitterness. "That's just it. But anybody that takes the night shift, just to save money, isn't going to have me for a wife. If I want to live like my friends, like other people, it's a case of being up and down all hours of the day and night, and if I give that up—what have I? Nothing but a deadly dull life on the wrong side of the clock. Life isn't made for night-shift people. Everything's always at the wrong time. Taking the night shift! Well, it may be saving money, but it's losing a wife!"

Joe, looking embarrassed and thunderstruck at this recital, hurriedly opened the hood.

There was a short silence. Eva straightened in her seat. "So I'm going back to mother," she concluded. "What's the idea? You just gave me fresh oil last week."

WITH a sheepish look Joe pulled his head out from under the hood. "So I did," he mumbled. "But look here!" he went on earnestly. "I wouldn't take that ride tonight. Sam Klews parked his motorbike here for a moment just a little while ago, and he told me that the Thurlow gang were heading this way. And what's more, they know they're spotted. They'd stop a lone motorist just as soon as not to get a hold of a strange car that isn't under suspicion. And they aren't any too gentle. That North Town Road is a mighty lonely stretch. It isn't safe. I'd put it off if I were you."

But Eva was not daunted. She laughed in a reckless fashion. "I'm not afraid," she said, sliding into first. "At any rate, it would be a change in the monotony. Good-by, Joe."

At first she did not hurry. As she drove through the residential outskirts of the little town she looked into the lighted windows of the homes and speculated on the lives of those who lived there. Perhaps they had their troubles, too, but at least they didn't live in a topsy-turvy world. Her eyes were blinded. Tears? She shook her head angrily and stepped on the gas. It was the car in back whose lights reflected in her mirror had dazzled her. Probably some belated commuter in a hurry to get home. She drew aside to let it pass, but it stayed where it was, a bare seventy-five feet behind.

Some fresh kid, she thought, and turned a corner to shake him. But apparently the car behind wanted to turn that corner, too. She turned another one. So did the strange car. Still another. Was it gone? No, there it was. And now she was on the North Town Road.

Why was it following her? Was it— Suddenly Eva laughed at her fears. Just because Joe had spoken of the Thurlow gang she was getting nervous. Other people had the right to use the North Town Road as well as she. Just because it was a seldom-used road was no reason why two cars shouldn't be on it at the same time.

Still, why didn't it pass? She would give it one more chance. She pulled to the side of the road, but the sinister car behind only slowed to the same speed.

THE little roadster leaped ahead. Thirty, forty, fifty miles an hour it careened down the road. The lights behind fell away for a moment, then came steadily on. What a lonely road! Why had she been so stubborn about going tonight? Were those lights coming closer?

Desperately she stepped on the accelerator, pressing it down to the floor. For one moment the car responded with a roar; then it sputtered, and Eva, to her horror, felt herself coasting. In frantic haste she pulled the choke, jiggled the spark, felt for the starter, always with her eyes on the mirror. Slower . . . . slower. . . . She had stopped. The other car was coming closer. It was drawing up beside her. Should she scream? What use? It was going to stop. Could she hide herself? It *had* stopped. A man was getting out, slowly, deliberately. Would she go mad? Where was that door handle? Where was it? *Where was it?*

The man came toward her. He was a dark, lean young man in faded overalls.

"Joe?" It was a question. "Joe!" It was a whisper. "JOE!" It was a cry of ecstasy. "The car stopped. It wouldn't go any farther. I can't imagine what's the matter, and that car wouldn't pass me, and I thought you were the Thurlow gang or a bandit or something." She was sobbing now against his shoulder.

"Yes, yes," Joe murmured comfortingly. "You see, I opened the gas pet cock when you thought I was looking about the oil." She drew back, astonished. His arms swept around her again masterfully. "But listen, honey! I hadn't any idea you felt that way about it. Why didn't you tell me before? I'll put another man on the night shift tomorrow."

THE END

The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein

International photo

Rothstein. Although reputed a "squealer," he died steadily refusing to tell who had shot him.

Who Killed the Lone Wolf of New York's Underworld?

By

Sidney Sutherland

BEGINNING his account of this celebrated mystery, Mr. Sutherland last week sketched Rothstein and his underworld career. He was a magnate of many kinds of sure-thing gambling; and usury, blackmail, sensational race-track crookedness and prize-fight fixing, and the 1919 baseball scandal were connected with him.

Mr. Sutherland then told of the stud poker game of September 7, 1928, in which Rothstein lost heavily on paper but pocketed all the cash. One of the others in the game was George A. McManus. At 10:20 P. M. on November 4, Rothstein, with Jimmy Meehan, in whose apartment the game had been played, left a Broadway restaurant where he had received a phone message asking him to call up McManus at room 349, Park Central Hotel. At 10:47 he was found in the hotel's servants' entrance, mortally wounded. About the same time a taxi driver picked up a revolver in front of the hotel.

Part Two—Conclusion

BY the time Arnold Rothstein was wheeled into the operating room of the Polyclinic Hospital in New York City, about 11:15 o'clock in the night of Sunday, November 4, 1928, word had been flashed, by telephone and underworld grapevine, all over the metropolis that the master gambler of all America was dying a

$10,000 in Prizes—The Third Group of Winners

THE Mystery of Arnold Rothstein is the tenth and last of a series of stories of famous mysteries for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes. For the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney, the third story in the series, Mr. Sutherland has awarded prizes as follows:

First Prize—$500

To C. E. Cole,
Box 1664, Riverside Station, Miami, Florida.

Second Prize—$250

To Walter S. Andres,
3 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, New York.

Third Prize—$100

To P. A. Wagnitz,
304½ South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, California.

Fourth Prize—$50

To D. B. Hinckley,
5981 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Fifth to Eighth Prizes—$25 Each

To William B. Kines, 106 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland; George O. Jager, 219 East Charlton Street, Savannah, Georgia; Howard E. McCallister, c/o Majestic Theater, Mansfield, Ohio; and R. Douglas Feagin, Hardeman Building, Macon, Georgia.

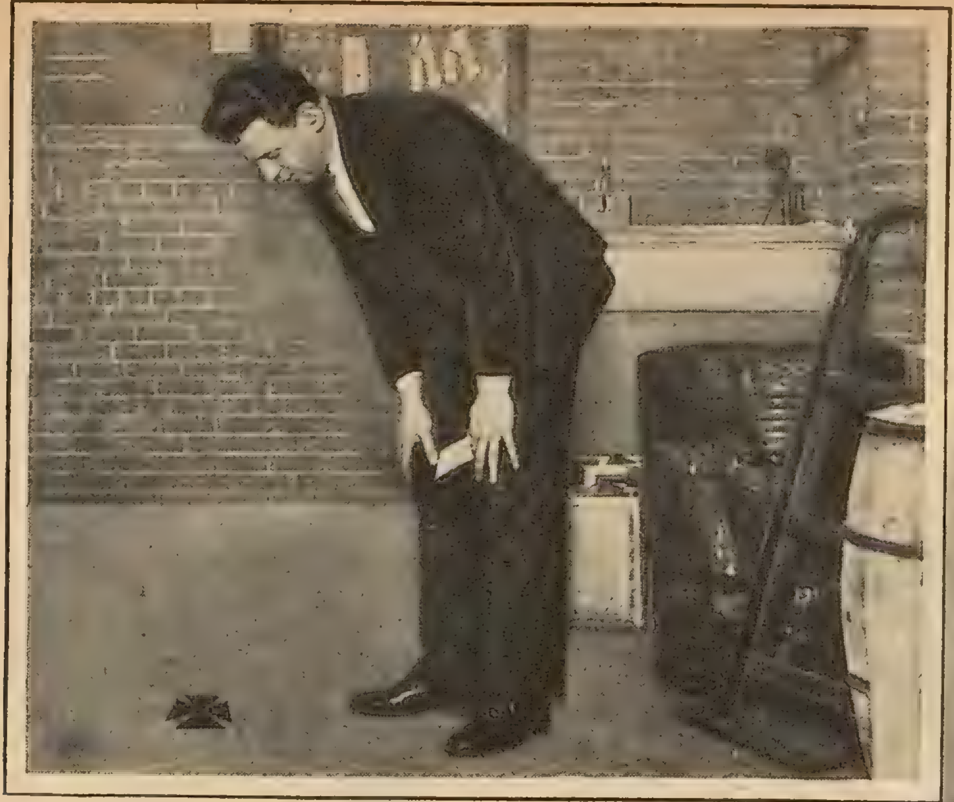
Prize awards for the fourth problem—The Mystery of the Great Swope Plague—will be announced next week.

As the foregoing awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed.



Inside the servants' entrance of the Park Central Hotel. The cross marks the spot where Rothstein was discovered mortally wounded. The man looking at it is House Detective Christian.

violent death. There was an immediate outburst of activity that might be described as feverish. The highest officials of the city, in administrative and police circles, got on the job; and there was a great scurrying to and fro in the secret corridors of the realms long ruled by Rothstein.

Captain of Police Meade and Detectives Flood and Green and Joe Daly and others hastened to the hospital. They questioned Rothstein several times while the doctors and nurses were preparing him for the anæsthetic, but he only thanked them for calling and put his right index finger to his lips.

Daly was at home when Rothstein was shot, but somebody telephoned him and he hurried to his friend's bedside. After a while he went away, and a little later he telephoned Flood and Green and Police Chauffeur Walter Fitzgerald to meet him at Fiftieth Street and Broadway.

WHILE they were on their way, two other men met on the sidewalk in front of the hospital. They were Jimmy Meehan and Sidney Stajer, the latter an intimate of the wounded gambler. Jimmy pulled a long-barreled .38-caliber revolver out of his pocket and handed it to Stajer. It was Rothstein's gun, and the way Jimmy came into possession of it constitutes one of the most amazing phases of the whole story. It will be told presently.

After the detectives had met Daly they all went to Lindy's restaurant, as a consequence of "somebody suggesting that move," as Daly afterward opaquely explained it. There they talked a while to Abe Scher, Lindy's cashier. Then they hastened to the Park Central Hotel. It was about 1:45 A. M. of Monday, the 5th.

A few words with House Officer Divers, and they all went up to the third floor and knocked on the panel of room 349. There was no answer, and Divers opened the door with his pass key.

P. & A. photos

George A. McManus, the gambler who was acquitted of the murder of Rothstein. At the left is the ever-confident McManus as he looked facing the jurors.

The suite was empty, all the lights on, and the curtains drawn down to the sills of the windows facing Seventh Avenue. The room stank of tobacco and stale whisky. Two or three empty White Rock bottles, several empty ginger-ale bottles, one empty pint flask, one flask containing two fingers of liquor, and four glasses stood on a table in the center of the living room. Cigar butts and cigarette stubs were strewn about.

In a chiffonier drawer were found several slips of paper showing bets on the races, and four linen handkerchiefs. Each of these was initialed: one had J M W; one had G M E; one had J M; and one had g M a.

In the bedroom closet was an overcoat on a hanger. It was of a dark gray material, quite costly, and one pocket contained a silk handkerchief with the monogram G McM. On the tailor's label was written the name of George A. McManus.

Officer Fitzgerald lifted the roller curtains and found screens on the lower half of the windows. In the north screen, near the lower left corner, was a jagged tear, the wire edges pointing out. It was almost exactly opposite

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Continued from page forty-one

this hole in the screen that the revolver was found in the street below.

There was no sign of a struggle and there wasn't a drop of blood anywhere. The officers took the exhibits that have been mentioned to the station, where they examined the glassware for fingerprints. Nothing ever came out in court about these prints.

The detectives, however, inspected the rooms carefully. They were there nearly two hours. Soon after their arrival the phone rang and Officer Divers answered. After a few phrases he hung up the receiver and they waited.

Presently three men walked into the room: they were Tom and Frank McManus, brothers of George, and Hymie Biller, betting commissioner at the tracks for George McManus. There was some conversation; the McManus brothers were asked for George's address and his phone number, which they did not give—and presently the trio sauntered out and disappeared.

Biller has not been seen from that day to this.

P. & A. photo

Bridget Farry as she looked on the stand in her vivid green dress.

Int. photo

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Marian Putnam, who was the state's star witness, if it had one.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. George McManus leaving court during the trial, and above, Mrs. Ruth Keyes, who was a witness.

The detectives made a search of the rooms on the third floor. In room 347, next to the one McManus had occupied, were found Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Oringer, of Mount Vernon, New York. They were on their honeymoon—this was their first night of married life—and they had just come in from the wedding party. They knew nothing, of course.

MRS. RUTH KEYES occupied room 330, but she knew nothing, having left McManus' suite earlier in the afternoon. She hurried home to Chicago in a day or so, but was brought back later and questioned. She contributed nothing of importance, merely saying McManus had met her in the hall that Sunday afternoon, invited her to have a drink with him, entertained her a while, and sent her on her way rejoicing. She said that Biller had been there at the time.

In room 357 was Miss Margaret Hubbell, in promotion, publicity, and advertising in Montreal, Canada. She said she reached her room after 10 P. M. that Sunday, closed the door, removed her wraps, and started to read her newspapers. She heard "an explosion" like a shot or the back fire of an auto and voices somewhere in the hall, but did not investigate and knew nothing else.

In room 320 was found a woman registered as "Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Putnam, Asheville, N. C." She turned out to be Mrs. Marian A. Putnam, aged forty-seven, a widow, from Asheville, and what she contributed to the cause will be related when we come to the trial of George McManus.

Bridget Farry, a chambermaid, also was questioned, and she was a rare creature. I will deal with her presently.

It was found that Frank McManus was living in room 252, so Detective Flood went there. Mrs. McManus was in bed, but she told Flood that George's phone number was Endicott 2649. That number did not answer that night, according to the officers. It was a day or so before the home address, 51 Riverside Drive, was learned.

When the officers departed from room 349—the scene of the killing, according to the prosecution—they did not leave anybody on guard! They simply locked the door and went away.

Earlier in the evening—about midnight, to be precise—Willie Essenheim, McManus' chauffeur, went to 51 Riverside Drive, ascended to the tenth floor, and got McManus' new overcoat. He came down and drove away—and he is not known to have been seen from that day to this writing.

This is interesting because a tailor later testified that Rothstein and McManus had their clothes made at his shop, and that their overcoats were almost identical, of a dark gray cloth that was almost black. Rothstein's overcoat was never found, and he had none on when he appeared, wounded, in the servants' hallway.

IT was not until November 16 that a warrant was obtained to search the McManus apartment on Riverside Drive, although detectives had called there several times and were guarding the building. When they had tried to open the door they had found that a private lock on it was invulnerable.

Twelve days after the shooting the apartment was examined. They found nobody there. The maid had disappeared. Mrs. McManus was gone. All the picture frames in the place were empty, the photographs having been removed.

McManus was gone. He was next seen on November 27—but of that more anon.

Meantime, the detectives had learned about the stud game of September 7 and 8, and they began to bring in the players for questioning. The authorities, police and district attorney's men, seemed to be getting nowhere rapidly, but this was a most inauspicious moment for front-page publicity for the Rothstein shooting because the nation was in the midst of the election turmoil.

At 10 o'clock election morning, Tuesday, November 6, 1928, Rothstein closed his eyes and died. He had been in a coma for more than a day, interrupted by lucid moments, and at the request of the dying man Maurice Cantor had drawn up a will which Rothstein had signed with a feeble cross, according to the attorney. This will was later denied probate, and one executed in March, 1928, was produced by Mr. Cantor and admitted to probate. The provisions of these wills will be gone into later.

Rothstein's body was removed to the city mortuary, where it was legally identified by Officer Davis and Edgar Rothstein, the dead man's brother. Dr. Charles Norris, the medical examiner, made an autopsy and found:

Subject was about forty-six years old; five feet seven inches tall, weighing 169 pounds, and well formed, with large chest, wide shoulders, and fine muscular development.

The wound was three and a half inches to the right of the midline of the belly and two and a half inches from the right hip bone and half an inch above it. The bullet went down through the abdominal wall, pierced the bladder, the prostate, the rectum, and other tissues, and was found in the left buttock four and a half inches to the left of the buttock midline.

The bullet was extracted. It was of .38 caliber, of lead, with the riflings on its base from right to left.

The coat had a bullet hole in the lower front skirt on the right. There were no powder burns. There was vomit on the lapels.

There was a hole through the small watch pocket of the trousers.

There was a hole in the right skirt of the shirt.

The astonishing feature of this examination was the fact that, with the exception of a tiny stain of dried blood around the hole in the shirt, there wasn't a single drop of blood on any of the available clothing! The wound, in the soft flesh of the abdomen, had evidently closed up and what hemorrhage there was had been wholly internal.

It is interesting to report that the shoes and socks and vest and underclothing were missing, and nobody knows where they are.

As I said, everybody available was fetched in and questioned by Banton and Pecora and P. Francis Marro, another capable assistant to the district attorney. Everybody but McManus and Biller and Chauffeur Essenheim. Since they were absent Banton directed his search for them, and Police Commissioner Warren made a great fuss about finding them.

Sometime during the night of November 26 John H. Cordes, a detective, heard the phone ring in his home. An anonymous caller told him to be at the corner of 242nd Street and Broadway the following morning at seven o'clock. What else was said is not known.

Cordes went to the rendezvous and an hour or two later saw McManus seated in a barber shop at the corner. He went in and with McManus found James D. C. Murray, a brilliant New York lawyer. Murray spoke to Cordes:

"It was I who called you last night, after a conference with Banton. I agreed to surrender McManus to you and here he is."

P. & A. photo

Grover A. Whalen, who became New York City's police commissioner as a result of the Rothstein case shake-up.

CORDES turned to McManus. "What do you know about the killing of Rothstein?" he asked.

"I don't know as much about it as you do," replied George.

"Where have you been since November 4?"

Murray interrupted: "Why do you ask him that?"

"Because it's in the course of my business," replied Cordes.

McManus declined to say anything more. Cordes then called up Inspector Coughlin and said he had McManus in custody. Coughlin told him to take him to Banton. Since it was Detective Flood's case, he having been the first to work on the mystery, Cordes called up this officer and told him he had McManus and to meet them at Sixty-first Street and Lexington Avenue. Flood joined them and they all went to the district attorney's office.

I think it is quite doubtful if at that time District Attorney Banton really believed that McManus could be convicted of having killed Rothstein, so utterly missing was any motive for such a shooting. But when McManus, on advice of Murray, declined to answer any of Banton's questions, the latter became indignant and ordered Cordes to arrest the gambler on a charge of murder.

McManus was then fingerprinted in the police bureau at the district attorney's office and put in the Tombs Prison. The men previously questioned were rounded up again and hurried before the grand jury and an indictment was returned on December 4, charging Rothstein's murder to McManus, Hymie Biller, John Doe, and Richard Roe.

DOE and Roe were mythical characters who existed nowhere save in Banton's head. There were four glasses from which whisky had been drunk in room 349, and McManus had absented himself for more than three weeks, and Biller ever since, so Banton charged four persons with the crime, though he only had two names to give the grand jury.

By this time the newspapers had exhausted the topic of the national election, so they turned their attention to the frightfully bungled investigation of the arch-gambler's death. In brief, Warren and Coughlin and Deputy Inspector Arthur Carey of the homicide bureau and other high officials lost their jobs, and Grover A. Whalen was made police commissioner. He has not solved the killing, though he has solved many of New York's traffic problems. He has brought to trial before the police board numerous detectives involved in the investigation of the tragedy, but nothing much has happened.

The months slipped past and out of Rothstein's grave came rumors of countless lawless activities he financed and profited by. Bridget Farry, chambermaid, was penned up as a material witness, since she couldn't make bail, and she raised the mischief with her custodians. Public indignation eventually released her after more than three months' detention. McManus was released on bail after Banton's final plea for more time to apprehend Biller and Messrs. Doe and Roe was ignored by a judge.

Banton claimed, day after day, that he had enough evidence to send McManus to the chair but wanted to try him jointly with the three fugitives.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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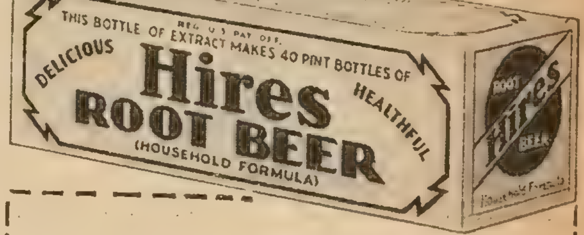
Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.



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It is so easy. Simply brush a little of this greaseless formula into the hair each morning. Behold! Dull, faded hair gleams with glorious lustre. Stringy, unruly hair becomes soft as down, each strand in its place... the head a portrait of loveliness.

This Hair Groom is a blend of vegetable ingredients found to be most beneficial to the hair and scalp. It restores the natural oil-balance to scalps too oily or too dry and puts new life into the hair. It makes each strand of hair soft and sparkling with its natural color. It sets a finger or water-wave and glorifies a permanent. It brings out the natural wave.

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THE MYSTERY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Continued from page forty-three

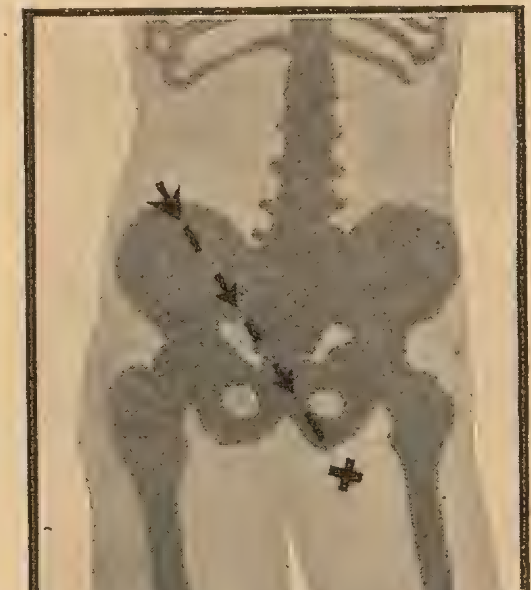
The delay and stalling proved costly to Banton's political aspirations, because before anybody realized it the municipal election was in full swing, and rival candidates were bombarding the Tammany ticket with salvos of embarrassing questions and charges about the Rothstein case. Having no more dramatic grounds for objection to the administration of Mayor Walker they made an issue of the dead gambler.

After ridiculous efforts to keep the affair out of court until after election, Banton finally succeeded. Thomas C. T. Crain, who resigned as judge of the supreme court to become the Tammany nominee for Banton's job, promised to solve the mystery two weeks after going into office on January 1.

The case against McManus finally came to trial before Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., late in November, 1929, the people meanwhile having decided to accept Judge Crain's promise by electing him as district attorney.

The People were represented by George N. Brothers, James McDonald, Ferdinand Pecora, and P. Francis Marro, assistant prosecutors; and McManus was defended by Mr. Murray.

Brothers made the opening statement and in it incorporated the facts which I have above set forth. He dwelt with emphasis on the state's theory: that McManus lured Rothstein to room 349, shot him, and fled; that Rothstein walked out of the room, seventy-five feet down one hall, 138 feet down another, seventy-five feet down another, out through the servants' entrance to the third floor, down two flights of winding iron stairs, through two pairs of heavy doors, and into the servants' entrance hall on the Fifty-sixth Street floor level.



Showing the downward course of the fatal bullet through Rothstein's body.

HE said the motive for the shooting was McManus' anger because he had lost $51,000 in the great stud poker game—though he neglected to state that Rothstein owed McManus nothing. McManus' flight was dwelt on at length. Brothers said the fatal bullet came from the pistol tossed into the street, though he could not prove ownership of the weapon, or, indeed, prove that it was thrown from the window of room 349 and not from some passing motor car.

Lawyer Murray declined even to make an opening statement.

Then the state's witnesses were put on. There were thirty-five of them, and most of them were a shrewd, shifty lot against whose code of underworld silence and evasiveness the state's attorneys beat helplessly and in vain.

Dr. Norris, under cross-examination, insisted that while Rothstein would have been in horrible agony from his wound there was nothing to show that he could not have walked that distance, and that the fact that he drew his legs up while lying on the floor waiting for the ambulance showed he had mobile control of them. The absence of blood was explained by the nature of the wound.

MEEHAN, host to the gamblers in the big game, and the gamblers themselves paraded to the stand. None of them knew anything and all of them were frankly hostile to the prosecution. It was hardly necessary for Mr. Murray to cross-question them, and he did so only to show that nobody thought the game was crooked; that nobody knew of any animosity McManus might have had against Rothstein or any reason for any; that McManus had often lost sums as large as the one he lost that night and had never complained; that in high-carding, where most of the huge sums were staked, it was impossible to cheat, with all the experts watching one dealer; and that the state's case was weakened by the testimony of its own witnesses.

Mr. Murray acquiesced without dispute in Mr. Brothers' contention that the pistol found in the street had been bought and sold in St. Paul, Minnesota, and that the fatal bullet had been fired from it. And what of it?

Nate Raymond admitted that he had hot words with Rothstein in a taxicab at some time prior to the shooting when he pressed Rothstein for the money he owed him. He was living in room 763 at the Park Central Hotel with his wife the day Rothstein was shot, but said he was in his room all that day and first left it that night at 12:30 o'clock, when his wife complained of ennui and they drove through Central Park a while and then ate a late supper at the Frivolity Club and returned to their quarters at 3 A. M. Monday, November 5.

The prosecution pinned great hopes on the testimony of Mrs. Marian A. Putnam. She said she started to leave her room to go to the lobby shortly before 11 o'clock the night of the shooting. Instead of taking the elevators nearest her room she walked all the way around the halls to the other bank of elevators near room 349.

As she was about to press the elevator button she heard loud, angry voices; a man say "God damn"; and a crash, as if somebody had thrown a bottle against a wall, although there was no tinkle of broken glass. Frightened, she started back to her room, and as she turned the first hall corner she came to, she looked back and saw a man coming down the hall, holding his stomach with both hands and bent over.

P. & A. photos

District Attorney Crain, who says frankly that the Rothstein mystery is insoluble; and above, Judge C. C. Nott, who presided at the trial of George McManus.

As he drew nearer he raised his head and there was "a terrible look" on his face, but she couldn't identify him as Rothstein when shown Rothstein's pictures. She hurried on to her room. She heard the next morning that a man had been shot, and returned to Asheville, North Carolina, on Thursday, November 8.

What a nice time Mrs. Putnam had under Mr. Murray's cross-examination! He produced a registration card, such as guests sign at the Park Central Hotel, and on it was "Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Putnam, Asheville, N. C." Mr. Putnam had died in 1913, and the gentleman who had spent his time with the forty-seven year-old widow was, she said, her fiancé.

The hotel employees who first saw the wounded gambler downstairs all admitted freely that, in the position they stood and the position he was found, he could have been shot in the street and entered the little hall and they would never have known it.

Abe Scher, the cashier at Lindy's, was another cinder in the prosecution's eye. He said he had known McManus for a year or so and had answered him on the telephone many a time. He now testified that it was not George's voice he heard when the fatal tryst was made for Rothstein.

AN extraordinary situation was created when Jimmy Meehan was recalled by the state. This is the story he now told:

He first saw Rothstein on Sunday, November 4, at Lindy's at 9 P. M. They left in ten minutes and went to Rothstein's hotel on Seventy-second Street, where he waited in the lobby for about forty-five minutes while Rothstein went upstairs. When Arnold came down they got in the gambler's car and the chauffeur drove them to Lindy's.

Because of the traffic, however, they got out about a block away and walked to the restaurant. They entered, stood a moment, turned around and went back to the sidewalk. It was 10:25 P. M. A cop came along and "broke them up" and Rothstein went one way and he another, the former saying, "I'll see you in half an hour." Meehan went to Forty-ninth Street and half an hour later returned to Lindy's. When Rothstein didn't reappear he sat down and ate his dinner.

On cross-examination he told Mr. Murray that at 10:25 or 10:30 Rothstein took him to Lindy's washroom in the basement and handed him a long-barreled, .38-caliber revolver, told him to hold it for him a while, and showed him a short-barreled, .38-caliber revolver which was exactly like the gun found in Seventh Avenue by the taxicab driver! This second gun, Meehan testified, Arnold carried away with him in his coat pocket.

PECORA leaped into the strange story and Meehan admitted that in the half dozen times he had been questioned by the district attorney's men he had never before told that story. He said that at first he had denied everything about guns, but when Pecora convinced him that he (Pecora) "knew something" he had admitted getting the long-barreled gun, but had kept silent about the other weapon—"because you never asked me and I didn't think you'd be interested!"

The long-barreled gun was put in as an exhibit, and now the jury had two guns to study.

Meehan, under further questioning by both sides, now said that when he and Rothstein entered the restaurant Arnold said: "Come down to the washroom. I want to give you something." In the basement he asked Meehan which gun he should keep and Meehan told him to use his own judgment. Later that night Meehan gave the long-barreled gun to Sidney Stajer in front of the Polyclinic Hospital.

If the harried prosecutors hadn't gone completely crazy by this stage, Mrs. Bridget Farry, the chambermaid in a vivid green dress, almost finished the job. The state's star witness, this belligerent Irish domestic was anything but domestic as a consequence of her long detention.

She admitted being in room 349

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Crows-Feet" are Hastened by "NERVES"

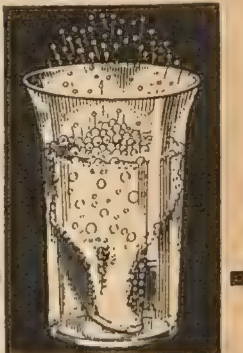
YES,—"NERVES" cause more wrinkles and "Crows Feet" than age. First come recurring nervous troubles—jumpy jangled "NERVES" or blue, irritable spells. Then Nervous Headaches, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion and more serious nervous attacks bring wrinkles to the face and your youthful complexion soon fades.

Control Your "NERVES" Keep the Wrinkles Out

"Control your 'NERVES,'" say leading beauty experts, "if you want to help keep the wrinkles out and preserve your youth and charm."

Whenever you are nervous... drop a Dr. Miles' *Effervescent* NERVINE Tablet into a glass of water. Watch it bubble up like sparkling spring water—then drink it. You will welcome the prompt way this pleasing Effervescent drink quiets the nerves and helps nature bring you calm relaxation. *Effervescent* NERVINE Tablets are harmless. In these tablets the time-tested Dr. Miles' NERVINE formula is combined with bicarbonate of soda and citric acid which tend to correct acidosis — a frequent cause of nervousness.

Don't let "NERVES" rob you of your beauty and charm. Get a package at any drug store and try this delightful way to control your "NERVES." Your money refunded if not pleased. Or, if you prefer, send coupon below for a package to try.



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Pain stops. Corns come off

ONE drop of this amazing liquid and soon any corn or callus shrivels up and loosens. Peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. Don't risk dangerous paring. Removes the whole corn. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic, to stop pain while it works. Doctors approve it.

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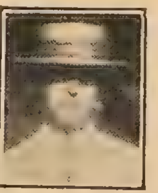
Brings Beginner $1,500 in 4 Summer Months!



—as much as he earned the entire previous year! Schoen says, "Anyone without experience can make money with your line, and selling plans."

Men—here's "big game"—Roofing pays you $26 a barrel—paint order averages $16 commission—as easy to sell at wholesale prices and on easy credit terms—as things that pay only a dollar or two—

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Sell from clever demonstrator, weighing few ounces. Write today for free outfit, and Chain Selling Plan.

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THE MYSTERY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
Continued from page forty-five

four times that day and seeing its occupant each time, on each occasion talking to him. On the stand she testified that the man was not George McManus, and denied she had ever identified him in the Tombs. She accused the prosecution of trying to railroad an innocent man, the defendant, and dramatically drew ten dollars in bills from her purse and tossed them on the table with the virtuous remark, "You gave me this money as a bribe, but you can't bribe me to accuse an innocent man."

It seems that Prosecutor McDonald had that morning told Bridget she had $402 in witness fees coming to her, and that "here was ten dollars for carfare and taxicabs" until after the trial! McDonald wanted to testify as to this transaction, but the amused Murray waved his hand for the prosecution to forget it!

Murray only asked Bridget one question, and Bridget said she had been in the halls that night and had not seen Mrs. Putnam at any time.

On December 5, after this farce had lasted for nearly ten days, the state rested, and Mr. Murray declined to call a single witness for the defense. He merely asked the judge to direct a verdict of acquittal.

Prosecutor Brothers admitted the whole case was circumstantial and added that his hostile witnesses had wrecked the case so far as "guilt beyond a reasonable doubt" was concerned.

JUDGE NOTT expressed sympathy for the People's lawyers because "your witnesses were not only hostile but were drawn from an undesirable element of our population who feel no obligation whatever on taking the oath. I feel that many of the witnesses have proven that they have no appreciation for their oath."

He then directed the jury to acquit McManus, and this was done.

District Attorney Crain took the oath of office on January 1, 1930, and at once began an investigation of the whole affair. On January 15, as he had promised, he issued a statement—but it was frankly to the effect that the Rothstein shooting was an insoluble mystery; that the authorities knew no more about it then than they had the day it happened; and that the indictments against Biller and Messrs. Doe and Roe would be dismissed.

That's all there is; there isn't any more—except for a word about Rothstein's estate. There were frenzied rumors of vast treasures hidden away in secret vaults—that examination of these vaults would disclose documents involving prominent persons in dreadful scandals.

The vast treasure never materialized, though a net estate of nearly $2,000,000 finally was assembled. The appalling possibility of discoveries fatal to many reputations seems to have been dissolved with time, though it can't be denied that such papers as were found in Rothstein's vaults were carefully handled.

INEZ NORTON, the show-girl playmate of the dead gambler, was in London when he cashed in his chips, and she came home presently to make a fight for the fortune Rothstein left to her in his so-called deathbed will. When the matter finally came before the surrogate, Judge John P. O'Brien, he refused to admit that testament to probate and approved the will of March, 1928, also drawn up by Mr. Cantor.

Cantor and William Wellman, an employee of Rothstein, and Sam Brown, his private bookkeeper, were named administrators. They waived these rights, and John J. Glynn, a lawyer representing Caroline, the widow, and Jack Rothstone, Arnold's brother, were named administrators. I. Gainsburg, a lawyer, now represents these administrators.

Mr. Cantor, who would have profited handsomely by the discarded will, received about $100,000. Inez Norton is supposed to have received about $5,000.

The will that was admitted provided that 50 per cent of the income from the estate should be paid to Caroline Rothstein as long as she lived, whether she married again or not. Forty per cent of the income goes to Edgar and Jack, Arnold's brothers. In 1938 they will receive this principal.

Brown and Wellman receive 5 per cent each, and the income of a $75,000 trust fund goes to Sidney Stajer.

In June, 1929, Mrs. Caroline Rothstein was married to Bobby Beha, English banker and clubman. He is fifteen years younger than his wife, and they live in London.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 35

1—A queen dowager who is the mother of the reigning king or queen.
2—A new convert, especially to some religion or religious sect.
3—A farewell speech.
4—A pillar, statue, or monument formed from a single stone.
5—The flag of the Confederate States of America.
6—At the North and South Poles.
7—The Boer War (1899-1902).
8—Kneecap.
9—A Mohammedan house of worship.
10—The care of the feet and nails.
11—Montevideo.
12—An incorrigible criminal.
13—Currency, or money which may be offered legally in payment of a debt.
14—William Makepeace Thackeray.
15—The cookroom.
16—Zero.
17—Montague and Capulet.
18—Insincere public action or speech.
19—The ten-dollar gold piece.
20—An apparatus to measure the shocks and undulatory motions of earthquakes.

OLYMPIC GAMES

By

EILEEN BOURNE

Hurl Ball. The ball, above, is thrown from the middle of a circle by the athlete, who must swing it back and forth, then around (in the manner of a baseball pitcher) before throwing it.

Hoop Rolling. Four girls on two teams compete. One rolls the hoop around the course, and at the starting point her team mate takes up the rolling without stopping the hoop. As the first runner relinquishes the hoop, she jumps through it.

Discus. The discus is thrown underhand after the thrower has swung her body forward, then backward, for throwing technique. Proficiency is judged by the distance the discus travels.

Javelin Throwing. The javelin is thrown after a run of a few feet. Proficiency is judged by the distance the javelin is thrown. A "mismark" is when the javelin fails to bury its point in the earth.

IT is possible that women's sports events of tomorrow will record, along with tennis, golf, and swimming championships, names distinguished for discus throwing, javelin and ball hurling. On chariot races and hoop-rolling teams and relay races, with girls competing, tomorrow's attention may be focused. It is not far-fetched to imagine a revival of the Olympic games of ancient Hellas. An unusual perfection of health, of weight, of proportion, of feet and posture is noted in a résumé of young college women's standards. Not for these, then, will stilted gym work suffice. They must go on to Olympian heights. Barnard College, New York City, introduces into its physical education study an annual event modeled after the Olympic tournaments, with sports and play and games patterned after the ancient practices of the Grecian maids who still are models for the embodiment of physical perfection.

An idea of future objectives of physical education departments may be gained from Barnard's criteria of success as *not* winning teams and broken records, but stronger character, better health, perfect posture, a practical working knowledge regarding mind and body, leadership, certain skill in sports, games, and rhythmical work, the better to employ leisure time both now and after graduation.

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

If you have a question on beauty or hygiene that you would like Miss Bourne to answer personally, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope and mail your queries to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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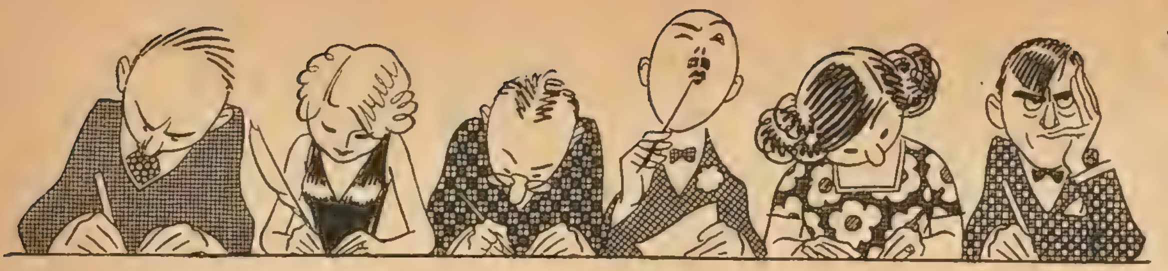


Vox

Birds and Flowers and Bunnies, Etc.

CHICAGO, ILL. — Judge Oberwager's article on sex education has interested me extremely. I have wondered if we, the Youth, were the only ones who puzzled about it. Now I am assured that we are not.

Sex education, if my seventeen-year-old opinion may be expressed, is a subject which will necessarily be taught soon in schools. My high-school training in that field is comparable to the suggestion of child authorities, who say: " Tell them how birds and flowers and bunnies, etc., are created—and then drop the matter."

I studied about frogs, etc., in zoölogy, but I confess that if I were to have stopped there, my actual knowledge would be precious little. But, curious, I determined to find out what I could from libraries. If I had relied on my school teachings, I might be safe—probably would, because I have high morals (it is a mutual agreement among my friends) —but we aren't frogs. And we students could easily presume that we are biologically of the same status as frogs as far as explanations by our instructor were concerned.

I have been fortunate in making close friends with two married women (who do not know each other and so cannot make any mutual agreements as to how much they will tell me) who both have children—and on whom I can depend if I want to further puzzle out what I read or hear.

The girls I go with are divided in age —two are younger and two older than I. When doubtful questions arise between us, I am elected to consult one or both of my older friends—and together we look up the information in different books and then discuss the matters. Usually I take notes so as to keep my information straight. Then I go back and tell my friends.

I do think that I have been fortunate in my associates. Not every girl can begin learning her sex education at thirteen and continue without mishap or misinformation. I hope a lot of parents will read my letter and realize that it amounts to this: " Aid thy neighbor." They may not help their own children, but perhaps they can help someone else's. But I pray that they be careful not to misinform.—*Jane.*

CHICAGO, ILL. — After reading " To Know or Not to Know," by Charles A. Oberwager, I have come to the conclusion that if some of these mothers would take an interest a little bit deeper in their daughter than they do in their bridge games and clubs, they wouldn't have all these heart throbs and sobs. That goes for the father, too.

You ask if youth shall have the facts of life. Sorry, but you'll have to catch up a step or two. They've *had* facts long before you were born, only they've kept it hidden.—*Doris Darvis.*

HOUSTON, TEX. — I think Judge Charles A. Oberwager's article was wonderful.

I also believe that sex hygiene should be taught in the public schools, to prepare children for the dangers. Who could blame an innocent boy or girl for not knowing right from wrong? I say all the blame lies within the parents for being prudish.

My mother was very old-fashioned and narrow-minded and left me in complete ignorance. Do you think that God would have condemned me if I had gone wrong? I do not.

I was married at the age of twenty, still believing that " babies came in cabbages " as Judge Oberwager says, and do you think I was any better off for my ignorance?

I got a horse laugh from my husband. —*Mrs. M. R. M.*

KENILWORTH, N. J.—Had to smile over that article by Judge somebody or other on sex instruction for future hot mammas.

All I got to say is this: just as long as folk call sex relations sin, and husbands and wives shamefacedly try to cook up a fairy story about it, just so long will reticence on the subject remain as is, and a small percentage of warm babies get singed.—*Paul Mattison.*

ASHEBORO, N. C.—I've just read your article, " To Know or Not to Know," by Judge Charles A. Oberwager. Articles of this type always interest me. It's time for mothers and dads to wake up! Mine are still napping.

They seem to think that I, at the age of nineteen, should still believe that hooey about hollow stumps and storks. How can we modern young people discuss things with them when they stamp their feet and flee from us in horror, as if our desire for knowledge was a disgrace?

I think it far better for them to give us the facts rather than let us find out, or try to find out, for ourselves.—*Nineteen: Female.*

Well, We Believe in Progress

KNOXVILLE, TENN. — Viña Delmar showed a spark of genius in her nameless " Story." She left it nameless. Most probably she was unable to do otherwise. It is just "one of those things." Name it and you can have it.

Besides proving the hero a rotten cad, what was the point of the " Story " supposed to be?

Each week I spend a nickel to learn if it is possible for you to publish sillier twaddle than in your previous issue.

It is!—*Conservative.*

Houston Again

DALLAS, TEX.—I notice in your May 3 editorial column you mention the Temple Houston case, stating that the only item at which offense was taken was the item of Indian parentage.

You did not correctly state the facts, as, in your article, you slandered the name of Temple Houston by calling him a desperado and drunkard, and, in fact, in reading the article one was more impressed with the life of Temple Houston than that of General Sam Houston, about whom it was supposed to be written.

Frankly, we Texans, in reading the article, were more impressed with its satirical effect than its historical significance. You must remember that General Sam Houston's name is to native-born Texans what George Washington's name is to native-born Americans, and no state in this Union appreciates having its hero's family name dragged through the mire of public opinion, even though it might be true.

Please be kind enough to correct your editorial and state the true facts as to just what your article said and implied, as your policy has heretofore been fair and unprejudiced, and we trust that it will continue so.—*Gus B. Moore.*

DALLAS, TEX.—Have just read your editorial in this week's issue—" The Case of Mrs. Temple Houston "—and wanted to congratulate you. It is my sincere hope that the higher court will set aside that verdict. Wish it was up to your readers the country over to have a say-so, as I feel sure it would be in your favor.—*J. Gardner.*

All Right, Russell. One Big Hurrah. No More

JEFFERSON, KAN.—The idea of putting such ads in your Liberty as The Crusaders. Now we know what your magazine is like and to put before the public such trash, and condemnable ideas as that. The man that thought up these ideas must have escaped from the Insane Asylum. The idea to say that we are sick of prohibition and that we are through; and will this stop high-jacking? I should say not.

May the organization go burn up with the rest of its friends, down, down below. If your old magazine carries such things, never do I want to read it again.

May we all give one big hurrah for prohibition!—*Russell E. Tharp.*

Life's Ups and Downs

BREAUX BRIDGE, LA. — Your little weekly is great, believe me! I start wishing for my Liberty on Wednesday, on Thursday get blue for it, am a nervous wreck by Friday, but in perfect condition Saturday.—*Miss Hazel Durid.*

Pop

But the Russian Church Is "Catholic"; See the New Standard Dictionary

ELIZABETH, N. J.—One of your contributors to Vox Pop, in a recent issue, commenting on your editorial, "Atheism Is a Religion," blames the Catholic Church for Russia's condition today. He says, "All these years the Catholic Church was supreme there."

Catholics in Russia, before the Revolution, numbered about 10 per cent of the population—8.9 per cent according to the Catholic Encyclopedia, edition of 1913, volume 13, page 234, column 1, line 17. Your contributor, I imagine, is throwing stones at the Russian Orthodox Church, but does not quite know enough about it. This organization enrolled 69.9 per cent of the population, according to the C. E., same volume, page, and column, line 8.

Your contributor says further, "It [the Catholic Church] . . . failed, so . . . it was kicked out."

He may be interested to learn that the Catholic Church was, as he so elegantly puts it, "kicked out" of Russia about four hundred years before Columbus landed in America. From that time until the fall of the Romanoffs the Russian Orthodox Church remained the state church of all the Russians.—*G. R.*

You Won't If We See It First

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mi Gosh! So old man Webster says mulley cows are born without horns.

Will you please tell Frank Cartwright, Jr., that he may wire me, collect, the first time he finds a cow, mulley or otherwise, that is born *with* horns, and I will buy it from him.—*Walter S. Tyler.*

Our Growing Circulation

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Do you know there are now eighteen of us in my place that buy Liberty as soon as it's off the pan, just for your short short story?

You see, it's this way. Sometimes we only have a few minutes to snatch here and there and that story just sort of fits in, and then, too, they're always so darn good.

We note you strive for the unusual at the end—in other words, the grand finale is usually more or less exciting and surprising.

Please keep this page up—it adds greatly to your already wonderful little publication.—*G. M. P.*

We Never Miss the Sunshine Until the Shadows Fall

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I picked up a magazine, at a stand, which I thought was Liberty. It turned out to be another magazine. I looked at the cover before I realized my mistake. It was a picture of a famous portrait. I was very disappointed. I wondered when Liberty had come to the decision to discontinue Leslie Thrasher's covers.

Since their courtship days I have hated Sandy—he is such a string-bean sort of a fellow, and Lil is too thin. But I missed them. If I had been asked to vote to change the cover of Liberty I would have done so. But now, since I have seen that we could have gotten pictures of famous portraits (and I like them, too), I would have been wondering continually what Lil and her family were doing.

It is like a person having a child that is a burden and half wishing that they didn't have it, and on going home seeing a crowd in front of their house and hearing that a child had been killed accidentally. How they would pray and pray, before seeing the child, that it wouldn't be theirs! And how they would vow to cherish it always if it was spared to them.

So, to me, was the experience when I picked up the other magazine, thinking it was my Liberty. Henceforth I will be satisfied with your cover.—*Mrs. E. J. Harris.*

Gute Nacht!

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—You may be Liberty to some, but you're a pain in the neck to me. Guten tag.—*Schlitz.*

Canada and—

MONTREAL, CAN.—Here's to Lawrence Saunders and his "Smoke Screen." It sure is a wow. Give us more of these masterpieces—this one sure is a four-star story.

Any old time I have a rusty old nickel in my pocket, I get Liberty. Even if I haven't got the slug, I get the weekly on credit.—*Billy Elliott.*

—Texas Like "Smoke Screen"

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Permit me to Vox a Pop for your serial, "Smoke Screen." Each of the four in my family, from my eleven-year-old son to myself, is following the installments with keen interest. In fact, translated into audible terms, our collective satisfaction might be classed as a considerable clatter of applause rather than a mere pop.

"Smoke Screen" has real flesh-and-blood, purposeful characters moving with vital, alive action—so different from the many vapid, ghostlike literary skeletons that magazine readers are so often expected, themselves, to clothe with humanness.—*D. L. Spero.*

Sometimes She's Terrible

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—After perusing the letters published on your "Are You Wet or Dry?" page, I personally felt decidedly dry, mixed myself a good stiff highball, and concluded that the wets are, by nature, all dry—and the drys are, by nature, "all wet."

Ain't nature grand?—*F. P. K.*

No Wonder You Want Liberty

TOPEKA, KAN.—At present I am a guest at the Hotel Jail, a fine big brick structure strongly recommended to me by a policeman—a good friend of mine who has watched over me for several weeks.

He was so afraid I would miss the place that he escorted me right up to the door. I didn't even have to choose my bedroom. One was waiting for me. I was even locked in, so no one could bust in on me when I was reading Liberty, the best magazine sold today.—*Adam Hays.*

Aw, What's a Star or Two Among Friends?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You may be interested to know that here is one person who buys Liberty for one and only one article—that is, the movie reviews.

Not that the rest of the magazine is worthless, but that is the only section that I have time for. I am getting rather used to your new reviewer, although I think she is too liberal with the stars.—*W. T. Corrigan.*

Voice of the People

ASHEBORO, N. C.—Asking is one way of finding out. What is the meaning of Vox Pop?—*Ignorance.*

Hope R. K. Doesn't See This

BROOKINGS, S. D.—Ye gods and little fishes! If our friend Rudyard Kipling really wrote that story, "The Debt," you are hereby authorized to issue him my ultimatum. Either he quits writing or I quit selling his books.

If you can really find anyone who knows what "The Debt" is about, you are fully authorized to wire me at my expense.—*Newell R. Olson, book salesman.*

Slightly Complicated Order for Mr. Thrasher

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Go to them, Leslie! You are an artist; which means that you can tell a story with a brush. But we have to learn the language before making a successful job of reading. A work of art is not a mere photograph.

Now if you will draw us a picture of the "favorable balance of trade," or naval parity, you will be going some.—*A. George.*

Perfect!

LANGLEY FIELD, VA.—When your short short stories are better than "The Perfect Servant," by William A. Kinney—William A. Kinney will write them.—*Warren.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Congratulations on "The Perfect Servant"—the perfect story in the perfect magazine.—*A Perfect Lady.*

Death to Dandruff

. . . but Harmless to the Tenderest Scalp!

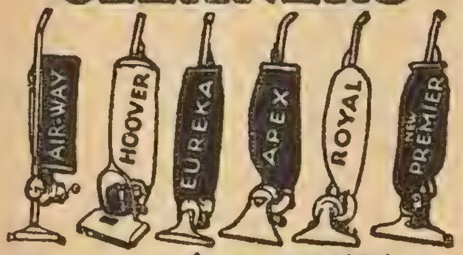
The Seal of Chemical Purity on every bottle, awarded after careful analysis by a committee of impartial scientific authorities, is your guarantee that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is safe and harmless. Men, women, children and infants can use this remarkable preparation regardless of the length, color or condition of their hair.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use Fitch's and remove every speck of dandruff as you wash your hair? Lathers freely and rinses easily in hard or soft water, no acid rinse needed. Try it today.

Applications at barber and beauty shops.
Retail sizes at drug and department stores.
Write F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines. Ia.,
for generous free sample.

Fitch's

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



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Cools
Soothes
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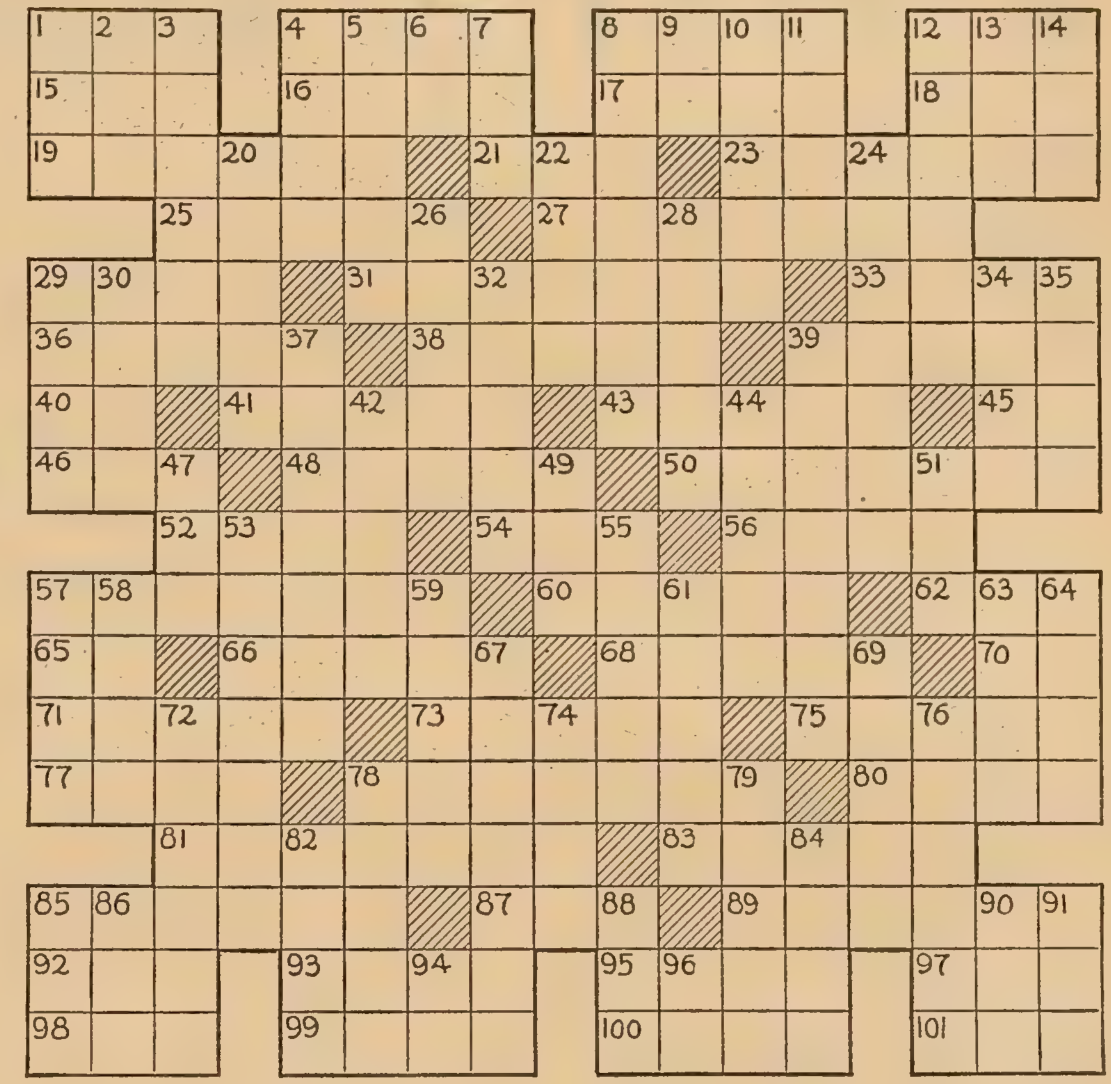
Quick Relief for Sore, Itching, Burning Feet

a liquid SOOTHING Oil of Salt *is better*

At All Druggists

Two New Puzzles:

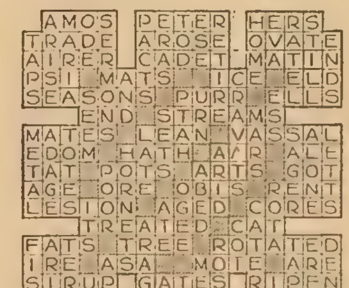


HORIZONTAL

1 By; in place of
4 A lure
8 Man's name
12 Garment of Arabs
15 Constellation
16 Woman's name
17 Wings
18 Rodent
19 Elevated
21 Kind of muffin
23 Progenitor
25 Region of the head of birds (plural)
27 City in Connecticut
29 Old
31 Withdrew
33 Profit
36 Perspiration
38 Pilau (variant)
39 Antiquated
40 Preposition
41 Charlotte Corday's victim
43 Leaf of a calyx
45 French article
46 Man's name
48 Moves by drawing
50 Retreated; retired
52 Small bedstead
54 Goddess of dawn
56 Assistant
57 Foot lever
60 Necktie
62 Succeed
65 Exclamation
66 Chinese weights
68 Unaccented part of a foot (prosody)
70 Compass point
71 A gum
73 Curses
75 Immature equines
77 Hawaiian breechcloth
78 Narrator
80 Plunder
81 Interpolates
83 Snouts of animals
85 Evening
87 Theory
89 Assails
92 Inquire
93 Italian coins
95 At sea
97 Fish spawn
98 Footlike part
99 Den
100 Trial
101 Inebriate

VERTICAL

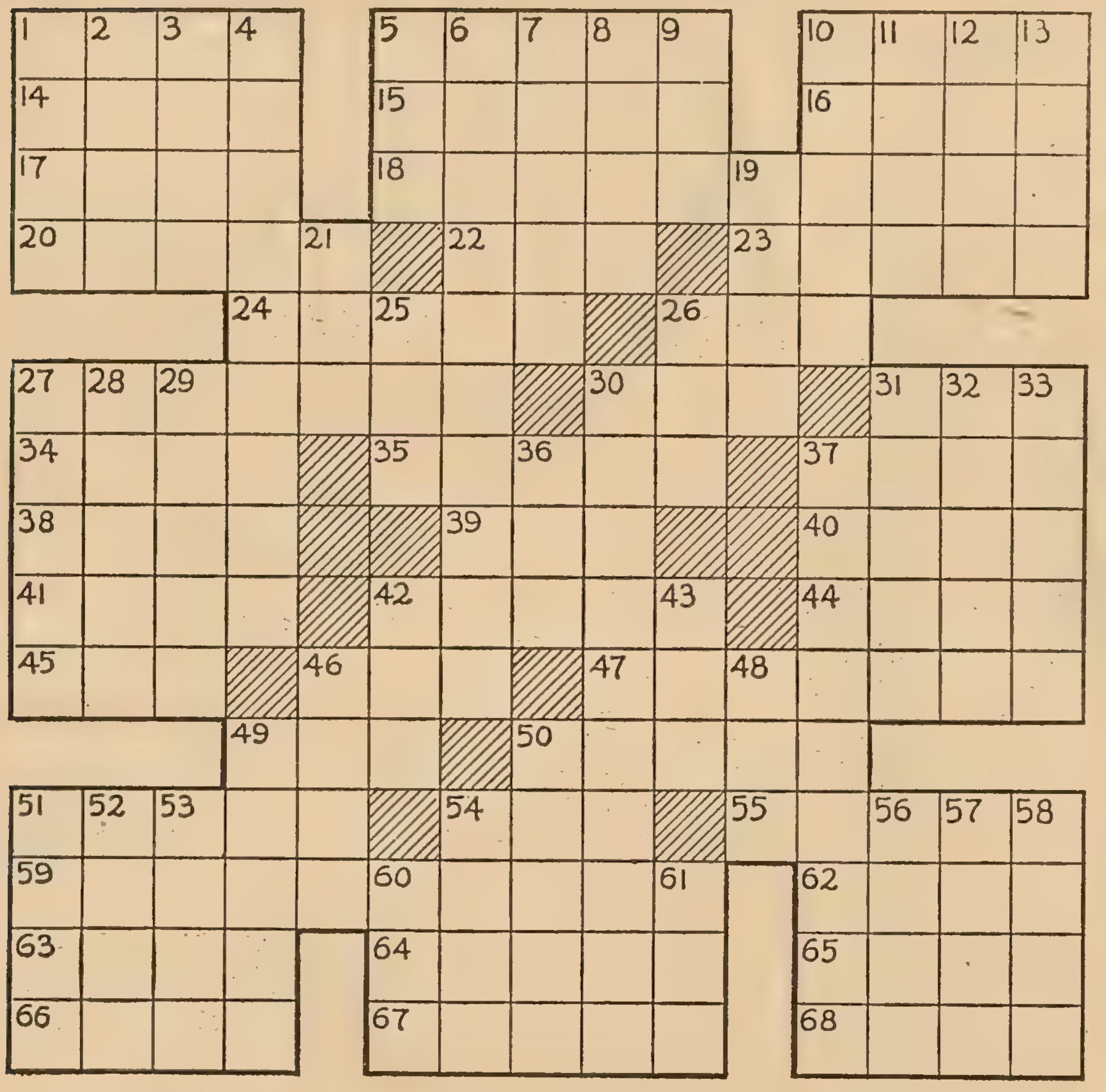
1 Parity
2 Period
3 Uttered reproaches
4 Malt beverage
5 A tree
6 Exists
7 Label
8 Chambers
9 Indian mulberry
10 Fast
11 A metal
12 Spheres of action
13 Forbid
14 Siamese coin
20 Biblical city (Genesis xviii)
22 Man's name
24 Fared sumptuously
26 Part of a flower
28 Allude
29 A continent
30 Firearms
32 Name
34 Island
35 Indigence
37 River in Virginia
39 Pertaining to peace
42 Russian coin
44 A fruit (plural)
47 Playing card
49 A call for help
51 Atmospheric moisture
53 An allowance of provisions (plural)
55 Scarcely sufficient
57 Limited or definite extent of time
58 Ostrich
59 Church officer
61 Criminal burning
63 In
64 Cozy abode
67 A device used in heraldry
69 A fish (plural)
72 Steals away
74 A religious service
76 Unsuccessful contestants
78 Networks (anatomy)
79 Garments
82 Barter
84 Resting place
85 Undermine
86 Employment
88 Entangle
90 Also
91 Put in position
94 Japanese measure of distance
96 The symbol for selenium



AMOS PETER HERS
TRADE AROSE OVATE
AIRER CADET MATIN
PSI MATS ICE ELD
SEASONS PURR ELLS
END STREAMS
MATES LEAN VASSAL
EDOM HATH AIR ALE
TAT POTS ARTS GOT
AGE ORE OBIS RENT
LESION AGED CORES
TREATED CAT
FATS TREE ROTATED
IRE ASA MOTE ARE
SIRUP GATES RIPEN
TASTE ORATE EDICT
NEED NAMES REST

Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

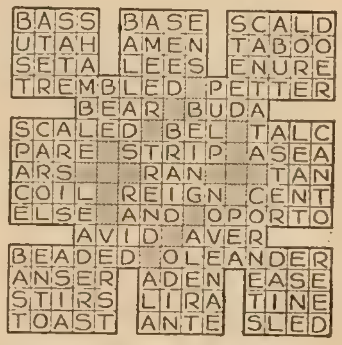


HORIZONTAL

1 The one and the other
5 On or toward the left side of a vessel
10 Let it stand!
14 Chief solid constituent of urine
15 A missile weapon of offense
16 Whimper; whine
17 Comprehended
18 Not excessive or immoderate
20 A town of Tolima Department, Colombia.
22 Devoured
23 Sunken space or court about a building (pl.)
24 A cubic meter
26 Large flatboat
27 More distant
30 An offer, as of a price at an auction
31 A rotating piece in machinery
34 A kingdom of Biblical times
35 Laid level with the ground
37 Puncture
38 To summon before a court
39 Fresh
40 In a line or rank
41 Employer
42 Once more; anew
44 To be deprived of
45 A color
46 Area ten meters square
47 Lyre shaped
49 Topaz humming bird
50 Kind of theater in ancient Greece
51 Cover with reproach or ignominy
54 Crude metal
55 Russian prison
59 Native factotum employed by a foreign establishment
62 Roman highway
63 A source of indigo
64 Vessel belonging to a regular line
65 Woman's name
66 Interpret (poetic)
67 Battery terminal
68 Man's name

VERTICAL

1 Thick densely branched shrub
2 Combining form meaning mountain
3 Syllable indicating addition of ten
4 More comely
5 River in Switzerland
6 Prepare in advance
7 Declaim
8 A flower
9 Cardinal number
10 To arc at the brushes, as a dynamo
11 Hollow cylinder
12 Woman's name
13 Mounds
19 East Indian aromatic plant
21 Coin of an Asiatic country
25 Ever
26 Succor
27 Come again to mind
28 Woman's name
29 Paired, as animals, for breeding
30 Confused; puzzled
31 French painter of landscapes
32 Ascended
33 Cried, as an animal of the feline kind
36 Genus of large grasses having ribbon-shaped leaves
37 A dish of cold boned chicken or veal
42 A constellation
43 Brood of pheasants
46 State to be true
48 A deer
49 Fully sufficient
50 Town in Penobscot County, Maine
51 A cicatrix
52 Stone for sharpening cutting instruments
53 Surrounded or encompassed by
54 Supreme deity of the later Norse pantheon
56 Minute particle
57 Imaginary being, like an elf or fairy
58 Pertaining to a succession of years reckoned from a particular event
60 Wing
61 Sooner than


BASS BASE SCALD
UTAH AMEN TABOO
SETA LEES ENURE
TREMBLED PETTER
BEAR BUDA
SCALED BEL TALC
PARE STRIP ASEA
ARS RAN TAN
COIL REIGN CENT
ELSE AND OPORTO
AVID AVER
BEADED OLEANDER
ANSER ADEN EASE
STIRS LIRA TINE
TOAST ANTE SLED

Answer to last week's puzzle

FLOWER OF LOVE
WEDDING RINGS

For the June Bride's Ensemble

The Flower of Love wedding ring and the matching engagement ring are utterly charming and doubly correct. Made by a House that has devoted 80 years to the creation of wedding rings of everlasting loveliness. Engraved with the perfect symbol of love — the orange blossom. Styled to please the discriminating girl of today. Modestly priced at better jewelers everywhere.

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Fully paid certificates issued in multiples of $100. Dividends in cash semi-annually. No costs or fees.

While under Texas laws dividends cannot be guaranteed, since our organization present dividend rates have been paid with unfailing regularity.

Mail coupon for more information regarding this and other investment plans.

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Alamo Building & Loan Ass'n
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Mr. and Mrs. Killjoy

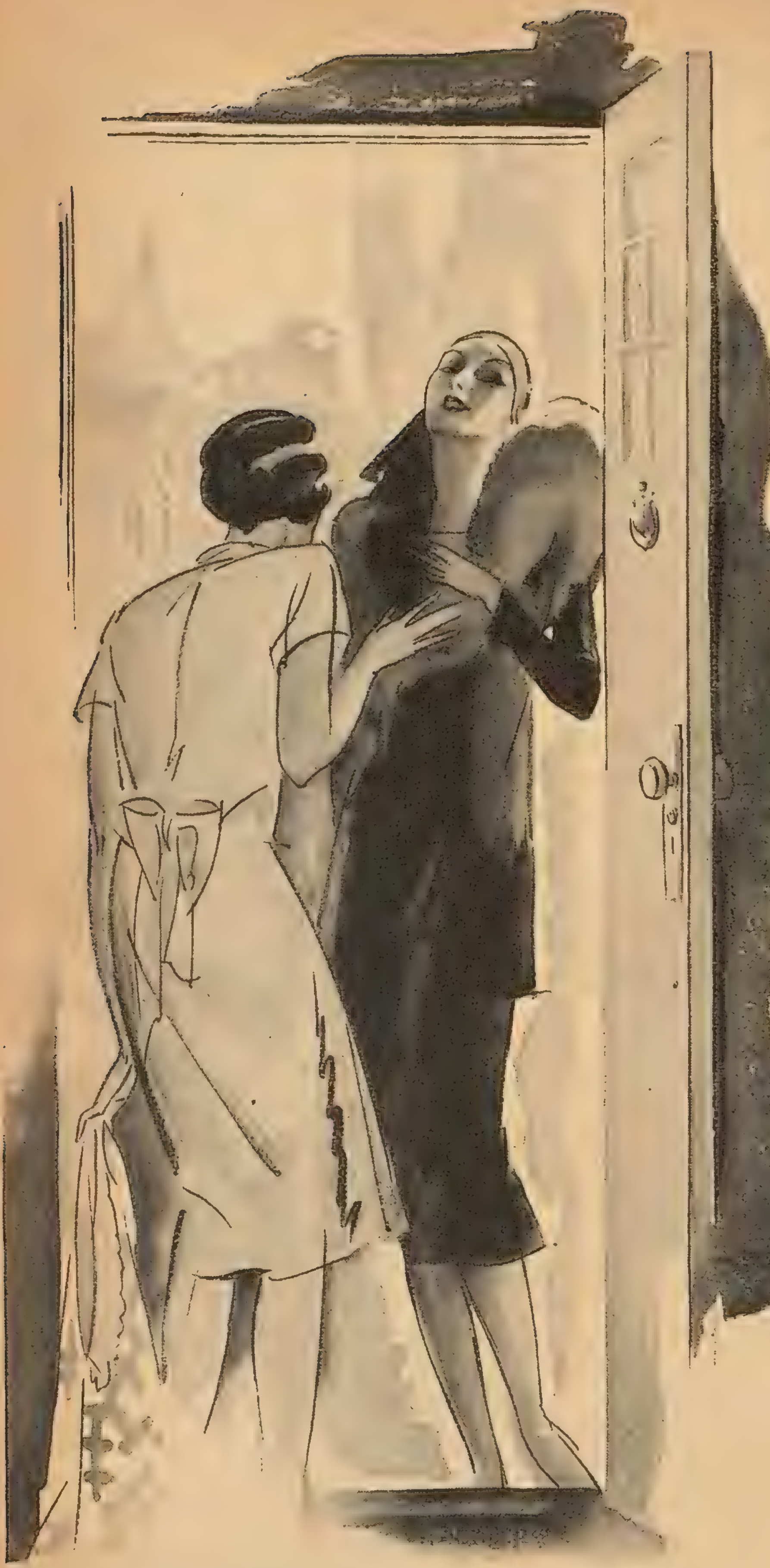
A Story of Suburbia

By

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

who progressed not so long ago from being movie critic for a New York newspaper to acquiring a husband and two small daughters. She was born in Chicago, thinks marriage a career, and likes to write about it.

Pictures by EARL OLIVER HURST



She was deep in pie-making when the knocker sounded. She found Sara, muffled in silver fox, on the doorstep.

ESTHER MASON waited for the 5:30 at Fairacres station. She always met her husband, and "the girls" in Fairacres wondered how she did it. "My dear, she does her own work, you know," Lallie Jeffries used to tell people, opening her tourmaline eyes very wide to indicate pained surprise. Looking at the two of them together at a Woman's Club bridge you never would have suspected that Esther and Lallie had shared a locker in an office only five years before.

Lallie looked—and was—expensive. When boyish cuts were being worn, Lallie's was very ultra, and her clothes that year were the peak of the sports mode. Even her jewelry had a severely mannish air. Her black suits were relieved by the softest of chiffon frills; her perfume was subtle. When high-school chits began to let their locks grow, Lallie, pushing twenty-nine, refused to let them get ahead of her. She was very feminine this season; she had a soft, childish bun of fair hair at her nape, and her dresses fitted her charmingly. She was beginning to put on weight and hated it.

Esther Mason, for her part, followed a pattern for suburban wives. She had a few dark jersey dresses for daytime wear, and her "best" was a black crêpe which she was furiously tired of. But she was too active ever to get fat. Bed making and running up and down stairs to attend to the thousand and one calls of her five-year-old Larry were her insurance against this dreadful possibility.

AS Esther waited for Hunt, watching the crowd of overcoated men carrying folded newspapers and dispatch cases, she saw Jeff and Lallie alight from the steps of one of the club cars. Lallie in a soft, adroit wrap of dark fur. It was too dark for Esther to observe its color, but she knew instinctively that it must be the new sable coat everybody had been buzzing about at the Tennis Club dance Saturday.

"Sable, is that the berries?" Hunt had inquired idly. Esther had looked at him cornerwise to see if he asked the question in dead earnest. "My dear!" she had breathed. Astonishing to realize that a smart young man like Hunt had these limitations. She decided not to tell him just how truly the berries sable was.

"It's considered very fine," she had said drily. Poor darling! Better not tell him that their house and lot hadn't cost quite as much as Lallie's new coat.

She kissed him now, and shifted over into the other seat to let him take the driver's place. The starter rattled and died, and then chortled crossly again before taking hold. The car was four years old and it had been a cheap one to begin with. Esther could see Jeff's big head outlined against the back window of the pearl-gray low-slung motor purring up the hill ahead of them. She frowned a little, remembering that Jeff and Hunt had been used to ride up home together always in the ordinary commuters' coach, five years before, when both couples had come to Fairacres to live. Now Jeff played bridge in a chair seat, and was manager of the Witford advertising office. And Hunt remained an "outside man," carrying a dispatch case to and from the office and working doggedly as he rode. Jeff made what were euphoniously known as contacts. . . .

Maybe, Esther reflected, it was sappy of her and Hunt to live as they did. Noses to the grindstone. Jeff said so, and he was prosperous enough to have a right to talk. But they had their boy to think of now, and the future to consider. They wouldn't always be young; illness might come. Hunt might lose his job. . . .

Esther dismissed this last as fantastic, but it was always wise to consider remote possibilities. The Witford agency, where both men worked, and where Esther and Lallie, in fact, had met their husbands, was one of the most prosperous in New York. Old man Witford was an Iowan, and there was a theory to the effect that any bright youngster from Des Moines could have a job with Rupert Witford for the asking. No, losing their jobs was out. But still Esther and Hunt considered it as a possible calamity. That was the trouble with them, Jeff said. They hadn't any vision, or faith in themselves.

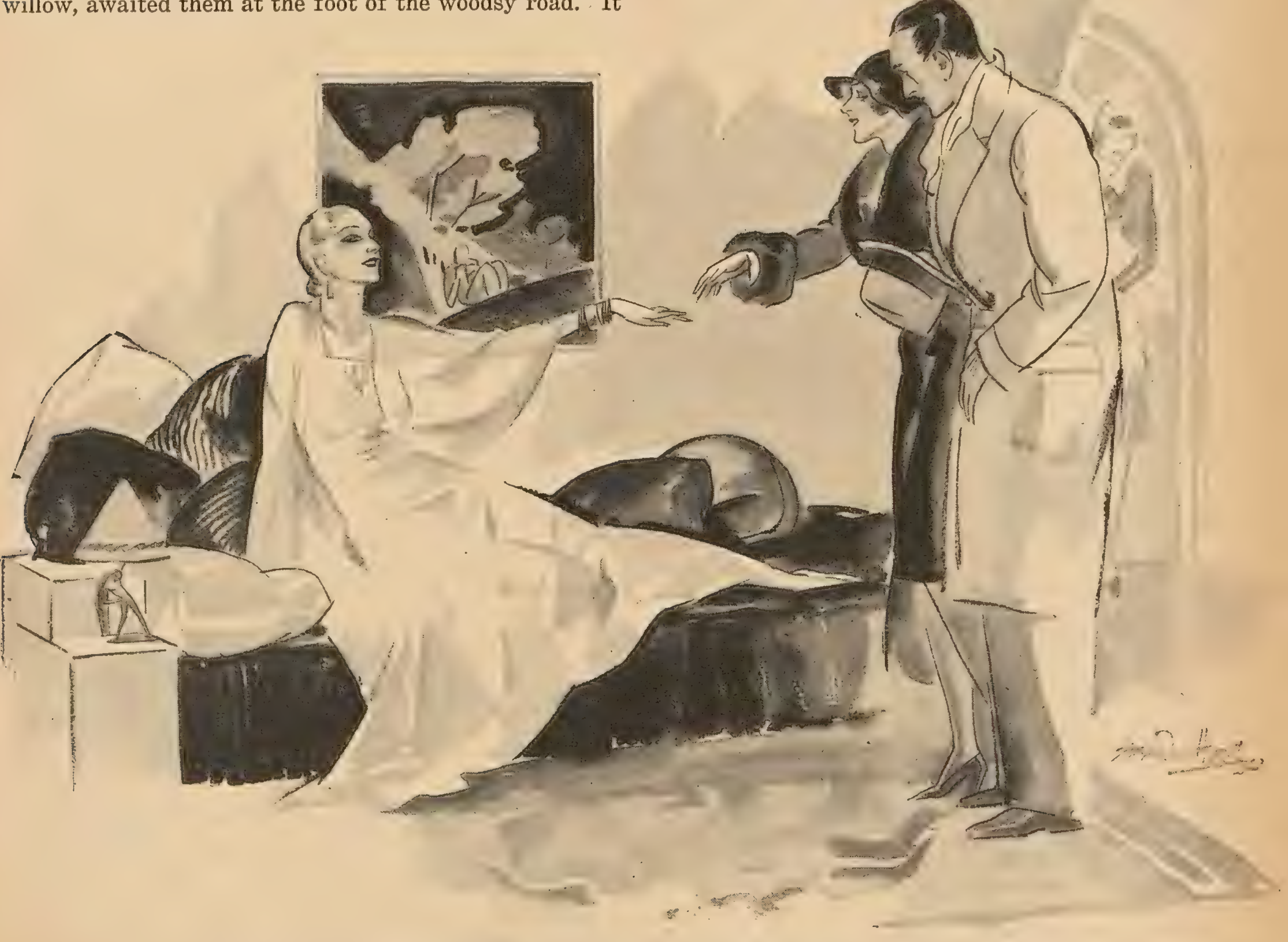
They had paid off their second mortgage grimly, and had begun to invest slowly and painfully in bonds. "None of that stock-market racket for me, thanks," Hunt had said. Stock-market talk bored him. He said, "Poor people can't afford to play with it," and was called old stick-in-the-mud.

ESTHER thought of all this, driving home in the March dusk. Sometimes she wondered, too, if Hunt's caution wasn't a little overplayed. It was so dull, working and saving. You were only young once. . . . Esther remembered her bachelor-girl days, with a passable salary to spend all on herself, waves and manicures and fresh flowers for her room, perfumes and a new hat whenever she had a brain storm. It was different now. She washed dishes, and Lallie had a Chinese boy and a frilled maid and a sable coat.

Their little house, white and secretive in its screen of willow, awaited them at the foot of the woodsy road. It was on the outskirts of Fairacres—the unfashionable section. Jeff and Lallie had long since deserted them for a pseudo-French chalet in Fairacres Manor. There was an expensive landscaping job and there were stalls for three cars. Lallie didn't like to be reminded now that she had worked at Witford's. And she had been clever at her job, too, Esther mused wonderingly. She had been a whiz at layout work—a shabby, eager girl with ink-stained fingers. She wanted to forget that time now—the cafeteria lunches, the mends in her cheap stockings. She was "one of the younger marrieds," talking the latest patter, drinking the latest drinks. She set the pace for half a dozen empty-eyed, enameled young married women in the Manor. They drove down the main street of the village with cigarettes drooping a shade too nonchalantly from their vermilion lips. Usually there was a dog—a wire-haired or a chow—in the roadster's other seat. They wore their finger nails a quarter of an inch too long, and played bridge feverishly and talked servants in the long interval stretching between nine, when the husbands left, and six, when the husbands came home.

Already Jeff and the Colts and the Brainerds (all the men worked at Witford's) were beginning to find the old Tennis Club deadly dull. They were talking of getting together, ten or twelve kindred souls, buying that strip of land out at the point, and putting up a place of their own. Modest, at first. Just a pier and a catboat they could all use. Jeff even had the name all staked out, and had been seeing the Fairacres Bank about mortgage

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Lallie was discovered stretched at length on a black velvet couch. She wafted herself up, slowly and beautifully.

[MR. AND MRS. KILLJOY
Continued from page fifty-three]

arrangements. A few thousand from each man would swing it at the start, he said. They would build a long, low, stone building. Just a slick dance floor and enough lockers. It would mean a private beach for (Jeff called them) the kiddies, and a place where the girls could give their bridge parties.

Hunt announced crassly he couldn't afford it. Jeff's cold glance said “wet blanket.” But Hunt stood his ground. In the beginning he and Esther had been desperately up against it. When the boy had needed that operation, and they had just begun to pay for the house, he had had to borrow. That nightmarish year! He had never forgotten it—the debts dogging his heels.

When Esther thought of all this she decided she didn't mind so much looking like last year's rag bag, while Lallie went Sheba-wise through the town.

At dinner she entertained her husband with bits of gossip, feminine gender.

“Lallie called up this morning to say she'd bought a Chinese rug at the Bigelow auction, and wants us to come over tonight to see it. Ever since Sara Colt began to go early American, Lallie has drummed up a grand passion for orientalia, just to make it harder. She's got a red-lacquer cabinet in her room that would knock your eyes out. It's a comeback, I suspect, for that Governor Winthrop desk Sara paid five hundred dollars for in Greenwich. She's writing a paper about it for the art group of the club.”

They drove with cigarettes drooping from vermilion lips. Usually there was a dog.

Esther enjoyed being catty occasionally. It was one of life's few diversions.

“Lord, these price tags make me sick!” grumbled Hunt over an excellent salad. “The gang never used to be like this. How do they get that way?” There was beginning to be something bitter about the manner in which Esther would retail the girls' conversation. He wouldn't wonder if it “got her” after all. Poor kid, she had to stand a lot of high-hatting nowadays. And what a lot of eyewash it all was, when you came right down to it.

“They've gone plutocrat on us,” Esther explained. “They read the class magazines and believe what they're told. Lallie used to have a brain in her head, or I thought so, at any rate, but she left it on some doorstep when they moved into the Manor. In her crowd, now, it's considered immoral to think. Too bad—she used to be lots of fun.”

Hunt said grimly: “I'm glad you won't mind, then, if you find yourself being left out of their performances when this new club gets under way. We can't accept favors. And it's just as well if you feel the weaning process isn't painful.”

But his brave words were only half-hearted. He looked around the small, shabby dining room with its scuffed mahogany, its cheap, gallant, yellow curtains.

“Ought to give her something better than this,” he thought miserably as Esther went out into the kitchen for the pudding. He felt somehow defeated.

. . . . .

THE frilled maid opened the great oak door for them, and Lallie was discovered stretched at length on a black velvet couch. She wafted herself up, slowly and beautifully, and her little gilt shoes flashed in and out from beneath the folds of what Esther believed was a “hostess gown.” The advertisements said so, anyway.

“Come and help us celebrate,” Lallie cooed. “Jeff made a big clean-up today—International Stores.” She made round eyes of the tourmalines when Hunt said he hadn't heard. He had been so busy. . . .

“Anybody want a snifter?” Jeff inquired from the hall. He had a shaker as tall as a two-year-old child. The Chinese boy followed him with tray and glasses. Jeff wore burnsides. His face was beginning to be faintly jowled.

“Snifters all around,” Lallie said. “My dear, I got it for a mere three hundred.” She meant the Chinese rug. It was in the hall and its mauves and blues were lovely. Hunt regarded it and Lallie, and said to himself, in wonder: “Jeff doesn't make a great deal more than I do. What's the joker?” He began to feel sorry for Esther in her last year's crêpe. “What a punk she must think me,” he mused. “Old Man Caution in person.”

Esther was smiling; she had a look of undaunted interest. Jeff was booming “—on paper, of course, though, I could take my profits now. Decourcey says to hold on a bit—it'll go to four hundred before the week's out. We'll have that yacht yet.” He pinched Lallie's ear.

SARA and Harry Colt blew in, and the Brainerds. The air was full of expensive scent and cigarette smoke and the pungent odor of juniper. The talk flowed on.

“—the sort of thing that looks like a rag in the hand, but when you put it on, it's simply divine. . . .”

“—only seventy dollars a case. I told him to save a boatload. . . .”

“—going to get Percy Strange in Fifty-seventh Street to do the room up. Early French. . . .”

“—and I said, well, Ma'mselle, either you do it my way, or we'll have to make a change. . . .”

“—a three-carat emerald, she says. Personally, I prefer a star sapphire. . . .”

“—thought perhaps I'd get a silver fox. . . .”

That was the women's corner. Esther sat on the fringe. There didn't seem to be any contribution she could make. She had spent her day running the vacuum cleaner, planning meals, and had had time to sandwich in a little reading. None of this would have interested the women in Lallie's drawing-room. She began to be bored; the stiff set smile hurt her mouth. Good heavens, she thought, how dull it all is! She had a sudden flash-back of Lallie in inked kid gloves, arguing passionately about George Bellows.

Sara was talking about her children's nurse. When Helen Brainerd had imported Ma'mselle last fall, Sara had been “wild” until she had countered with a fräulein. Now Helen sat tapping her foot with marked impatience as Sara held the floor. She could scarcely wait for Sara to be done. After all, she often said rather bitingly, she thought it definitely unpatriotic of the Colts to have taken on a German girl so soon after the war and all. She resented Sara; the fräulein seemed to be stealing Ma'mselle's thunder.

All the crowd's evenings were like this, Esther reflected. She sat back and thought her own thoughts. Lallie contented herself with looking infinitely superior—Lallie, who prided herself on not being “the maternal type.” “Whatever that is,” muttered Esther.

She could catch a glimpse of herself, a foreshortened one, in the hall mirror. Her hair was roughened; it needed a trim. She put her hands out of sight self-consciously. Why was it, she thought, irrelevantly, that women always seemed to be needing help in the simple matter of lighting their cigarettes? Was this the new freedom? Lallie had a languorous, compelling way of saying, “Give me a cigarette, somebody,” that made men stand at attention. Besides, it gave her a chance to exhibit her exotic nails. But that's not being emancipated, thought Esther, faintly scornful. It occurred to her that she was carrying on a purely one-sided debate in which no one was interested.

In the men's corner other talk flowed.

“—margining, of course. The only way. . . .”

"—straight tip on Franceways Motors. Take it from me, that's galloping right along."

Esther rose. "I'm so sorry," she said. "But we must be home by ten. The little Brian girl's staying with Larry and she's got an early class up at the high school tomorrow." Lallie never knew how near she was to destruction for saying, in honeyed tones, "My dear, how dreadful for you to be so tied down!" Her manner defied Esther to remind her they had ever collected wage envelopes together.

"My ears are burning," said the incensed Mrs. Mason, homeward bound. Hunt didn't seem to know what she meant. Men are like that.

"Can't you just hear them?" demanded his wife. "*Too bad Hunt and Esther have turned out to be such killjoys. We can't help it if they live like snails, can we?*" Her mimicry sounded diabolically alive.

"It's getting you," gloomed Hunt. "I knew it would."

Ground was broken for the Star Point Beach Club in April. There were pictures in the village paper of Jeff and Harry and Ray Brainerd. There was a closeup of Lallie daintily holding aloft the shovel with which the first sand had been overturned. Then Lallie went to Asheville to rest from these ardors and endurances, and Sara and Harry took a flying European trip.

The Masons and their small son made a duty visit to Iowa in July, but even so far from Fairacres they could not escape echoes of the Jeffries triumphs.

"—three bathrooms and a Chinese boy in a white coat," shrilled Lallie's great-aunt at a tea party. "I never heard tell of such nonsense."

"Their dry cleaner's bill alone is about sixty dollars a month," murmured an impressed neighbor. "And her mother says Lallie throws away a cup if there's so much as a crack in it."

HER cousin Belle took up the refrain. "You never saw people live in such grand style," she said, quietly proud. "All summer long, whether they're home or not, they keep two in help. Lallie says the servants often order squab for themselves. She doesn't mind—she likes them to be happy. There's no end to the money. I declare, they live like Rockefeller himself."

Esther allowed herself the luxury of one small giggle.

"You can't buy a squab for a dime," she said demurely. But the cousin only frowned at this irrelevance and went on with her Arabian Nights tale.

In September the beach club had a grand opening. It was a bit late in the season, but the owner-members were none the less triumphant. Esther and Hunt were bidden to the festivities. Curiously enough, the more prosperous crowd seemed to feel the occasion would be incomplete without the presence of the dissenters. Hunt dutifully admired the house, the beach, the pier.

"And it's exclusive, darn it, that's the real beauty of it," gloated Jeff. Old Mr. Witford, the czar of the agency, had been lured down for the party. It was felt by Jeff and the rest that it was a stroke of diplomacy, letting the Old Man see just what sort of distinguished niche his lieutenants were making for themselves in "exclusive Westchester," as it is sometimes quaintly called.

"How come you're not in on this?" challenged Mr. Witford, finding Hunt lounging rather disconsolately on the terrace. Hunt said in a harsh tone, "Can't afford it, sir. That's about the size of it."

Lallie Jeffries, overhearing, shook her head with womanly disapproval. If Hunt Mason were her husband, she thought, she'd teach him better manners. How stupid of him not to realize that he needed front, especially in the advertising business. She was glad that she'd been able to help Jeff in his important contacts.

"IT'S a grand place," Esther said generously to her hostess. Lallie gushed, "We want you to feel *perfectly* free to bring Larry to play on the beach any time." She was the great lady opening her grounds to the peasantry. Esther stiffened. "Oh, the village beach does very nicely," she said. Lallie allowed an expression of womanly sympathy to flit over her charmingly tinted face. "My dear," she cooed, "we all think you're the *bravest* thing!"

Esther fled. Her going was in the nature of a rout. What she might have said if she'd stayed doesn't bear printing. . . .

October came, and Esther Mason idly noticed, as she read her morning Tribune, that there were flurries of a sort in Wall Street. She didn't pay much attention to them. She couldn't read Chinese, and news of the stock market affected her in much the same way as the inscription on the jade god in Sara's study. She hadn't seen Lallie since the night of the beach-club opening. Sara ran in occasionally, but her visits were now few and far between. She had an English *nana* for the twins now, she said. There was something about the purity of the English diction. . . .

That was the day five-year-old Larry, playing with the Androne children, who lived on the edge of the woods in the Italian quarter, learned to say: "I breaka you head, you big bum!" Esther almost wept. She said: "Your diction isn't what it used to be, my darling, and it never was."

When Hunt got off the train, he said, with some show of excitement, "The bottom's dropped out."

"Out of what?" Esther wanted to know.

"Out of the market, sap," he said affectionately. "Can't you read? Jeff and Harry were on the phone all morning, hot on the trail of their brokers. Jeff has been babbling about repercussion. There seems to be something rotten in dear old Wall Street."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Boys!

PLAY BALL with

Arthur Turnbull (Mich.) tries out the ball and glove he received free.

Free Equipment

OH BOY! Here's your chance to get [illegible] your baseball equipment free! [illegible] alive—what equipment! League balls that streak straight for the fence when met by your rugged bat. And what bats! Built for hard smashing drives they're sure to raise your batting average higher than a kite. Dandy gloves that snare the fastest liners. You can have all of them and more *free!* The eyes of all the fellows in the neighborhood will pop out when they see what you get from our big free catalog containing more than 350 corking prizes. Mail the coupon below for full details and we will tell you how you can get these prizes—*and earn money at the same time too.* Don't delay!

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Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen. I want to make money and earn prizes.

NAME.................................. AGE......

ADDRESS..

CITY........................ STATE..........

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here

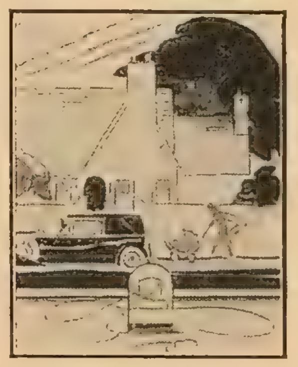
....

MR. AND MRS. KILLJOY
Continued from page fifty-five

"But they've already made pots of money," Esther reminded him. "What on earth are they stewing about?"

"Jeff bought a bunch of that Motors stock you've heard him talk of, on margin. Of course, he could have sold out several weeks ago and had a nice little profit, but he was hanging on, hoping for a blooming miracle. Now he seems to be pretty well cleaned."

Esther shook her head. High finance gave her a headache. But, of course, she remarked, they couldn't be in a bad way, since they had the house and all the valuable things it contained. They were scarcely in the pauper class yet.



Hunt said, no, of course, they weren't. But she knew how people shrieked when they were hurt in their pocketbooks, didn't she? Jeff would be all right. He always was.

Esther refused to regard the matter seriously. She went on making beds and sending out laundry, quite as if a cataclysm weren't shaking the world. She was deep in pie making when the knocker sounded one morning.

She snatched off a floured apron to answer, and found Sara, muffled in silver fox, on the doorstep. Sara was pale and her lipstick had not been applied any too carefully. "My dear, how nice," said Esther. "Come out and watch me."

Sara followed her into that shining kitchen and, as usual, said discontentedly: "Your house is spotless. I don't see how you do it. My two wretches . . ."

Then she laughed, a shrill, somewhat unpleasant-sounding laugh. "Not that I'll be complaining about them much longer," she cried. "I'll be giving them notice tomorrow."

Esther looked receptive. She had learned not to ask too many questions.

"We're cleaned, my dear, and that's all there is to it," said Sara with affected carelessness. "All washed up, Harry says. Back to the beginning—just where we started from."

She began to cry in little hysterical gasps. "It's all our own fault," she said between gulps. "This wretched merry-go-round we've got into." Then she dried her eyes with a yellow chiffon handkerchief which had cost her husband a day's pay. She said, in a hard voice, "But we're not the only ones. Jeff and Lal are losing the house! Hadn't you heard? They'd counted on putting up that stock as half-yearly payment. Collateral, or whatever you call it. Now the stuff's worth absolutely nothing. They're getting out the first. We all," said Sara with an air of conscious rectitude, "thought they'd bitten off more than they could chew when they bought the darned thing."

She had wanted the Jeffries house herself, first, but had been talked out of it. She could afford to be virtuous.

"We're going to rent ours, furnished, and move into town for a while," she said in parting. "Near the park. . . . Oh, I don't know—it may not be so bad. The twins are charmed; they never liked *nana*. She has the biggest nose!"

Her spirits had quite revived.

LALLIE and Jeff, with their customary ability to make whatever state they enjoyed seem the most desirable one, spoke dramatically of The Crash and were nonchalant about their changed fortunes. Whatever they may have said to each other behind locked doors Fairacres could only guess. Lallie's enameled surface took on a challenging hardness. Jeff still rode in the club car, as one determined not to haul down his banners. The house was being dismantled. Foreclosure was not mentioned openly, but catty people were about to suggest that not so much as a stone in the pseudo-Spanish fireplace now belonged to the Jeffries.

Nor had the final blow fallen.

Old Man Witford gathered his staff together the Saturday after Christmas, fitting time for a conference. Hunt had heard rumors of changes; he was prepared for the worst that might befall him. Jeff sat at the foot of the long board-room table. He exuded well-being, was as jaunty as ever. The Old Man began to speak. He had a shrunken, an angry look. Hunt, leaning his head morosely on his hand, only half listened. He felt wretched. Of course, he could probably get another job (no doubt about that), and if the ax were about to fall, it might as well do so now. The Old Man droned on.

"—certain things . . . brought to my attention." Old bore, thought Hunt, ungratefully. Can't he get to the point ever?

Then he sat up. The Old Man was using his buttery voice now. He was looking straight ahead. Not at Jeff, who toyed with a paper knife, making little dents in the pink memorandum pad before him. ". . . certain changes to be made," the Old Man was saying. "Mr. Jeffries . . . very sorry to have him resign, but in view of the general altered condition of business . . . cutting down the staff . . . putting a new man in charge. . . ."

He was looking at Hunt now. His bright little, beady little blue eyes were boring into Hunt. "Mr. Mason will be your new chief," he was saying.

Hunt never knew how that uncomfortable meeting broke up. He was seeing Jeff's big, surprised, red face all the way home. . . .

"I CAN'T see why, even yet," he told Esther later that night. "Except, from what Mr. Witford said to me afterward, he's blaming the market for his own difficulties. He's hipped on the subject and sore at Jeff for having had a part in it, keeps muttering about how he hates a high-flyer. Says he wants someone in charge conservative enough to keep his feet on the ground."

Esther murmured something sympathetic.

"It's like hitting a man when he's down," Hunt complained. "Smacking him in the face when he's already had too many wallops." He looked at Esther for comfort. "Lord knows what might happen to Jeff," he said. "That resigning stuff was all eyewash—everybody understands that. He was given the old air, and it was a big surprise to him. He's a temperamental cuss, and people are jumping off skyscrapers every day for less."

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were you," said Esther reassuringly. "Jeff has too much sense."

"I've known him since we were that high," Hunt pursued, measuring an infinitesimal distance from the ground. "Sure, he's high-hatted me a lot. But what the hell?" He went upstairs, arguing still.

Esther heard him, a few minutes later, at the extension telephone. "—want to buy that membership you spoke to me about, after all," he said. "And, by the way, don't let Mr. Jeffries know, just now, who's bought it. I'd rather not have him know. I have a special reason."

"You don't mind if I sell two of our Public Utilities to buy that beach-club membership?" he asked Esther. "It's a darned sound investment, anyway."

"No, I think it would be fun," Esther told him politely.

Jeff came breezing in on Sunday morning. "I guess you people haven't heard the big news," he boomed. "I've had a big offer from the Folke people in Boston. Couldn't afford to turn it down. Lal thinks we've outgrown Fairacres, anyway. It's a pretty cheesy place. I mean, it's really sort of a dub town." His glance defied them to challenge this. "Can't be parked in the same hole forever, can we, old stick-in-the-mud?" He meant Hunt.

They watched his dwindling figure as he swung down the road. He was jaunty in his London coat; his stick rotated and came down smartly on each off beat.

"That two thousand I paid Bliss is all the money he has in the world," ruminated Hunt. "I hope he hangs on to it for a while. He may need it."

"Why didn't you tell him you'd wired your uncle about that Boston job?" asked Esther. "He would have rubbed it in on you if the tables were turned."

"Me do Jeff a snide trick like that?" demanded her husband, aghast at this suggestion. "Whatever I may be, woman, I'm no killjoy."

THE END

Are YOU *Wet or Dry?*

Nemesis

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I am dry. Those who drink, and suffer the consequences in death, blindness, paralysis, etc., have no claim on our sympathy. —*Mrs. M. Hallock.*

Mrs. M. Hallock

Where Uncle Sam Stumbled

PALATKA, FLA.—If a man in a hurdle race tried to make his horse jump a hurdle that was twice too high for it, that would not only be wasted effort, but someone would be apt to be hurt. The government, with prohibition, tried to jump too big a hurdle, and failed.—*Mrs. Fannie M. Le Pla.*

The Logic of Prohibition

BISMARCK, N. D.—To charge the prohibition law with responsibility for the present crime wave is as senseless as to blame our laws against murder for the thousands of murders committed in our country.—*C. F. Strutz.*

How About Food?

ELSMERE, DEL.—More people die from overeating in one year than have ever died from overdrinking, but who has the right to say how much or what kind of food we shall eat?—*W. W. Siebert.*

W. W. Siebert

Salvation from Ourselves

BAYSIDE, L. I.—I am for prohibition because prohibition is for you: I said *for* you and not *against* you, its purpose being to save you from yourselves and that ancient enemy—booze!—*Edna Buckler.*

"More Christian Than Christ"

APPLETON, WIS.—A mere parcel of dry reformers, who want to be more Christian than Christ, seem to have put prohibition across. —*Sylvester Van Berkel.*

Laws for the Weak

ADA, OKLA.—I am wet because I loathe a lie, and thousands who vote dry are drinking.

Also, I object to being forced to live by laws that are necessary only to govern the weak.

I refuse to be denied a glass of wine or spirits decently enjoyed—because another man can't abstain from making an indecent spectacle of himself.

Let the country make laws for the strong and let the strong help the weak, but not be forced to live by their standards, and so will we raise men and women of great strength of character, and not criminals and weaklings.—*T. E. Laselle.*

T. E. Laselle

Liberty Is Paying $1,000 a Week for the Best Answers to This Question

$50 *APIECE this week to the writers of twenty letters.*

So many good replies are still coming in that we decided to print twenty again this time, instead of ten, as before.

Have you sent us your views?

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard. Simply tell whether or not you believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States. Write as often as you wish. Literary skill will not count at all, but brevity will count.

Address Prohibition, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

The Rights of Others

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Prohibition has ceased to be a matter of personal liberty. Personal liberty ends where one's action begins to interfere with the rights of another.—*Dr. T. O. Pierce.*

Open to Wet Conversion

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I am dry. But show me one man who is a better citizen because he drinks, and I will vote wet.—*Mrs. Hugh Bailie.*

The Proof of Failure

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I believe the most forceful antiprohibition argument that could be made is that, after many years of futile effort by the Federal authorities, at an expenditure of billions of dollars and a sacrifice of hundreds of innocent lives, intoxicants can be purchased just as easily as in the days of the open saloon.—*Edward A. Parkman.*

Edward A. Parkman

A Woman's Query

KOKOMO, IND.—If prohibition is to blame for increase in crime, then why did we not live in a Utopia previous to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment?—*Helen V. Martin.*

Analysis

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Today, America is divided into those who are wet, and those who talk dry.—*William J. Kiernan.*

Hooch and Heroin

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Nobody suggests as a remedy for increasing drug addiction that the laws prohibiting the traffic be repealed. That "logic" is reserved for the situation of an increase of consumption of contraband liquor. The enforcement of the prohibition law is the only course open to a government which has its people's welfare at heart.—*Marguerite M. Tinsley.*

Marguerite M. Tinsley

In Brief

BOSTON, MASS.—I am wet because I like to be consulted and respected—rather than insulted and inspected.—*M. J. Murphy.*

Candidates for Side Shows

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am a dry. In the old days there were many saloon streets in this city on which no respectable woman would venture because of the drunks, bums, and loafers. Today, a drunk on the streets attracts as much attention as a circus freak would.—*W. H. Gardiner.*

Prohibition Is a Religion

COLUMBUS, OHIO — A reform that makes a government poison its own citizens and sacrifices every human right upon the altar of its sacred statute is too much for me.—*N. J. Coyle.*

N. J. Coyle

Radios vs. Red Noses

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Nowadays each family has a car and a radio, and most of the modern conveniences, whereas in the pre-Volstead days the father had a beer mug and a red nose.—*Helen Haag Townsend.*

A Victim Speaks

EVANSTON, ILL.—I am sincerely wet. My patriotism shivers from long superficial domination by self-deceived bigots suffering from a fanatical epidemic of meddler's itch.—*J. T. Callaway.*

These Changing Times

APALACHICOLA, FLA.—I am wet. Ten years ago a lawbreaker was pretty much of an outcast in America. Ten years ago a drunken woman was considered a disgrace. Today she is considered a joke.—*Winifred Kimball.*

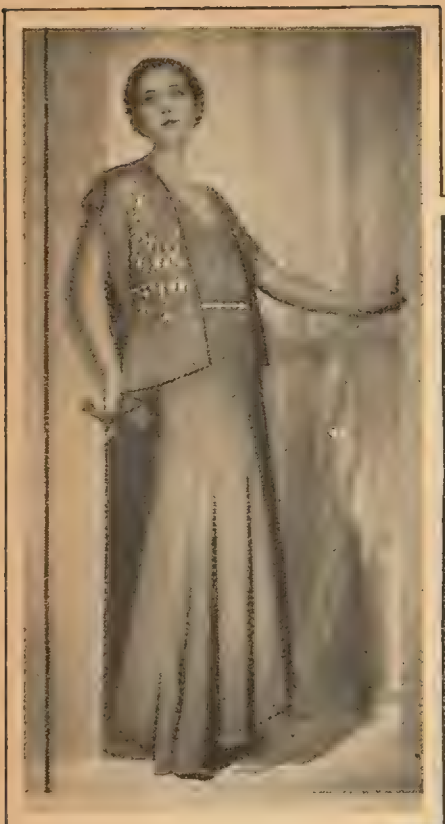
And in Conclusion

CHICAGO, ILL.—The dry law can't be enforced, therefore it is bad, they say. Well, can the speed law be enforced any better?—*Mrs. Mildred Miles Roberts.*

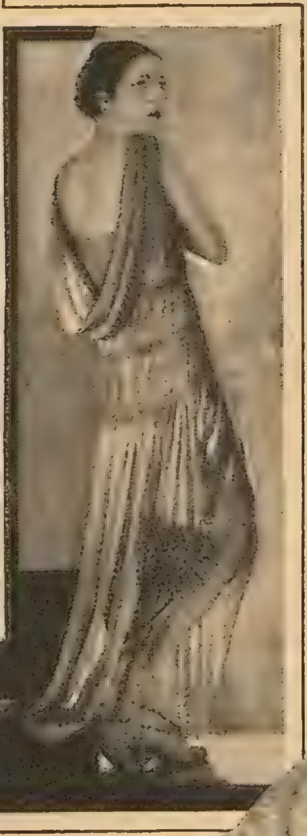
Mildred M. Roberts

Goddess Girls of Paris

By Bettina Bedwell



A dinner ensemble of Irish green crêpe and brilliants, having a draped jacket.



Above, at the right, a Greek evening gown of blue and green printed chiffon that comes from Lanvin.

Paris.

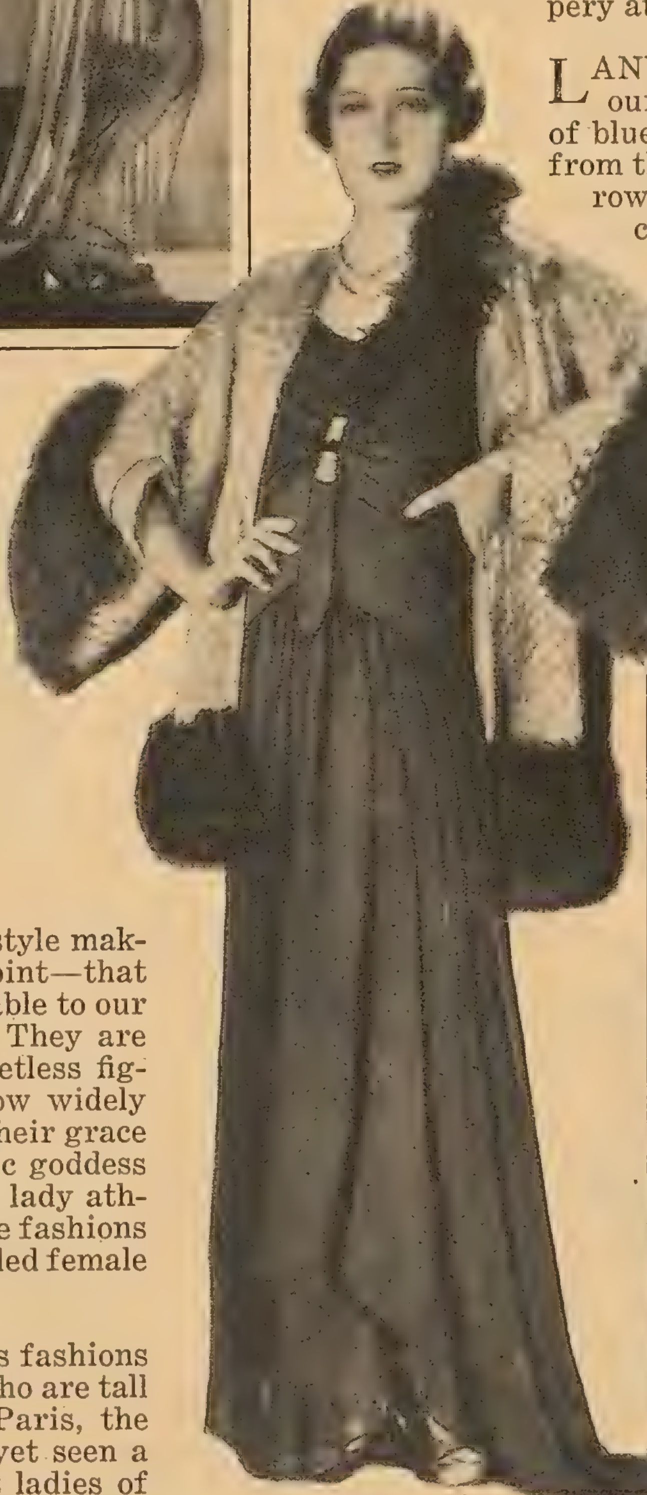
PARIS-MADE goddesses are beginning to appear around the night clubs of the French capital. They dance in the Ritz ballroom and dine in the Bois. The modern Greek mode is out in smart society.

Jeanne Lanvin, who began sculpturing Greek draperies in chiffon early this spring while some others of the Paris style makers scoffed, has proved her point—that these clothes are eminently suitable to our own and onliest machine age. They are beautifully adapted to the corsetless figure. They have skirts that flow widely enough for lively steppers, and their grace of line is perfect for the athletic goddess girls of today, as it was for the lady athletes of ancient Athens. They are fashions for the free woman and no shackled female could get away with them.

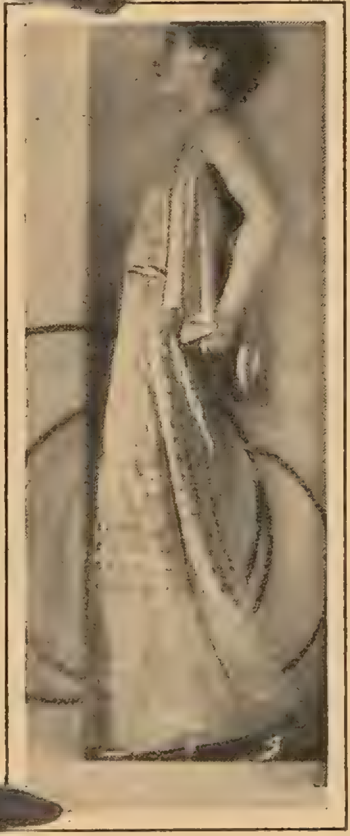
CRITICS of the Greek in Paris fashions have said that only women who are tall can wear them. As worn in Paris, the contrary is proved. I haven't yet seen a midget in Greek draperies, but ladies of assorted sizes all look very charming therein. The woman who is not slender in the modern sense can wear Lanvin's classic evening gowns supremely well, and so, of course, can her slimmer sister. There is no way of enhancing a silhouette line that is better than the draped line, and no better draperies have been discovered than those bequeathed us by ancient Greece.

At the moment the Greek element in fashion is confined to evening clothes, but it looks as if there might be a Greek invasion of the afternoon. Suzanne Talbot has made daytime clothes along these lines. What will happen to them remains to be seen and will bear watching. Certainly draped clothes for daylight hours are coming to the front ranks of Paris fashions.

The way in which Lanvin adapts Greek draperies to evening clothes is shown in our illustrations. The Greek influence in the ensemble shown in our first photograph is confined to the jacket. This ensemble is made of Irish green georgette. The frock is cut in diagonal bands that flare into circular movement in the skirt. It has a narrow jeweled girdle. The jacket is embroidered in jewels to match the belt and has the very short, very wide Greek sleeves which are cut in one with the Greek drapery at the jacket back.



This quilted silver cloth coat, trimmed with black fox, is worn with a black chiffon frock. Lanvin.



A strikingly beautiful Greek evening frock of white chiffon with silver bands.

LANVIN'S most Greek dinner dress is shown in our second photograph. This dress is made of blue and green printed chiffon. It is shirred from the shoulders and is banded with three narrow bands in the Greek manner, these bands crossing in front in the classic fashion. Greek drapery softens the back décolletage. The full skirt is instep length all around, and Lanvin places clusters of looped silk cord at the sides of the skirt on a line with the knees.

The center photograph shows a Lanvin dinner ensemble with a frock of black chiffon having a very long gathered skirt trailing slightly at the sides. The bodice is shirred under a jeweled fob at the front, and has a band of looped silk cords on the left shoulder.

The exceedingly graceful coat of this ensemble is made of silver cloth, quilted in a small diamond-shaped pattern. Its sleeves are very flaring from the elbows, and have patches of black fox fur to increase the effect of width. There is also a band of black fox at the bottom of the wrap.

Another of Lanvin's most exquisite modern Greek frocks is shown in the picture at the immediate left. This is a frock of white chiffon, made of shirred bands attached to straight bands of silver. The very wide chiffon hem is plain. There is a twisted girdle of silver cloth, and the bodice is softened by flaring chiffon panels placed at the shoulders, falling gracefully to just below the waistline. The whole effect of this frock is a truly classical simplicity.

For Valor

A New For the Love o' Lil

TALK-TALK-TALK! The news spread from neighbor to neighbor in Lil's home town. There hadn't been a thing so choice to enlarge upon since the mayor unlocked the community chest in January. The important discovery of the ninth planet back in March made no impression at all. But the big news that Gwendolyn Smithers and Ulysses Jenkins had been nearly attacked by a dog—this had been turned at once into verbal headlines.

This week's cover picture.

"Sure," Mrs. Ward's washerwoman mumbled between the clothespins in her mouth, "I seen it happen. I wuz scrubbin' Mr. Ward's linen golf pants when I heard Peter growl. I looked out the window an' screamed. There he wuz goin' for them kids. Wuz I scared? Glory be—them two precious kids! I hid me eyes in me apron. Then Mrs. Ward whistled and Peter come back into the house. I wuz that happy I give him the left-over ham."

"And the kids?" the next-door gardener asked through the tall wire fence. "What about 'em?"

"The kids? Brave as David. They threatened that big mutt with their darlin' little fists."

The gardener rolled down his sleeves and took out his smelly pipe. He picked up his dull sickle and went around the corner to the hardware store.

"Didja hear about the Smithers kid an' that Jenkins boy?" he asked as the sickle zizzed and sparkled on the grindstone. "The Wards' police dog attacked them!"

"Do tell!" the store proprietor said, hoping a customer would come in soon. "Will the Jenkins and Smithers sue the Wards? They're all rich."

"They probably will," the gardener nodded. Then he paid a dime for fifteen screw eyes, a nickel for a sheet of sandpaper, and wandered home.

The proprietor jumped with glee when he heard the next footstep. Then he jumped to his feet. It was Mrs. Knapp, a neighborhood gossip.

"A dustless duster," she ordered, bustling in.

"The Jenkins boy and the Smithers girl were attacked by the Wards' dog," he said, wrapping up the duster. "They were bitten."

"Oh—oh—oh!" she gasped. "That means lawsuits! Not to mention trouble all around."

"The dog didn't have rabies, but—"

"*Rabies?*" she called out. "*Horrible!*" And out she flounced, the gossip tickling her tongue. She met little Miss Lundy in front of the church, and caught her arm with the agility of a hen catching a beetle. "The Jenkins and Smithers children were mangled by the Wards' dog. Lawsuits and land knows what—well, you know what hydrophobia means!"

By late afternoon, when the news reached Lil, U. had been chewed to hash and the Smithers had sued the Wards for twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Oh!" she moaned, sinking to a porch chair. "Call up my husband. Call up my— *Darling!*" she yelled. U. and Gwen had suddenly appeared from nowhere. She beckoned them in, adding an *s* to another *darling*.

"I got scared, I got scared," U. said.

"I pr'tected him," Gwen said. "He cried for mamma, but I kicked my foot at that old dog—"

"I used to think you were bad," Lil told her, picking her up on her lap. "Now I think you're good—and very brave. This is for valor," she added, kissing her.

(Next week's cover adventure: Junk for Sale)

Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming
CLARK

JANTZEN
FAVORED SWIMMING SUIT OF THE CONTINENT

From the cool green waters of Falsterbo to the Riviera and the sapphire-blue Mediterranean, even the most casual of onlookers is impressed by the Continental vogue for Jantzen swimming suits. Long known as the preferred suit of our own country, Jantzen quickly, surely, won the favor of smartly-clad sun-bathers and swimmers the world 'round.

A conquest merited, certainly, because Jantzen combines so completely those things the world—and you—have always wanted in a swimming suit. Style—last minute, authentic, strikingly individual. Colors—rich, alluring, truly exquisite! And perfect fitting qualities always; a suit that becomes a very part of you and makes swimming a sheer delight!

You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

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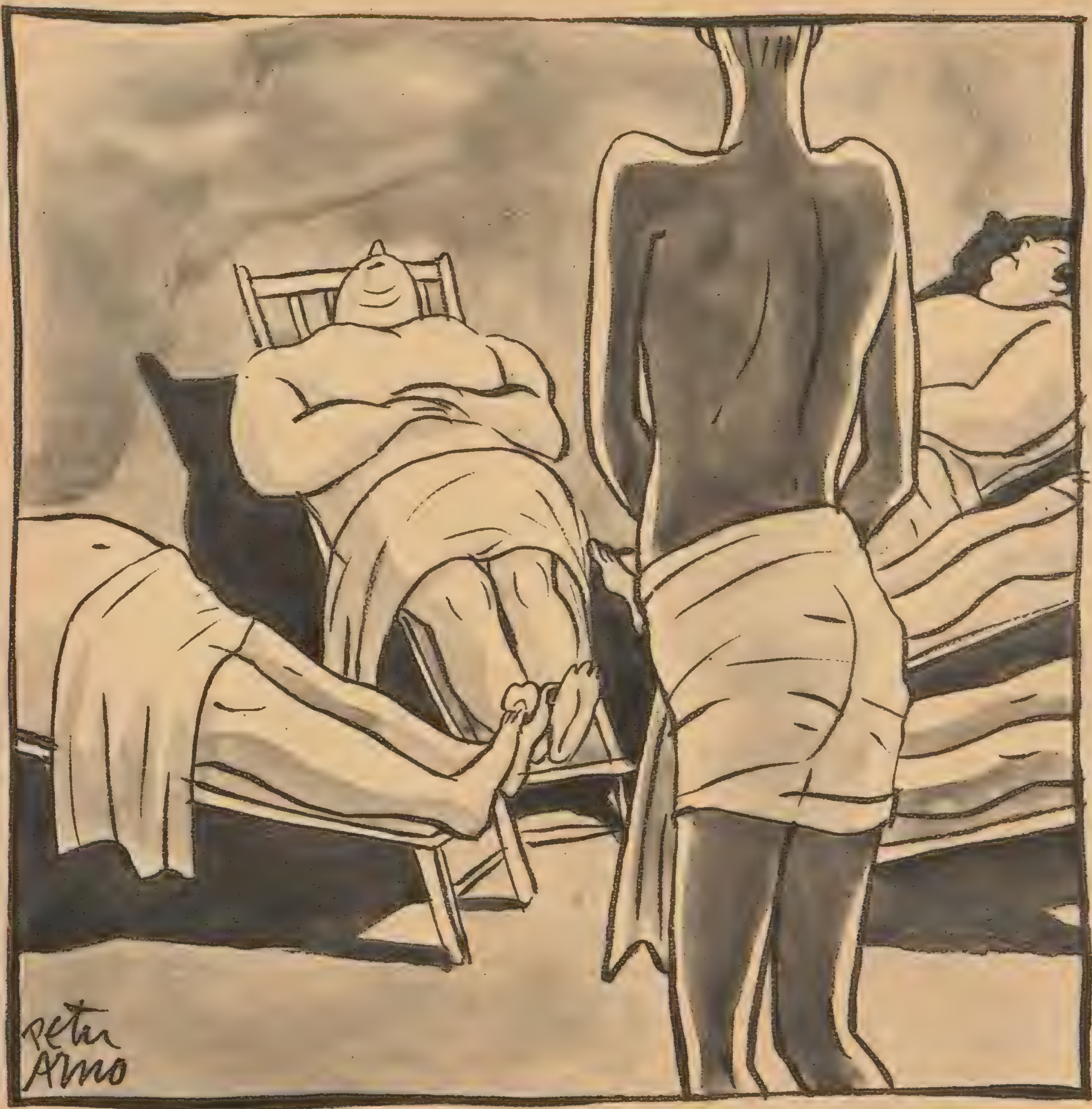


No matter how far along you have allowed your figure to get, there are always half a dozen which make yours look like that of a discobolus.

Sporting Life *in* America

Turkish Bathing

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

ONE of the more violent forms of exercise indulged in by Americans today is Turkish-bath sitting. This invigorating activity has almost entirely replaced the old-fashioned tree chopping and hay pitching which used to work our fathers up into such a rosy glow and sometimes land them in an early grave. Turkish-bath sitting has the advantage of not only making you perspire freely, but of giving you a chance to get your newspaper read while perspiring. And you can catch cold just as easily after a Turkish bath as you ever could after pitching hay. Easier.

A man seldom thinks of taking Turkish baths until it is too late. It is usually at that time of life when little diamonds of white shirt have begun peeping out between the buttons of his vest, or when those advertisements showing men with a large sector of abdomen disappearing under the influence of a rubber belt have begun to exert a strange fascination for him. Then he remembers about Turkish baths. Or when he wakes up some morning with his head at the foot of the bed and the lights all going and the windows shut. Then, somewhere in the recesses of what used to be his mind, there struggles a puny thought vaguely connected with steam rooms and massage.

"That might do me some good," he thinks, and promptly faints. In both of these cases he is anywhere from one day to one year too late.

However, he takes a chance. He totters to the nearest emporium which features pore-opening devices, checks his watch and what is left of his money, and allows a man to pull off his shoes. Just in time he remembers that he has on the lavender running drawers which someone once sent him as a joke, and quickly dismisses the attendant, finishing disrobing by himself and hiding the lavender running drawers under his coat as he hangs them up. Not that he cares what the attendant thinks, but you know how those guys talk.

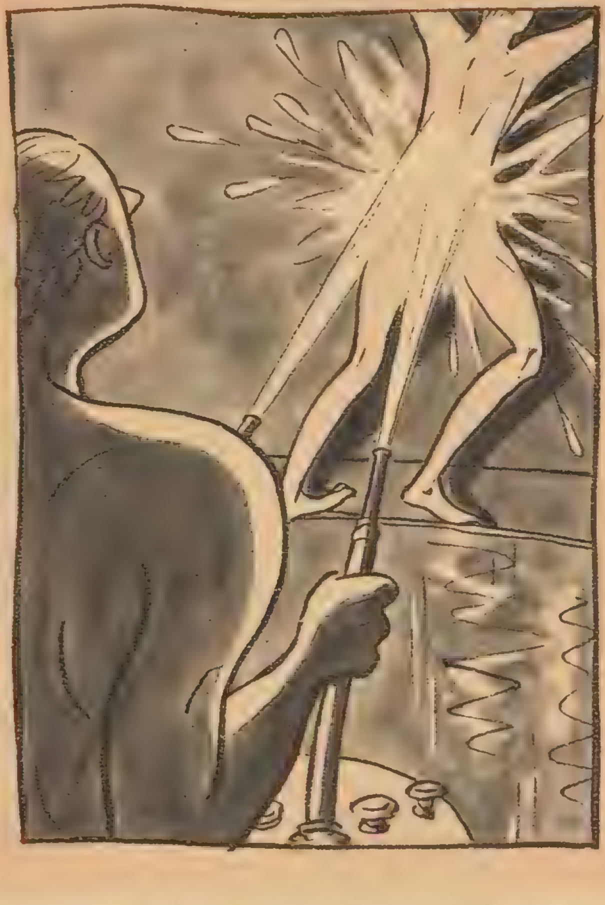
Then, coyly wrapping a towel about himself, he patters out into the hot room. A hot room in a Turkish bath is one of the places where American civilization appears at its worst. One wonders, on glancing about at the specimens of manhood reclining on divans or breathing moistly under sheets, if perhaps it wouldn't be better for Nature to send down a cataclysmic earthquake and begin all over again with a new race. It is slightly comforting in a way, however, because no matter how far along you have allowed your figure to get, there are always at least half a dozen figures on view which make yours look like that of a discobolus.

I can imagine no lower point of self-esteem than to find yourself one day the worst-looking exhibit in a Turkish bath. They should keep a pistol handy for just such cases. And you might shoot a couple of others while you are at it. It would save them all that bother of lacing up their shoes again.

In the hot room there isn't much to do. You can read a newspaper, but in a couple of minutes it gets a little soggy and flops over on your face, besides becoming so hot that turning over a page is something of an adventure. If, by any chance, you allow an edge of it to rest on an exposed bit of your anatomy, it isn't a quarter of a second before you have tossed it to the floor and given up reading. Then comes the period of cogitation.

As you sit waiting for your heart to stop beating entirely, you wonder if, after all, this was the thing to do. It occurs to you that a good brisk walk in the open air would have done almost the same thing for you, with the added advantage of respiration. People must die in hot rooms, and you wonder how they would identify you if you were quietly to smother.

The towel around your waist would do no good, as they are all alike. You regret that you were never tattooed with a ship flying your name and address from the masthead. The only way for them to tell who you were would be for them to wait until everybody else had gone home and find the locker with your clothes in it. Then they would find those lavender drawers. So you decide to brave it out and not to die.



He played a powerful stream from two hydraulic hoses on me, which threw me against the wall and dazed me.

CONVERSATION with your oven mates is no fun either. If you open your mouth you get it full of hot air and you are having trouble enough as it is keeping body and soul together. In the second place, you know that you look too silly to have your ideas carry any weight.

I remember once sitting on a sheet-covered steamer chair with my head swathed in a cold towel to keep my hair from catching on fire and thinking that there was something vaguely familiar about the small patch of face which was peering at me from under a similar turban across the room. As the owner of the face got up to go into the next torture chamber I recognized him as an English captain whom I had last seen in the impressive uniform of those Guards who sport a red coat, black trousers, and an enormous fur busby with a gold strap under the chin. I at once hopped to my feet, and, clutching my towel about me with one hand, extended my other to him.

"Well, fancy seeing you here!" was about all that seemed suitable to say. So we both said it. Then we stood, perspiring freely from under our head cloths, while he told me that he was in New York on some military mission, that the King and Queen were both well, and that England was counting a great deal on the coming Naval Conference to establish an entente with America.

In my turn, I told him that I was sure that America hoped for the same thing and that, to my way of thinking, the only impediments to the success of the conference would be the attitude of France and Italy. He agreed in impeccable English, and said that he had some inside information which he wished that he might divulge, but that, all things considered—

AND then, as my mind began to stray ever so slightly, the idea of this gentleman in a sheet and a head towel having any secrets from *any*one struck me as a little humorous. To make things worse, a picture came to my mind's eye of how he would look if he had that busby on right now, with the gold strap under his chin, and I gave up my end of the conversation.

He must have, at the same time, caught a picture of me standing behind a none-too-generous towel, giving it as my opinion that France and Italy were the chief obstacles to international accord in naval matters, for he stood slightly at attention and, bowing formally, said: "Well, I'll be toddling along. See you again, I hope." There was an embarrassed shaking of hands and more formal bowing and he went his way, while I went out and flung myself into the pool.

There is one feature of Turkish bathing which I have not had much experience in, and that is the massage. Being by nature very ticklish, I usually succeed in evading the masseur who follows me about suggesting salt rubs, alcohol slaps, and the other forms of violence. I tell him that I am in a hurry and that I really shouldn't have come at all. He chases me from one room to another, assuring me that it won't take long. Then I plead with him that I have got a bad knee and am afraid of its flying out again. This just spurs him on, because bad knees are his dish.

Once in a while I slip on the wet tiles and he gets me, but I prove to be such a bad patient, once he has me down on the slab, that he passes the whole thing up and gives that irritating slap which means, in the language of the masseur: "All right! Get up—if you can."

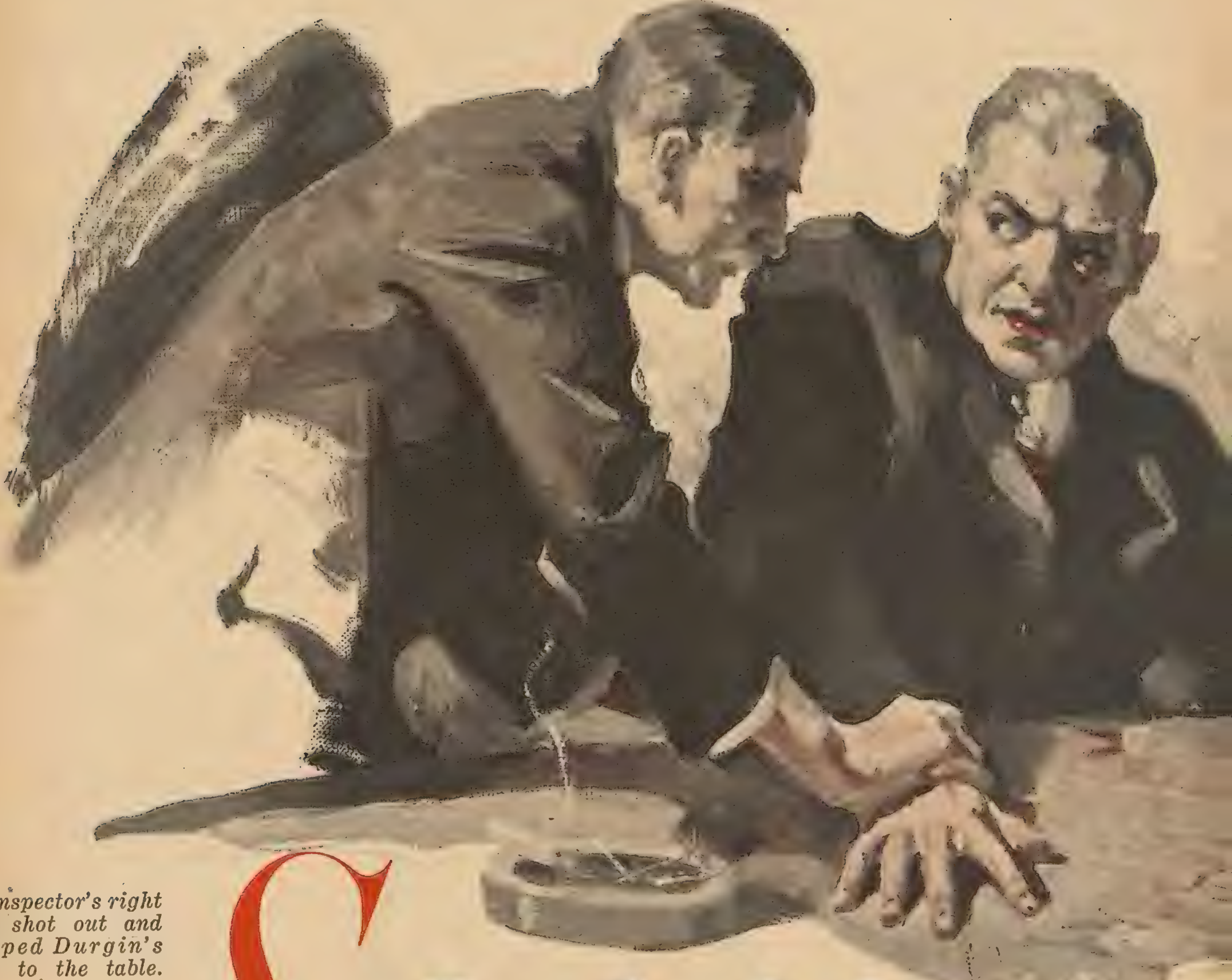
Once, while I had my back turned, he played a powerful stream from two high-powered hydraulic hoses on me from clear across the room, which threw me against the wall and dazed me so that I went back into the hot room again instead of getting dressed. I would rather that the masseurs let me alone when I am in a Turkish bath. *I* know what I want better than they do.

As a matter of fact, I don't know why I go to a Turkish bath at all. I emerge into the fresh air outside looking as if I had been boiled with cabbage for five hours, with puffy, bloodshot eyes, waving hair, and the beginnings of a head cold. It is all I can do to get back to my room and go to bed, where I sleep heavily for eleven hours.

And invariably, on weighing myself, I find that I have gained slightly under a pound.

However, it is a part of the American sporting code and we red-blooded one hundred percenters must carry on the tradition.

Another phase of Sporting Life in America will be taken up by Mr. Benchley in an early issue.



The inspector's right hand shot out and clamped Durgin's wrist to the table.

SLIM

Picture by
Harry T. Fisk

The Adventures of a Master Thief

A Three-Part Story

By

WALTON GREEN

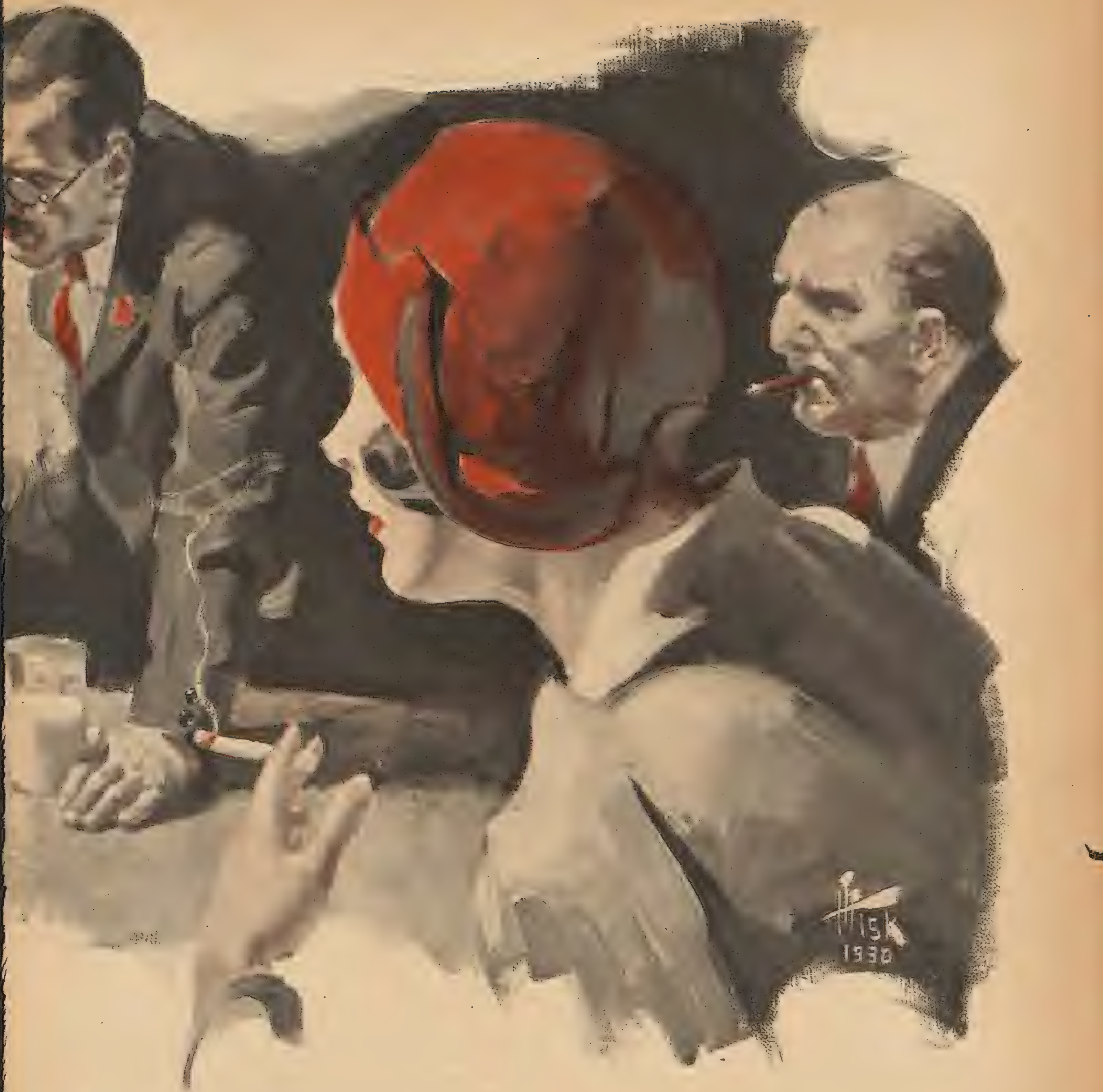
What Has Gone Before:

MAX IMELBAUM, jeweler, expected to be robbed. He and Police Sergeant Durgin had arranged the details of the stick-up. Max, first having had everything in his place insured, was, on the following Wednesday night, to hide away his best stuff, leaving just enough "trash" about to avert suspicion. On Thursday morning, Slim Hermann and his little band of workers, engaged for the job by Durgin, were to enter and neatly clean out the shop. The insurance money was to be split.

On second thought, this split-up idea irked Max. He concluded that he had enough on Durgin to make him keep his trap shut. So let them whistle for their split!

It happened, however, that, from afar, Slim read Max's double-crossing mind, and the stick-up, instead of taking place on Thursday, occurred as a surprise party on Wednesday. Gags and handcuffs were skillfully employed, and all Max's good stuff was swept into Slim's brief case.

The case, together with Sophy Kolof, Slim's able assistant, was deposited in a hired Pacillac car. This was driven a discreet and specified distance away, there to await orders while Slim and his lieutenants forgathered in an exclusive restaurant to discuss the haul and the significant fact that a money wagon would leave the Drovers Trust, across the street, at 2:15 that day. Now read the rest of the story.



PART THREE—CONCLUSION

THE Drovers Trust Company is an ancient and sedate institution dating, one may almost believe, from the bad old days of Daniel Drew himself. Several times the Drovers has moved uptown in the wake of its conservative patronage but never into modern banking quarters. Always is it housed, as today, in a connecting row of remodeled brownstone fronts that is its own best advertisement of the conservatism of its banking policy.

It specializes in large and inactive checking accounts, and its elderly officers take two hours for luncheon at their near-by clubs. Operating economy is the watchword. Customers write their checks at stand-up wall desks with approximations of pen and ink that have no counterpart outside a United States post office. Respectability is the shield of the Drovers. Bulletproof glass and armored money cars are needless extravagances, and industrial concerns may fetch their pay rolls as they please. The Drovers never has been robbed and never will be. It is a typically Boston bank, singularly out of place in New York, and singularly successful.

All of which was well and favorably known to Mr. James Sherrill Hermann. And some of it, or sufficient to his immediate tactical needs, he imparted to Fatty Harris as they lounged comfortably in that gentleman's new sedan. The sedan was parked outside a drug store at the corner of Lexington Avenue, on a one-way-east street. Geezer Malone and Tom Inness were buying cigarettes in the store. A block behind, at the corner of Park Avenue, lay the Drovers Trust. Outside the bank, and also facing east, stood an unoccupied coupé.

"Who d'yer say was ridin' the money wagon?" Fatty demanded nervously. He was always nervous before going into action.

"Young copper named Salters," answered Slim Hermann. "One of Sergeant Durgin's men from this district. I tailed 'em last two Wednesdays. Always they goes the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLIM
Continued from page sixty-three

same route to the factory. The young bookkeeper from the factory drives his own car and they ain't no one but him an' the copper. It'd orter be soft.”

“ This here Salters—is he a big, good-looking feller wid black hair? ” demanded Fatty uneasily.

“ Yeah—what of it? ”

“ I'm thinking he's the same cop as bumped Louis Finusini a coupla years ago.”

“ Sure, he's the same,” replied Slim easily. “ Salters was soused, like he always is. Louis and Swan Snyder come out of a Harlem speak together, and Salters shoots the wrong man, that's all.” And then, in his tone of gentle irony, “ But he got hell for that play. The police board set him down all of two weeks' pay.”

“ But ain't he got a bravery medal for makin' a big grab when he was off duty an' unarmed—takin' the rod away from the other guy and all? ”

“ Yeah.” Slim was laconic. “ And didn't they have him up on charges for framing the whole grab? Forget it—the guy's crooked as a Dutch pretzel an' yeller'n a lemon. You drive like I told you, an' block when I tell yer, an' leave Salters to me.”

Mr. Hermann slipped his watch back in his pocket and glanced down the street behind them.

“ Five minutes late they is, but they's just coming out and getting in the car. Two bags they has today. Start your engine.”

Slim lighted a cigarette. Malone and Inness, prompt on the signal, sauntered casually from the drug store and climbed into the sedan just as the coupé containing the policeman and a young man cleared the crossing ahead of them. The pursuit began—the careful chase that must not seem a chase until the moment came.

Harris settled down to business. His nervousness was gone. As a cover-car driver he had no peer in the business. He even let two taxis intervene between him and the coupé—confident in his skill to regain position when Slim should give the word.

Slim tossed away his cigarette and lighted the mate of the big Corona he had bought at luncheon. Then he drew on his pigskin gloves with absent-minded care. He had no intention of touching anything in the coupé, but his professional technique was second nature to him. His eyes kept careless watch of the cars in front.

“ They turn south on Second to Fifty-fourth and then east again to First. Not too far back, Fatty. I'm aiming to take him over between Second and First. Now, what the hell! ”

INSTEAD of turning south, the coupé had kept straight on across Second Avenue. Fatty Harris, mentally committed to the turn, had edged over to the curb and was preparing to do a right-hand sneak past the taxi. When he tried to straighten out he found himself in a three-sided argument with the taxi driver and a pillar of the Elevated structure. It was a black mark against Fatty's record, though really his chief's fault.

Fatty unscrambled himself with speed and skill, nonchalantly backing on to the sidewalk in the process. But by the time they were squared away again, the coupé was halfway to First Avenue.

“ Step on it, Fatty,” murmured Slim. “ My mistake; shouldn't never take nothing for granted.”

He was peering ahead.

“ Now, what the hell! ” he exclaimed for the second time. “ They've run out of gas or got a flat.”

The coupé had drawn to the curb midway of the tenement-house block. The uniformed officer was half standing up in the car with his back to them—apparently in the driver's seat.

“ Change orders,” snapped Slim with one of his lightning decisions. “ Don't shoot 'less they does or I does—mebbe we can get 'em widout a barrage. Slow down, Fatty—take it natural like—don't need to block 'em. Stop behind—tha's right. Everybody out—follow me an' walk slow—they ain't made us yet.”

As Slim came abreast the car his hand flashed to his groin and he wheeled and sprang for the running board with the lightning footwork of the boxer.

“ Put 'em up, you big ——,” he said in almost conversational tones. His pistol, thrust through the open window, covered the officer at a range of twenty inches. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the bookkeeper—frozen with terror—huddled in his seat, his straw hat tilted ludicrously over one eye.

Officer Salters did not obey the command. Nor did he offer resistance. He did a curious thing. His hands groped out helplessly on the steering wheel and his head fell forward on his arms. His uniform cap rolled to the floor and rested against one of the black leather bags.

“ Aw—what's the use? ” he sobbed. “ I'm through.”

Slim stared, but as he stared his left hand seized the first bag and passed it back to Inness. As he reached for the second bag his eye was arrested by a bright red trickle which was staining the right side of the slumped-up bookkeeper's collar.

AT this point it is necessary to go back for a moment into the history of Officer Salters. This young man had been a most promising rookie patrolman. Splendidly built, with an exceptionally engaging personality and a genuine love of people, he had been the idol of the children in his district and the darling of their mothers.

But his financial requirements had outrun his advancement. Continually he needed money to bolster the false front of his off-duty life. He got it—substantial sums—by doing dirty work for politicians and influential gangsters. He had no nerve. His killing of Louis Finusini by mistake when he was drunk was a fair sample of his bungling work. As we have seen, he not only lost his promised two thousand—but two weeks' pay into the bargain. Why he should continue to be assigned to pay-roll escort, it would be hard to say. Perhaps for no better reason than long and friendly habit on the part of the young factory bookkeeper, who regularly telephoned to the station house for Salters before leaving to fetch the pay roll.

When Salters decided to take over the factory pay roll it was after he had been drinking steadily for several weeks—never quite sober and never obviously drunk—the alcoholic borderland of obscured judgment to which everything seems possible.

He erred egregiously, of course. He should have fixed it up with Durgin, his sergeant. He must have known the latter was wrong—everyone in the house knew it, from lieutenant down. And he should have known that departmental confederates mean alibis and immunity for police officers when they commit crimes.

But Salters didn't know this. All he knew was that he needed the money. So on this afternoon he took three or four extra shots at a speakeasy on his way from the station house to the bank, joked pleasantly with his young friend the bookkeeper and told him to go straight across Second Avenue for a change, which the better suited his purpose. And then, observing that the street ahead was almost empty, and still joking in his prepossessing way, he had the bookkeeper stop his car at the curb. Then he laughingly drew his service pistol and killed the man with a shot under the right ear and pulled the body over into the corner and crammed the straw hat back on the head. Then he settled himself at the wheel and reached for the gear-shift lever. It was at this moment that Slim Hermann intervened.

Salters could still have saved himself if he had had an ounce of brains. All he had to do was to surrender the pay roll, shoot off his pistol a couple of times after the mob had made their getaway, and telephone for the wagon.

But his guilt was too new on him, and his nerve was gone. Perhaps he thought he had been followed by a carload of cruising plain-clothes men. No one will ever know.

Slim Hermann stared a short instant at the murdered bookkeeper while his mind digested the new implications of the situation. Tom and the Geezer were already back in the sedan with the pay-roll bags. The street was still empty—there had been but one unnoticed shot—and that before they came. Less than a minute had elapsed since then.

Slim crowded past the dead man's knees and thrust the muzzle of his gun savagely into the officer's neck.

"Bumped him, did ye, yer dirty rat? Keep yer hands on the wheel—I want yer rod."

He took the man's gun from his hip pocket. Then, a new thought coming to him:

"And yer tin."

He unclasped the policeman's shield, dropped it into his coat pocket, and backed out of the car.

"Drive on where you was going," he directed with ominous quiet.

Salters, his eyes glazed in abject terror, was ill for a moment through the left window of the coupé. Then he obeyed the command. He had not even looked at the men who had stuck him up.

Slim walked slowly back to the sedan. Salters drove on down the street and disappeared north around the corner of First Avenue. That was the last seen of him for forty-eight hours. He drove a dead man in broad daylight through eight miles of city streets—past dozens of traffic officers and thousands of citizens. At dawn the next day a motor cop found the coupé parked in a tunnel under a bridge in the Bronx, the dead bookkeeper huddled in the corner.

They picked Salters up next evening, quite drunk and with plenty of money. He was a very good-looking officer, with much charm of manner, and very stupid. He was electrocuted some months later.

MEANTIME the four men in Fatty Harris' sedan were proceeding west again.

"No hurry, Fatty," Slim admonished quietly from the back seat; "we got plenty time now. It'll be a half hour before the factory gets wise an' telephones."

"An' I never even knowed the copper had bumped the young feller," observed Tom Inness, who was helping Slim transfer bank notes from the satchels to a woman's traveling hatbox. "If they's any trouble comin' they'll frame us for that job too."

"Wid a drunken cop joy ridin' a stiff around town in the middle of the day?" demanded Malone. "Forget it."

Slim locked the hatbox and straightened up. It was a very superior hatbox of brown fiber composition, covered with a network of small Vs—palpably a hatbox of French manufacture—convincingly travel-worn. When Slim essayed to play a part, he saw to it that his properties fitted the part.

SLIM inspected the side street they were driving through.

"Stop at the next sewer hole you come to, Fatty," he ordered. "An' you, Tom—shove them bags down."

Inness climbed back in the car. He was getting a bit jumpy at Slim's deliberation.

"Le's get out o' here and split up the coin. Where we goin' now, Slim? An' where's Sophe wid the stuff we took this morning?"

"Sophe's setting in her car with her chauffer near the Drovers Bank," Slim vouchsafed quietly. "We got a date with her there at three fifteen. It's twenty of now."

"Fer the love of Gawd, Slim," came Harris' nervous treble from the front seat, "don't go to stretchin' your luck. Ain't two big hauls in one day enough for you?"

A look of permanent awe had settled over the honest countenance of Geezer Malone. But he said nothing.

"We's all dog tired," growled Inness, his mouth flaccid with discontent.

"Not losin' your nerve, are you?" asked Slim still more coldly.

"Chris', no—but we been workin' all day, an'—"

Harris' fat shoulders were shaking—but merrily this time.

"Wot a man! Wot a man!" he jeered delightedly. "All right, chief—where do we go from here? Say the

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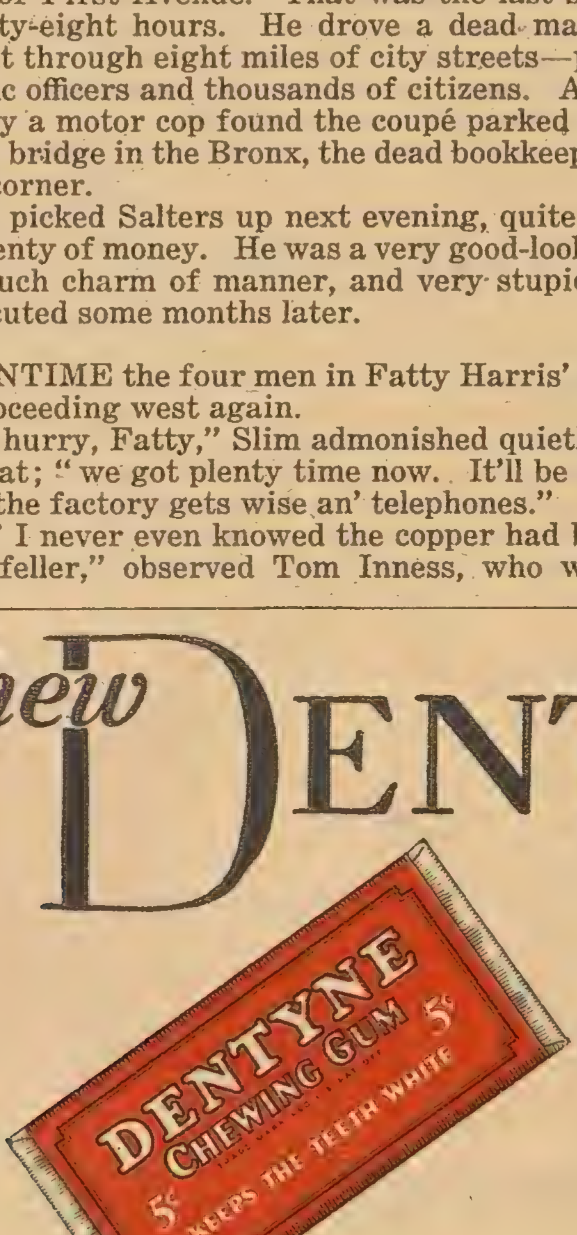
Chew DENTYNE and smile!



Eager eyes follow the girl with a charming smile.

And it's teeth—WHITE teeth—that make your smile bright and charming.

So if you treasure your teeth and your smile—do as millions now do. Chew Dentyne every day. You'll love its rich, full flavor every bit as much as the way it keeps teeth white. And Dentyne's the highest quality gum made today!

KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

SLIM
Continued from page sixty-five

woid, an' I'll drive down to Wall Street and stick up the Subtreasury wid a hatpin. An' then—"

"Shut up, Fatty," Slim cut in. Give Harris enough danger and it heartened him like raw spirits. "Now I want you should drop me at the drug store we started from," continued Slim. "I gotta phone the bank we're comin'. I'll walk the rest of the way. You drive round the block an' park, heading east—east—jest outside the side window, see? Here's the drug store. We got five minutes yet. Now you guys listen—this is the layout."

Slim produced the diagram he had made in the bank that morning. With his watch in his hand he spoke in a low and explicit voice for exactly three minutes. He then tore the diagram into small pieces, which he tossed high out of the window into the quickly dissipating breeze. Then he stepped from the car, carrying the hatbox with him.

"Put your gloves on now, everybody," he admonished pleasantly, and passed into the drug store.

He selected a booth equipped with a dial machine. Dial calls cannot be traced. When he got the bank he asked for the president:

"Sergeant Durgin, Lexington Precinct, talking. This Mr. Rutherstone? Huh? Has the Simplex factory called you yet? No? What time did their pay roll leave the bank? Huh? No—it never got there. Huh-huh—yes—All right, I'll be over in five minutes with a couple of men. Get your cashiers and tellers together and make a check list of all the serial numbers. Don't let anyone in—it's nearly three, anyway. Goo'by."

SLIM hung up placidly, and walked to the tobacco stand, where he bought a cigar—but a very fat and evil-smelling and policemannish-looking cigar this time. His own air of quiet breeding he could not efface. But he removed the orchid from his buttonhole and consigned it to his coat pocket, after tenderly wrapping it in a handkerchief. For the rest, he relied upon his police shield and his cigar to get him in, and that was all he needed. Then he strolled up the street toward the bank.

It still lacked three minutes of the hour. Sophy's car was standing a hundred feet east of Park Avenue on the south side of the street.

The smartly liveried chauffeur touched his cap deferentially as Slim approached—as what hired chauffeur would not, after a solid week of very solid tipping? He took the hatbox from Slim and set it on the floor at Sophy's feet. Sophy smiled—her high, aloof, and very European smile.

"Ah, mon ami, but I thank you for bringing my so heavy luggage. And shall vee go now?"

"Give me five minutes if you don't mind, Sophia," drawled Mr. Hermann—one eye on Fatty Harris' sedan, which had just passed the traffic cop at the avenue. "Ten at the outside—I've got to drop in at the bank."

HE lifted his hat and made his way around to the front of the building. It was precisely three o'clock. Geezer Malone and Tom Inness, walking south on Park, converged upon him almost to a pace as he reached the main door of the Drovers Trust Company.

The doorman was just opening it to pass out a belated customer. Slim flipped back his lapel and flashed Salters' police tin.

"Sergeant Durgin from the Lexington Precinct. Don't let no one in unless I tell you to. These men are with me. Here, Murphy," he directed Inness, "you stay on the door with this man."

Slim, followed by the Geezer, strode importantly to the president's desk in the corner beneath the low barred window which gave on the side street. Mr. Rutherstone, an elderly and hitherto unrobbed gentleman with naturally shaky hands and a gray and goatlike chin beard reminiscent of the stern and rockbound portraits in New England farmhouses, rose shakily to meet him. Grouped around the president were one-half a dozen old young men.

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"Sergeant Durgin?" squeaked Mr. Rutherstone.

"Huh, huh," rasped Slim. "Got all your people here? How about those three girls back there?"

"Only stenographers," objected one of the old young men.

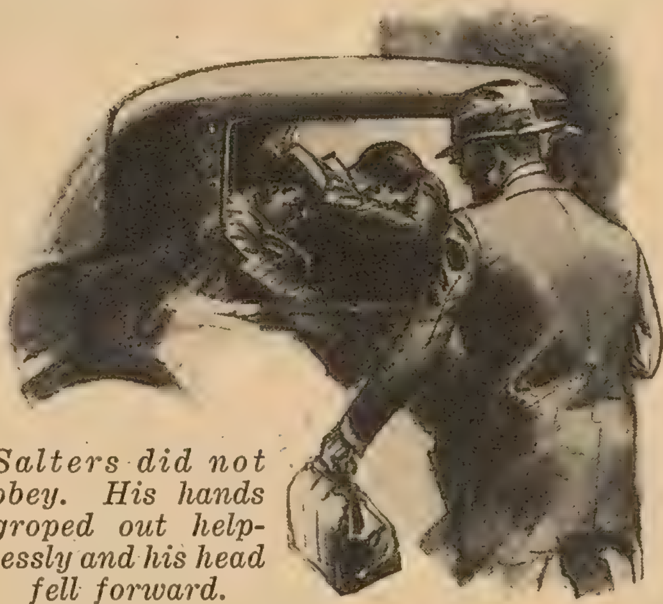
Mr. Rutherstone raised a palsied but commanding hand and beckoned the women into the group.

"This is the first time this institution has ever been involved in a robbery," he quavered.

"Second time," corrected Slim suavely. "You're being robbed now," a pistol appearing in each hand without undue show of speed. "Not a sound, please. March straight out past me to the main floor—Mr. Rutherstone first—that's fine. Now, all of you lie down on the floor—face down, that's better—too bad it's such a dirty old floor. All right, Tom, bring him over and lay him down with the bunch—"

Tom Inness at the door had gone into action simultaneously with his chief, poking a gun into the paunch of the apoplectic guard and opening the door to admit Sophy with a second and larger hatbox.

For speed and execution it was a model stick-up—perhaps one of the fastest on record. Malone, Inness, and the girl went through the cages with the speed of Pullman-car waiters brushing crumbs from the table, sweeping the stacked-up bank notes into fine silken bags—sleazy silk bags which they drew from their pockets and which bulked scarcely larger than silk handkerchiefs. Heavy, noisy currency —even gold—they ignored.



Salters did not obey. His hands groped out helplessly and his head fell forward.

Slim leaned nonchalantly against one of the old-fashioned wall desks between the main door and the president's desk, and directed a running fire of warning and kidding at the prostrate group.

Slim pocketed one pistol, backed over to the president's desk, and raised the opaque glass window at the street level. He thrust two fingers of his free hand into his mouth and blew the recall signal. The bulging silk bags were stuffed into the big hatbox. Fatty Harris' pink face, wide with innocent question as always, appeared at the window, flanked by a pair of vicious-looking automatics.

"All out," snapped Slim.

Sophy and the two men eased themselves through the main door. Slim spoke again to the bank staff.

"And now, you people," he said pleasantly, "they's a guy with two guns in that window who loves shootin' just like I hate it. Give us two minutes an' then you can do all the yellin' and telephonin' you want."

A thought crossed his ironic mind.

"Speakin' of telephonin'—no reason I shouldn't do it for you." He lifted the receiver of the president's telephone.

"Spring three one hundred—quick, operator. P'lice Headquarters? We just been robbed—Drovers Trust—Park Avenue branch—President Rutherstone talking—will you—"

SLIM interrupted himself and hung up the receiver with a smile of satisfied theatricalism. It looked dangerous, but it was only thirty seconds of additional risk. It was the kind of thing that made life worth the living for him.

"Guess that'll be about all for today," he announced. And then, "Oh, I almost forgot. For my friend the commissioner, when he arrives, and with my compliments." He took the orchid from his pocket, carefully unrolled it from his handkerchief and set it in the tumbler of water which stood on the banker's desk.

Then he walked slowly to the front door, put away his pistol, and let himself into the street.

Three minutes later he was in Sophy's car, headed south on Lexington Avenue. Sophy, with the hatboxes, sat inside. Slim sat outside with the driver, his arms folded across his breast, his pistol in play again—held in his right hand, out of sight under his left upper arm, its muzzle boring smartly into the driver's ribs.

Sophy had returned to the car to find her chauffeur in the act of buying an evening paper—an evening paper with an eight-column head with the story of the jewelry robbery of the morning. The Jildac rose, in a three-column half-tone, looked big as a cabbage.

"Park your car one block this side of the Grand Central," ordered Slim, without looking up from an absorbed perusal of his own accomplishments in the paper which lay in his lap. "You'll get out and come with me." His accent had instinctively shifted back to the clubman voice to which the chauffeur was accustomed. "And no funny business, if you please. Baroness, you'd best get a redcap for your luggage—we'll have to leave you and go on ahead."

Slim walked his man into the Grand Central, keeping close beside him and half a step behind. Walked him down into the subway with a terrifying knuckle pressed against kidneys in lieu of the revolver. Walked him into a downtown express just as the door was closing, and just in time to withdraw himself.

THEN Slim lighted a cigarette and went about his business. Sophy, in the meantime, had proceeded across the station to Vanderbilt Avenue, where the redcap put her hatboxes in a taxicab. She tipped him, but with feminine restraint. Then she, too, went about her business.

A week later, and New York had not yet quieted down. Three ultradaring stick-ups within as many hours was a singularly choice fillip to the jaded metropolitan palate. That the jobs had been bloodless was considered a shortcoming, it is true; until the Evening Star aroused civic pride by pointing out how much better these things were done than in the uncouth city of Chicago.

And the way the papers rode the police department was a caution. The little matter of the orchids left in the jewelry shop and in the bank was by no means passed over—despite strenuous objections from on high in City Hall. It was about this time that the commissioner began to forgo his own daily boutonnières, until the press kidded him into renewed floral courage.

At the end of ten days the public clamor had died down—because New York could be destroyed by enemy gunfire and blandly forget it in a week—but the Jildac rose still stuck large in the crop of the Jewelers' Protective. That organization continued to harass the police. And the police had got nowhere.

Max Imelbaum collected his insurance and refused to come across for Durgin. Durgin, already tainted with the killing by his patrolman Salters, was afraid of everything. Afraid of his own lieutenant, who was honest, and afraid of his own detectives, who were not. Especially afraid of his own captain, who had shown a suspicious disinclination to let him coöperate in the investigation.

Durgin began to drink. Sophy he was in touch with. Every few days she called him up, because Slim had instructed her to maintain contact. And twice, drinking heavily, he met her. She asked nothing—beyond a clean get-away for the whole mob. The rest of the mob he could not find, and he dared not put the finger on them if he could.

They picked up Tom Inness. Tom was the only one of the mob who had showed. He went on a bender with his share of the cash, and his talk was reported by a stool for the Maiden Lane squad. He was picked up; he sobered up and shut up. They had nothing real on him, and he was turned out after a brutal and resultless session with fists and rubber hose. But his discretion came too late. Sergeant Durgin had drunk himself into a blue funk.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

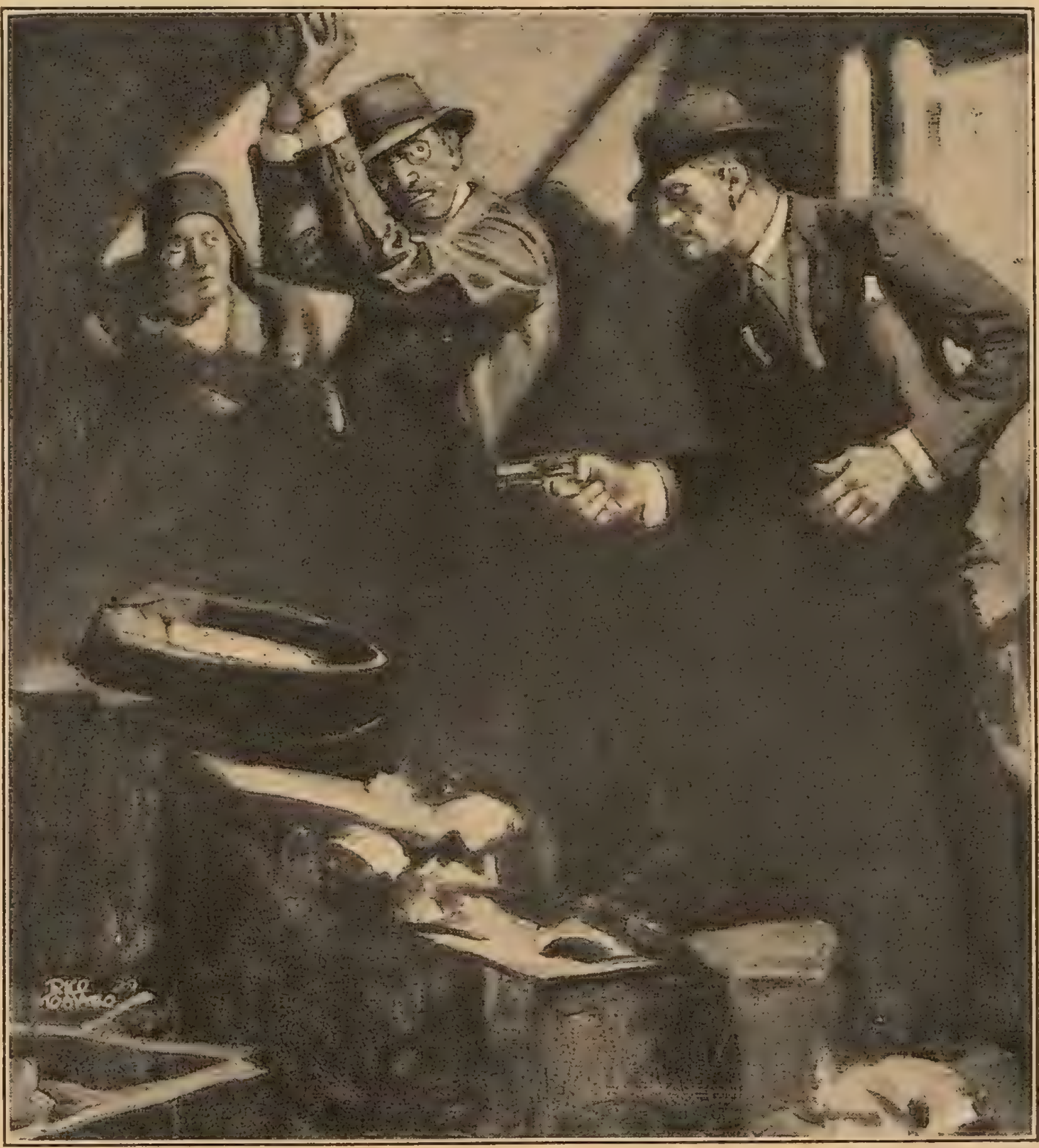
SLIM
Continued from page sixty-seven

The morning after Tom was turned out, his body was found at the bottom of a new building excavation. Which was perhaps as well. Tom's caliber was not up to the rest of them.

The rest of the mob had kept their nerve. None had stirred from their preselected hiding places: Slim by himself in a two-room flat, reading and smoking; Fatty and the Geezer sharing a new flop; and Sophy coming and going her aloof way in the uptown Y. W.

Slim proposed to hide it out along this line if it took all summer. He was content to let the authorities stew in the juice of their own impotence, confident that he could trade when the spur of publicity had ceased to drive them. He had the Jildac rose, and it was worth ten times the rest of the haul put together.

And so it was that on a pleasantly sultry night in June a small party met again in the back room of the discreet restaurant conducted by a reformed Italian detective from the bomb squad. And if he knew that two of the visitors were police sergeants, and that another was Maxime the jeweler, an inspector, and that still another was a representative of a great gem-importing establishment, he gave no sign as they passed through the little door behind the bar and into the room reserved for the more delicate types of negotiation.



Picture by Rico Tomaso

“The district attorney wants to see you, Slim,” the detective explained. “Little matters of taking ortermobiles.”

MR. JAMES HERMANN, with his ubiquitous glass of hot milk before him, was already at the table. So was Sophy—erstwhile the Baroness Kolof—cool, flaxen-haired, and superbly aloof, an American cigarette between her tapered fingers, and a smart touch of henna to her finger nails.

The newcomers seated themselves. The representative of the gem-importing establishment, distinctly a man of business, favored Mr. Hermann with a sharp glance of appraisal, and decided to come at once to the matter in hand.

“What price the Jildac?” he asked laconically, lighting a cigar and shoving its mate across the table to Slim.

“Thanks—I never smoke,” murmured Slim absently, puffing at his cigarette. “The Jildac? How do I know? Papers talked near half a million, wasn't it?”

“You're crazy,” began Imelbaum angrily; the police sergeant glared him into silence.

“You can't pass it anywhere in the world,” observed the inspector in a pleasantly dispassionate tone.

“Neither can the owners—'less they find it,” replied Slim, sipping gently at his milk.

“Wot'd I tell you?” rasped Sergeant Durgin. His hands shook and the sweat beaded his forehead.

The inspector drummed on the table with his finger tips and smiled deprecatingly. He was a very pleasant man, was the inspector, and shrewd. That was how he had come to be an inspector.

“S'pose we ask Slim here just what he really wants,” he suggested. “Now—”

“That's easy,” Slim cut in. “I want to know what it's all about. I don't mind talkin' with you guys any time, but all this stuff about stick-ups and famous diamonds an' all is jest so much hooey to me—except for what I've read in the papers. Me and my friends are clean on them jobs, and you know it.”

THE inspector turned to the big gem importer and raised one eyebrow interrogatively. The big gem man nodded almost imperceptibly. The inspector smiled cynically but pleasantly.

“Suppose we agreed to know you were clean on these jobs—what could you do for us?”

An almost boyish smile lit up Slim's severe New England eyes.

“I might put you in the way of locating the stone—if I had any guaranty you'd forget these unjust suspicions,” he finished virtuously.

Sergeant Durgin stirred restlessly in his chair, and his murky eyes flickered toward Imelbaum. The inspector straightened up and spoke decisively.

“I'll guarantee the D. A.'s office will forget it. Same goes for the Maiden Lane people here. What more d'you want?”

“Might be enough for me, far as you're concerned, inspector,” said Slim quickly. “You're a straight shooter. But how about the bankers—an' the Burns outfit?”

“Same thing,” assured the inspector tersely. “You're not even hot there—and you won't be.”

Slim took another sip at his milk. Over the rim of the tumbler his eyes indicated Sophy Kolof.

“Mebbe this lady can tell you something.” And then, softly to the girl, “Shoot the works, Sophe.”

“Durgin's got it,” she pronounced indifferently.

Sergeant Durgin, his eyes bulging with genuine astonishment and blank horror, tried to speak. Every eye in the room was on his livid face.

“Been packing it round in the handle of his rod for three weeks,” continued Sophy inexorably.

The inspector's right hand shot out and clamped Durgin's wrist to the table. His left reached for the officer's pistol hip.

"Sorry, Durgin—can't take chances. You may be wrong and you may not."

He pushed home the extractor of the revolver, and the shells fell to the table. One shell had been fired. With his pocketknife he unscrewed the pin that secures the vulcanite grips to the stock. The Jildac rose, wrapped in a piece of tissue paper, rolled to the marble top of the table with a faintly metallic sound. It was the only sound in the room.

With professional habit the inspector noted the departmental number on the frame. His eyes narrowed intently and he drew a memorandum book from his vest pocket.

"Same number as Salters' missing gun," he stated almost casually. "Guess you'll have to come downtown with me, Durgin."

SOPHY KOLOF, with her elbows on the table, and her chin resting negligently upon the backs of her long and interlaced fingers, stared indifferently at the wretched officer.

"Anyhow," she stated coldly, "it was him that bumped Tom Inness."

Some twenty minutes later, alone and quite free, and with the spending of nearly eighty thousand dollars before them, Miss Sophy Kolof and Mr. James Sherrill Hermann emerged from the basement restaurant.

As they stepped into the dark of the areaway, Mr. Hermann felt the impact of a hard object beneath his ribs. His hands went smoothly aloft—almost before the command had reached his ears. Mr. Hermann was quite unarmed—and quite prepared. The man at the other end of the pistol was the detective who had been tinkering with the telephone switchboard in Sophy's apartment nearly a month before.

"The district attorney wants to see you, Slim," the detective explained. "I got a taxi right here."

"Very thoughtful," murmured Slim. "Can I put my hands down? I got nothing on me."

"Wot's it all about?" demanded Miss Kolof with cold contempt in her voice.

"Little matters of taking ortermobiles," explained the detective, as he snapped the cuffs over the long thin wrists.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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No Fair!

Jean was fascinated by the curls of a new playmate.

"Mama," she asked, "what kind of hair has Mary Lou?"

"Mary Lou has curly hair."

Jean put her hand on top of her head.

"Mary Lou has curly hair, and Jean has hair," was her regretful conclusion.—Mrs. R. M. Kellogg, 1173 Tremaine St., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

What Heaven Is Not

Lorraine wanted a peach. Mother said, "No."

Daddy said, "Poor Steve" (a relative who had just died) "would give her peaches when he knew they'd make her sick."

Mother said, "Well, the poor fellow won't give her any more."

Little Voris said, "Well, I guess he won't. Heaven's no peach orchard."—Mrs. A. F. Hunt, 412 S. 20th St., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

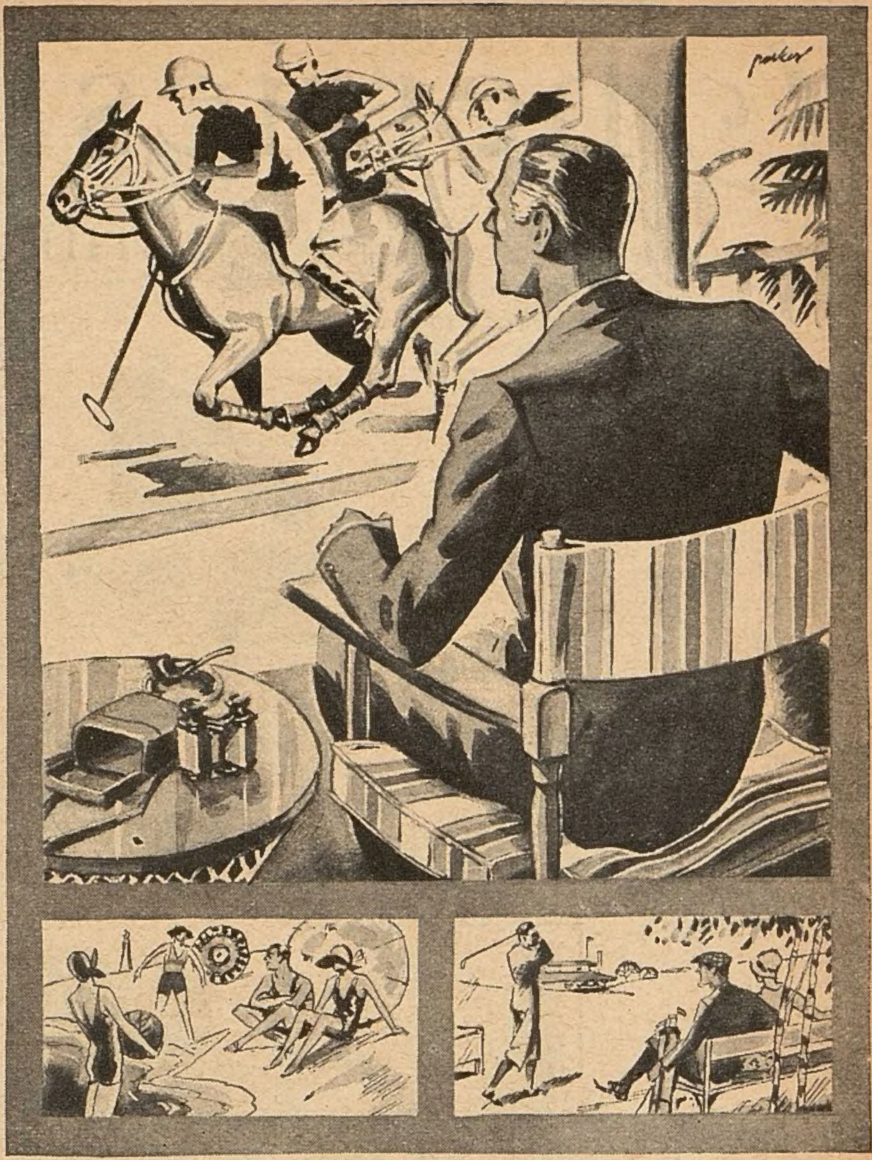
* * *

Neckties and Snakes

Walter was wasting time while getting dressed for school. He couldn't find his tie. Finally mother had to find it for him. Tossing the tie to him, she said: "If it had been a snake it would have bitten you."

Snakes were Walter's particular aversion.

"If it had been a snake I'd have seen it," he replied.—Mrs. W. L. Geist, 508 W. 14th Ave., Spokane, Wash.



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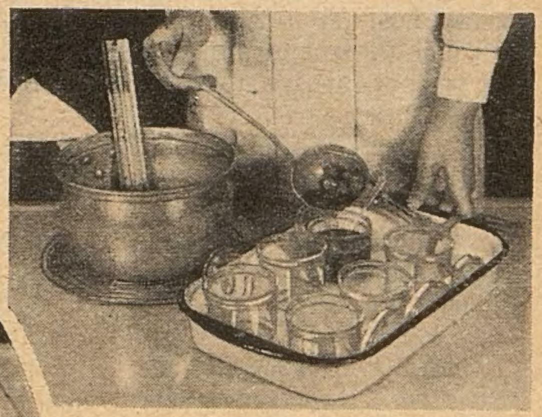
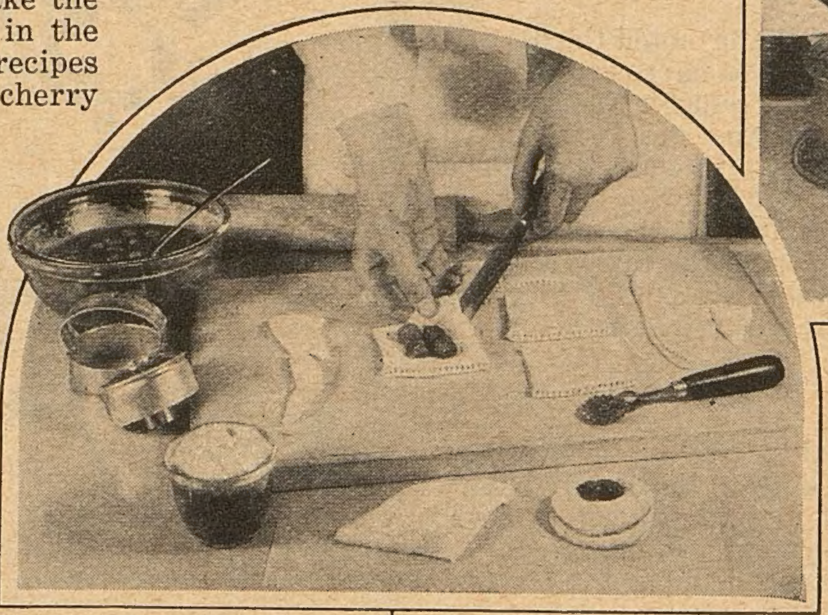
Cherries Are Ripe

By ETHEL SOMERS



Jam is one of the delights of the cherry season and the wise cook preserves some for future use.



Cherry turnovers, cherry tarts, and cherry cobblers are one recipe in different forms.

THE season for fresh cherries lasts only about a month; so it behooves the cook to make the most of them while they are in the market. In the accompanying recipes the sweet cherry and the wild cherry may be used interchangeably with the common cherry. Differing in color, flavor, and appearance, three effects may be had from one recipe. The wild cherry produces the most tart product, the common cherry the most brilliant, and the white sweet cherry the richest. Some cooks take advantage of the flavor of cherry pits by cooking them with the cherries, tied loosely in little cheesecloth bags.

Assembling a simple and delicious cherry-almond salad.

Cherry Preserves

- 1½ pounds cherries
- 1¼ pounds granulated sugar

SWEET, wild, or common cherries may be used. The wild cherry gives a product best served as a meat accompaniment, while the sweet cherry is best for dessert or with bread and butter.

Wash, pit, and halve the cherries. Add the sugar and let stand at least an hour for some juice to collect. Boil rapidly, with frequent stirring, to the jam stage (220° F.). Pour the product into hot sterile jars and seal immediately.

Cherry-Pineapple Preserves

Using the cherry preserve recipe, substitute one pound of cherries and one-half pound of shredded pineapple in place of the cherries. Pineapple is most easily shredded by scraping or scratching half-inch slices of peeled pineapple with a silver fork, working from the core out.

Cherry Conserve

To either of the foregoing preserve recipes add one-fourth cup of plump raisins (if desired) and one-fourth cup of shredded blanched almonds two or three minutes before the preserves are removed from the fire.

Cherry Salad

(For One)

- 6 to 9 dark red, sweet cherries
- 6 to 9 blanched almonds
- 1 generous serving of salad greens (cress, endive, or lettuce)
- 1 tablespoon pineapple cut in matchlike strips, if desired
- French dressing or mayonnaise diluted one half with whipped cream

PLACE the washed, chilled greens on a chilled salad plate. Remove the pits from the cherries and insert, instead of each, a blanched almond. Arrange the prepared cherries and pineapple (if used) attractively on the bed of greens and garnish with dressing. Canned cherries may be used.

Cherry Cobbler

Filling

- 1 quart drained, pitted cherries (sweet or sour)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ to 1 cup sugar (depending on whether sweet or sour cherries are used)

Crust

- 1 cup flour
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 to 3 tablespoons fat
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup cream or evaporated milk
- 1 egg yolk or one beaten egg

MIX the cherries and sugar. Place in a baking dish. Dot with the butter. Mix and sift the dry ingredients for the crust. Cut in the fat as for pie crust or biscuit dough. Add the egg to the milk, and then lightly stir the milk into the flour-fat mixture. Spread in a thin layer over the prepared fruit. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for ten minutes, and reduce to 400° F. until the fruit is tender, about twenty minutes longer. Serve lukewarm with plain or whipped cream.

Cherry Turnovers

Assemble the ingredients for cherry cobbler and cook the sugar and cherries over a direct flame to the jam stage (220° F.). Stir in the butter and cool. Prepare a cobbler dough, using one-third cup of milk in place of the one-half cup called for in the cobbler recipe. The result is a dough that may be rolled out on a lightly floured board. Roll to one-fourth inch thickness and cut into squares. Place the cooled, cooked cherries or cherry jam in the center of the square of dough. Dampen the edges and fold the two corners together to form a triangle. Press the edges firmly together. Moisten the top of the turnovers with milk and sprinkle with granulated sugar and then bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for ten minutes. Then reduce the temperature to 400° F. and bake from five to eight minutes longer.

Cherry Tarts

Cherry tarts are made the same as turnovers, except that the cherry jam is put on a circle of dough the edge of which is moistened before placing the top in position, the top being cut with a doughnut cutter.

FRESH cherries are but fleeting menu guests—so let Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks help you make the most of them while they're here. Delicious cherry pie, fruit rolls, and cherry salads in variety are among the many additional cherry recipes to be found in Miss Somers' booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

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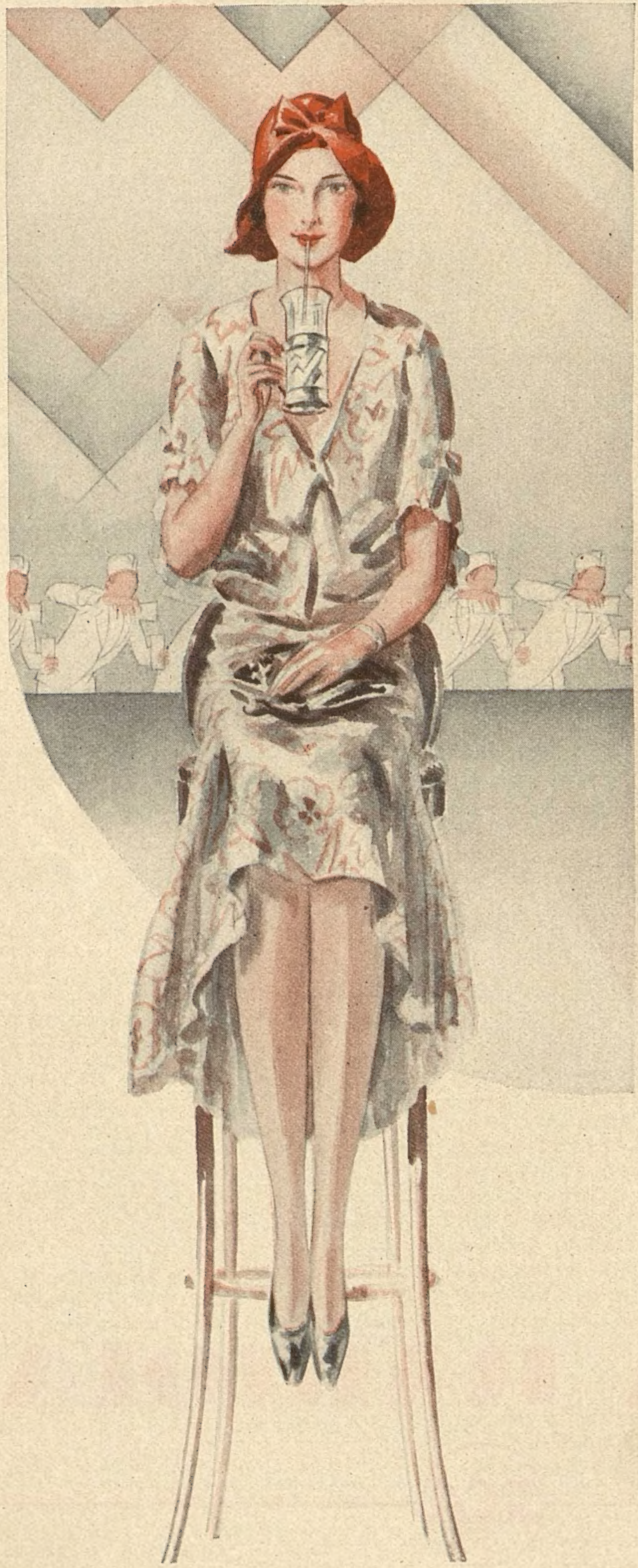

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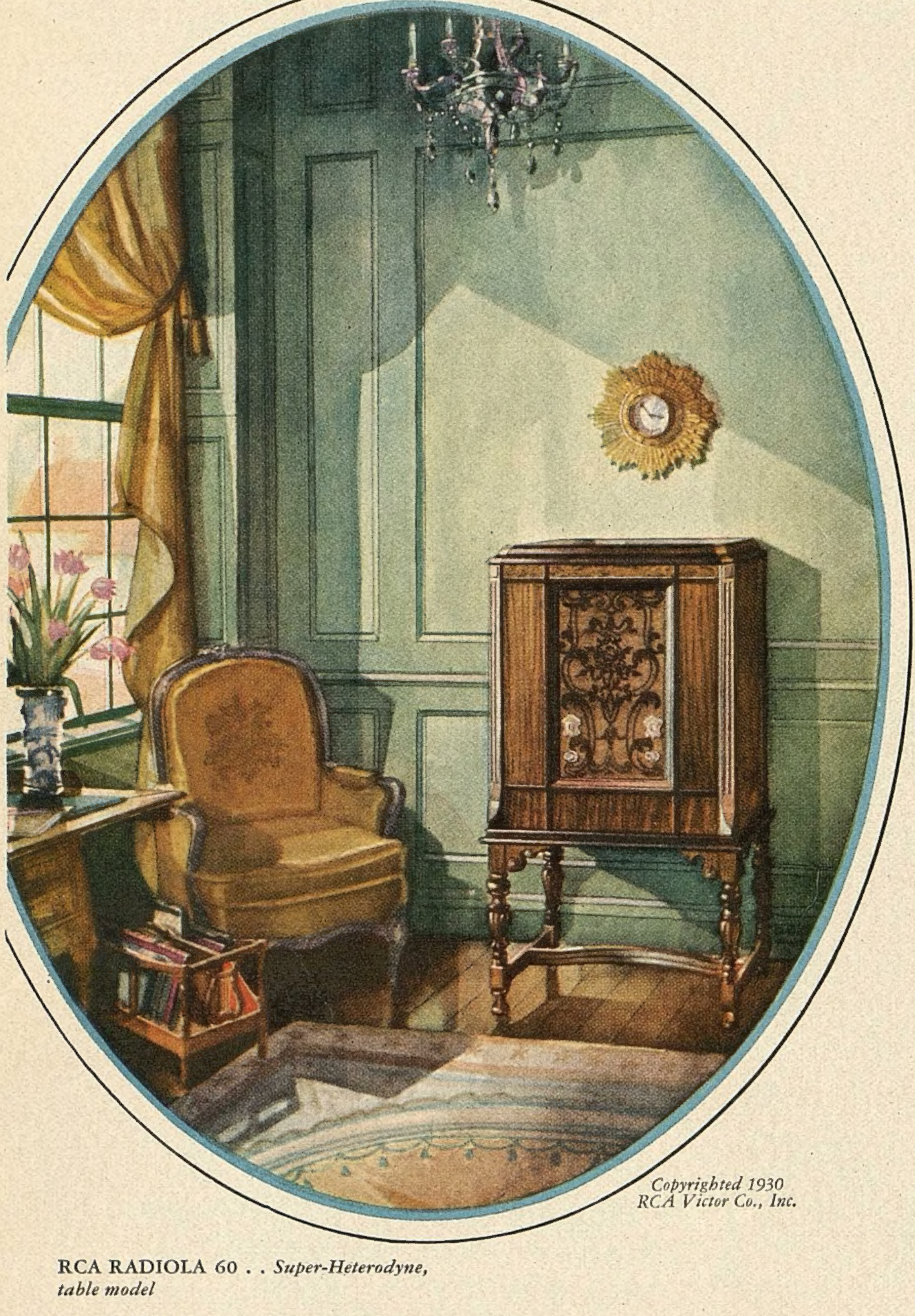

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